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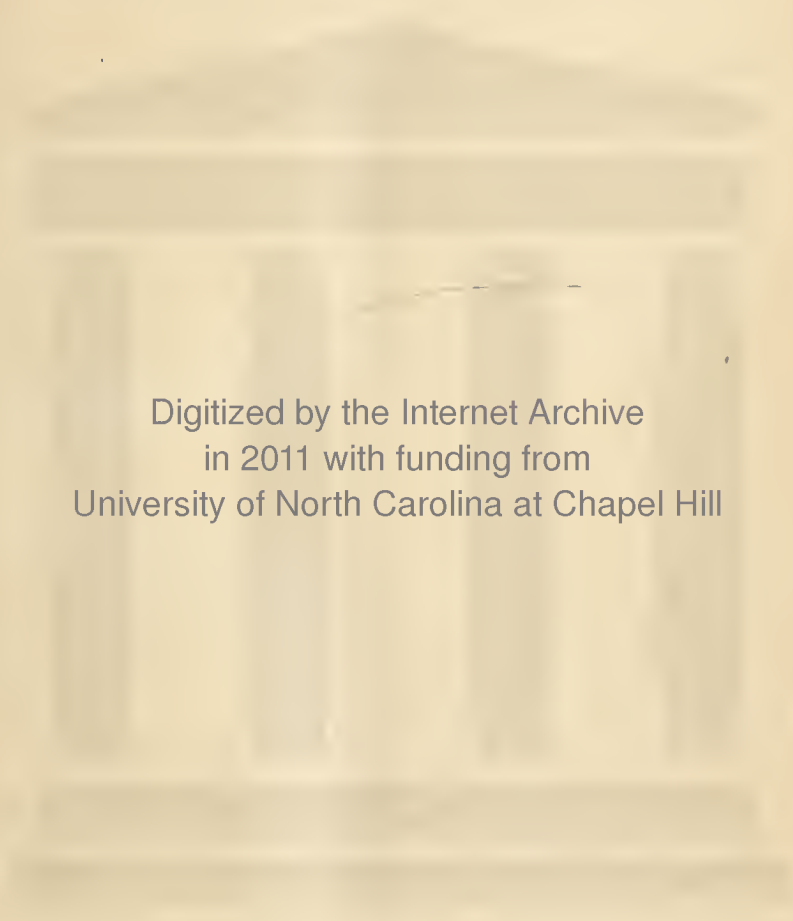
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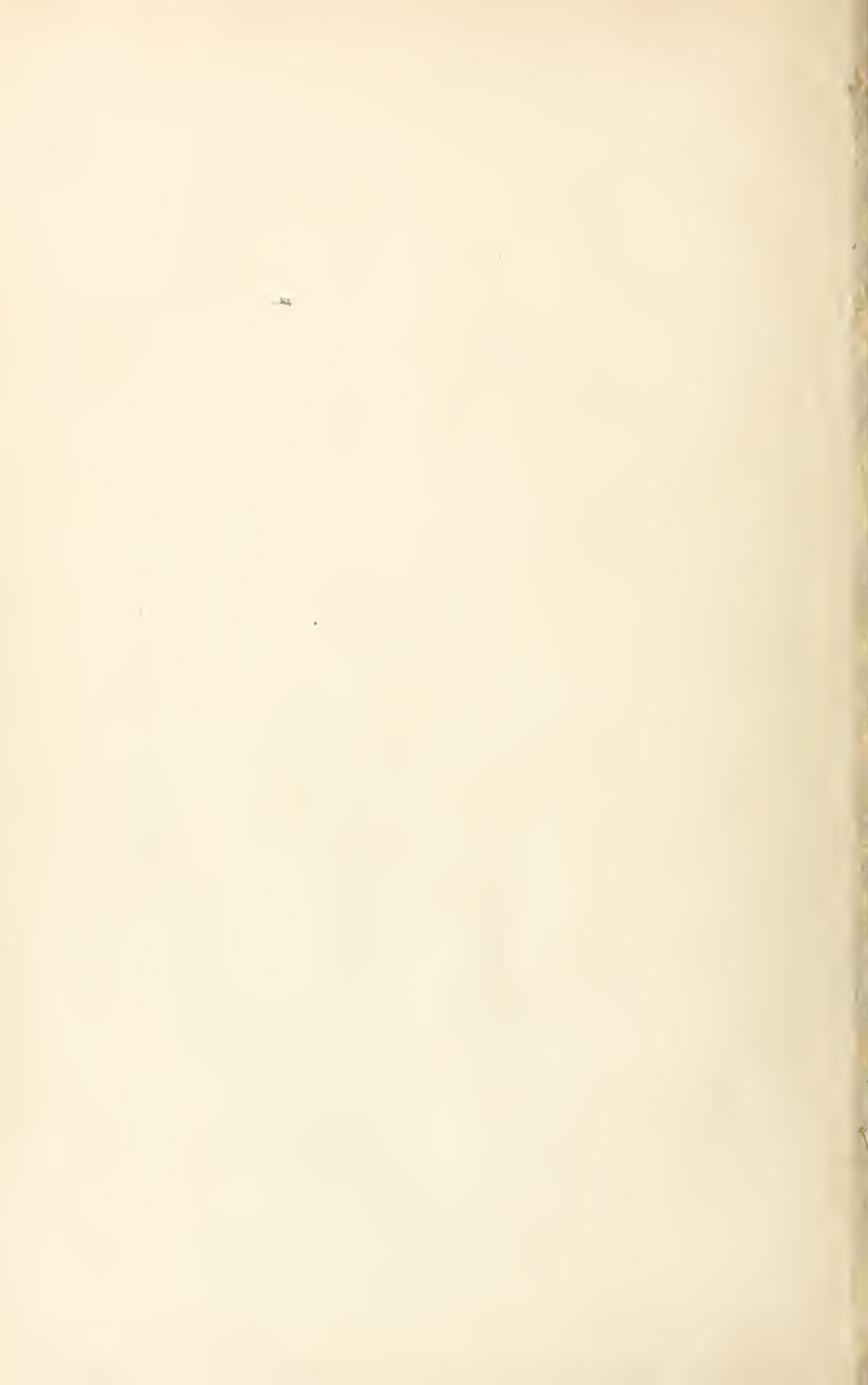
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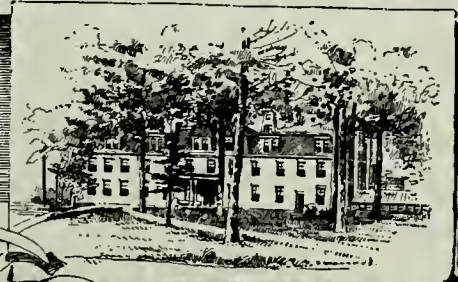
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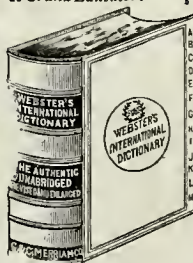
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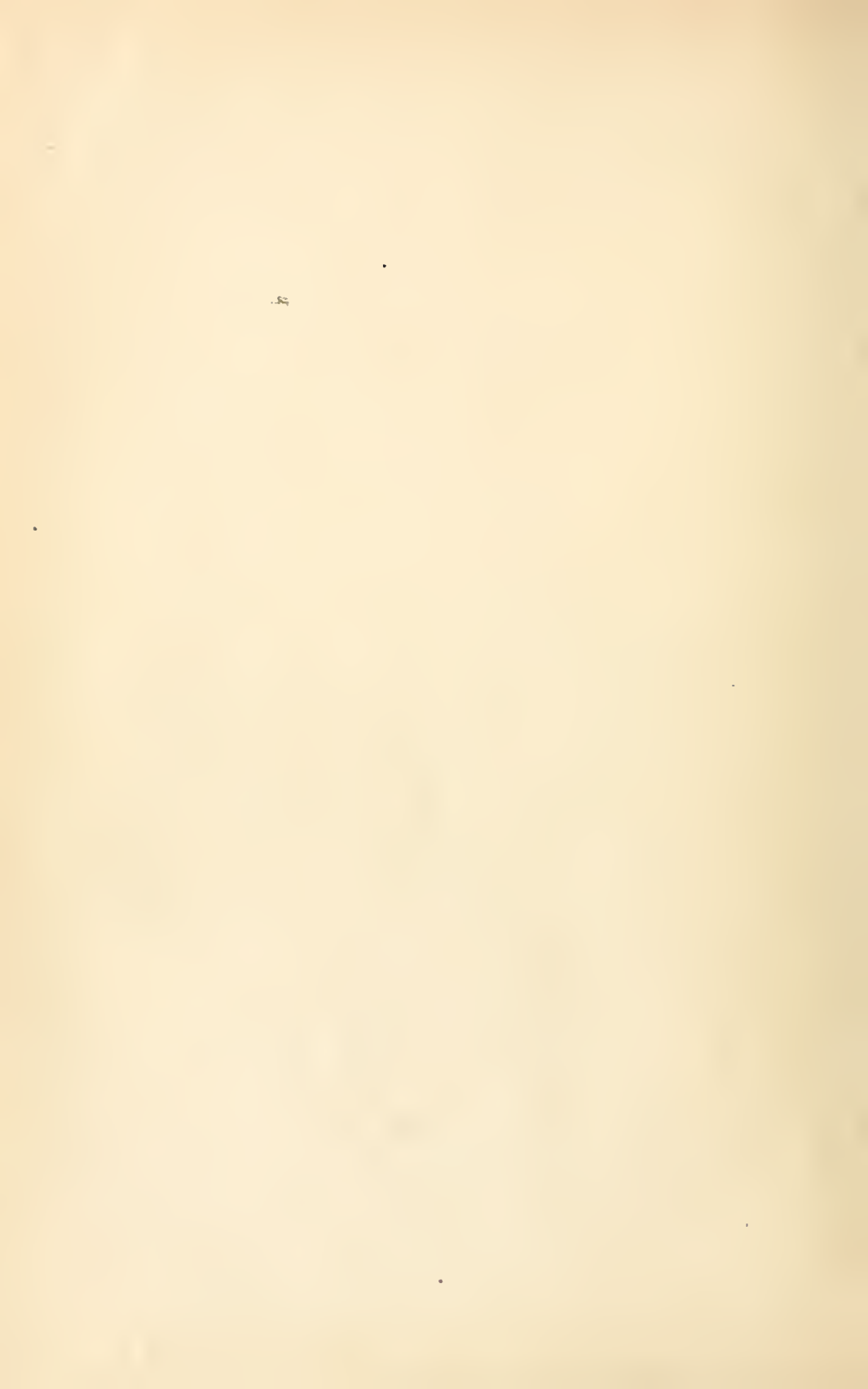
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THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.¹³³⁰

VOL. VI.

SEPTEMBER, 1893.

NO. 1.

THE ABUSE OF ENGLISH.

F. W. GRABS, '94.

One of the things which characterizes man as the most wonderful work of God is his power of language. To him alone, of all earthly beings, was this divine gift imparted, that his life might be in accord with the mind of him in whose image he was created. By this means he is able to communicate to posterity his inmost thoughts and convey his mental feelings to the higher and purer atmosphere of the spiritual realm and thus hold intimate converse with his Maker.

Words in themselves are only the symbols of thought, but so closely are the two connected that it is difficult to separate them. We think in words, and the thought is good or bad according to the form in which it is produced. The sweeter the melody, the more beautiful appears the sentiment of the song. Words, if properly employed, are real things of life and power; without the use of

them man would scarcely be a rational creature.

The English language furnishes a good example of the value which lies hidden in words.

In number and variety of elements it excels all others and the history of its origin and growth is a most interesting study. Bearing a marked resemblance to its many sources it is yet a distinct language and a model of grace, vigor and fullness of expression.

In words chosen from its large vocabulary are stored up richest thoughts from masters of English prose and verse. But with all its charms and treasures the English language has failed to attain that high degree of development which might reasonably be expected in our enlightened age. The student of English, in studying his mother tongue in the popular literature of the day is shocked at its abuse. To say nothing of the manner in which it is perverted by men of

unclean lips, and the evil purposes to which it is applied, this sacred trust is violated by a vast majority of the American people.

In ordinary conversation errors are of such common occurrence that many of them escape our notice.

Such mistakes as singular verbs after plural subjects, the interchange of adjectives and adverbs, relatives improperly placed, double superlatives and comparatives, seem almost to be sanctioned by their frequent repetition. Such faults on the part of the uncultured may be overlooked, but the evil tendency is not confined to that class.

Go into the best society and among the educated and you are not free from this baneful influence. Visit our highest institutions of learning and you will find the students violating the laws of language which are taught in the average country school.

Propriety is constantly violated by a careless selection of words. Words not fitly chosen make false impressions, and many an evil is committed under cover of a refined term. How often does the villain strive to conceal his depravity behind some noble title. Says an eminent author, "The mixture of these things by speech, which by nature are divided, is the mother of all error."

A cause producing further bane-

ful effects on our language is exaggeration, of which Americans, in particular, are fond. Most trivial thoughts are embodied in grandly constructed sentences. We are inclined to paint every idea in either the brightest or the darkest colors, with no intermediate shades. Thus the contents of our dictionary are lavished on trifles, and words lose their original force.

Clearly akin to exaggeration is the use of high-sounding expressions. The English language is one of short words. Our version of the Bible abounds in examples of the most sublime passages composed of monosyllables. Not content with a plain and graceful style, some make an attempt at display by introducing long terms and foreign phrases, while our language contains abundance of short and simple words adapted to all classes.

Slang, nick-names and other vulgarisms of this character need only to be mentioned for us to see their corrupting influences upon our speech.

A reform is needed likewise in the public oratory of the day. Speakers will multiply words and endeavor to make them forcibly loud, and "vain repetitions" are heard on every hand. Instead of twenty ideas to one word we have just the reverse. An audience is not unfrequently tormented with an hour's address which could be

condensed into a talk of five minutes. A species of sermon oratory, distinguishing the minister from ordinary people, still prevails in some sections.

The novels of recent date fall below the standard of undefiled English. Many of our newspapers edited by men who enter the profession, not on account of natural or educational abilities, but for the sake of money, are not suitable to be placed before the reading public. New words are coined at the will of the writer and the subject matter is not at all literary. The extensive reading of such productions is having a wide influence in our country toward lowering the tone of conversation.

For this daily abuse of words there must be a cause. No one can be held directly responsible. The fault is general. Cheap and inferior literature is over-abundant simply because people read it in preference to a better quality. The publication of countless newspapers could not be continued without the support of a sufficient number of subscribers. Speakers will prolong their discourses as long as their listeners will submit

to it. The wave of incorrect conversation is swept on in a resistless course by the masses which unconsciously degrades the office of speech. We look to the schools and colleges to work out a reform, but their efforts alone are ineffectual.

As deep-rooted evils can be removed only by long and patient labor of the many, so purity of language in our country can be accomplished only when all educated intelligent American citizens determine to bring harmony out of the present discord.

The question confronts the scholars of our country. We slight this matter, not considering that every wrong use of an English word tends to impair the dignity of a language for the production of which the lapse of centuries has been required.

A word of appreciation for this wonderful art withholds us from that exalted sphere in which we are called to act; to improve this power is to discharge a duty which we owe to ourselves, our fellow men, and the higher Source of wisdom who has endowed us with reason.

THE GREAT WEST.

PROF. R. C. ROOT.

Believing the many friends of Prof. R. C. Root will be glad to know what impressions the "Great West" has made upon him, we insert the following extract from a private letter written from Redlands, California:

You have seen something of the beauties of Illinois, Indiana and other Western States, hence I need not stop long on subjects east of the Rockies. Missouri and Kansas are similar to those mentioned—the latter of course being newer and approaching nearer in physical conditions to the "boundless plains" and to the desert even, on the extreme west.

Our route brought us through Kansas City, Pueblo, Salt Lake, Ogden, Rend, Truckee, Sacramento, Mojave (desert), Los Angeles, to Ontario. Our train, with two coaches of overland tourists, left Chicago Thursday, July 27th, at two P. M. I arrived in Ontario, Cal., the following Tuesday at 5:50 P. M. We staid in the same car from Chicago to Los Angel e. The tourists on those excursions, Judson & Co.'s, get quite well acquainted by the time they get across the continent.

There is no crowding; a manager accompanies each excursion

and everything is made as pleasant and as comfortable as could be expected for so long a trip. Your baggage is checked at Chicago to your destination. Therates were as low on the route I came as on any other line.

No one can appreciate the terms "everlasting hills," "eternal rocks," &c., &c., at least in the fullest sense, until he crosses the Rockies. The Royal Gorge is more than royal in its rugged grandeur. In that presence, man and his words seem too puny, too insignificant for notice. There you seem to have found the entrance to the habitation of Deity—it must be seen to be appreciated and once seen it can never be forgotten. There were other scenes that were intensely interesting but the Royal Gorge was the grandest of all.

We had a briefview of Salt Lake City, the Tabernacle, the new Temple, &c. I suppose from the information received from others, Salt Lake City must be a beautiful place. The new Temple shows from a distance that it must be a magnificent structure, resembling slightly some of the Cathedrals of Europe, as photos represent them. Salt Lake and

Ogden are both hot places in mid-summer. The air seemed scorching as we passed through the former place at noon (mountain time) July 30th.

I have been in twenty-one or twenty-two different states and territories of the Union but it remained for California to accord me the warmest welcome of them all.

From Truckee to Sacramento the air felt like it came from a bake-oven yet there was a breeze and the absence of moisture made it endurable. This is the hot dry season, the most disagreeable of all the seasons of the year. There is no concealing the fact it is hot, positively hot. In the shade however, one can be comfortable, and the nights are without exception delightfully cool.

I am now at my sister's. In some respects Redlands is more attractive than Ontario. It is a larger colony and the land is not so level here as at Ontario. At Redlands there are many orange groves on elevated tracts or even on the slopes of the foot-hills.

The Sniley Bros., of Phila., I think, have a magnificent home, or homes, as each has a residence, on the mountain above Redlands. Everything that money can do to beautify the place has been done. Three years ago the improvements began and now every tree and plant and flower that will grow in

this climate or in this latitude is growing on the grounds. There are winding drive ways walled up on one side, where necessary, and the ivy and the periwinkle are gracefully trailing over the masonry. One almost instinctively looks around as if expecting to meet "Mother Eve" there.

The view of the two valleys below, one on either side, the gorges that open at your feet as you stand amid the trees and masses of brilliant flowers, and the towering mountain peaks on nearly every side combine to make a scene, the beauty of which is marred by any description of tongue or pen.

Before me as I write, perhaps one hundred yards away, is the dashing zanja, a stream of water brought from Mill Creek canon. The old Mission Indians of one hundred years ago dug the ditch or canal. The water is brought some sixteen miles to water the old San Bernardino Ranch. We can hear the zanja as it dashes past my sister's home. It is and was a boundary line.

I find it one of the most attractive features of this rather attractive valley.

Everything is dry and dusty except the land that is irrigated, hence this stream is all the more beautiful. The stream is small not more than eight or ten feet

wide and from one to two feet trees line its banks and afford deep but it rolls and dashes along pleasant shade for all who may quite like a young torrent. Fine need or can seek its cool retreats.

WENDELL PHILLIPS AS A REFORMER.

H. A. WHITE, '94.

Great men have followed one another in succession. As the eloquence of James Otis blossomed in the declaration of independence and while the memory of the people was still aglow with his descending glory, on the same scene appeared another luminary who should, for his hour, be lord of the ascendant, and whose eloquence was to flower in the "Emancipation Proclamation."

Among the men who have, in the history of our republic set reform in motion, Phillips stands pre-eminent—pre-eminent from the fact that the cause which owed a great part of its success to this man was of a three fold nature. It involved the political, social and moral condition of the general public.

The institution of slavery as it existed in the 30's was firmly rooted and defended in both pulpit and press. It was a political, social and professional suicide for a young man to declare himself a friend to the helpless in the sense that he should devote himself to securing freedom for the southern bondman. Such was the condition

of American society and such were the obstacles to the progress of liberty when Wendell Phillips, one of Boston's most talented sons stepped into the balance to right the wrongs of humanity.

To the thoughtful observer of life, it is obvious that what a man is is more or less directly traceable to influences and surroundings of youth. The fact that Phillips was of Puritan descent implied that he had instilled into him in youth definite ideas of right and wrong. His mother was a model of womanhood. His father no less that of manhood. In the cradle by the fireside, lead by the gentleness of a mother's love dawned upon his infant mind the first and most lasting impressions. The care and discipline of his watchful father as he advanced in years was no doubt equally as important. The home of his youth was blessed with inspiring and refined influences. Pictures and statuary, suggestive of lofty thought, ornamented the walls, and on the shelves of the library were books in profusion. In sight of his home was Bunker Hill,

where English and American so earnestly argued with shot and shell, the church tower, the gleam of whose lantern started Paul Revere on his ride. Within five minutes walk was Faneuil Hall, "twice the cradle of liberty, the freedom of the colonies and the freedom of the negro race in America." And *there* the very elm under whose branches Washington first drew his sword. Such surroundings could not but have excited emotions of patriotism in the heart of any true American citizen.

He early developed traits which were significant of his future career. At four or five years of age, with an open Bible before him, and with chairs arranged in circles around the room, he would harangue those wooden auditors by the hour. At school he continued these habits of declamation with, however, sensible and larger audiences. In childhood his mother taught him the laws of health and that a cultivated mind should be supplemented by a good physique. He was a lover of athletics and never did he neglect taking exercise. His excellence as a scholar resulted, in part, from those gymnastics which was looked upon by the public then as waste of time. At fifteen, leaving the Latin school, a handsome youth, with an established reputation for every accomplishment of body and mind which

suited his age, he entered Harvard, where he graduated in 1831.

Among his fellow pupils at College he was distinguished for his purity of character, his rhetorical genius, and, strange to say, for his leadership of the aristocracy.

For three years he studied law under the instruction of Judge Story. He was said to be especially fond of those aspects and principles of law which presented it as a science, as the source and seat of humane justice. In 1834, with the blessing of Judge Story, who foretold for him an unprecedented career, and with the even more valued benediction of his mother, he was admitted to the bar, "Crowned with the spoil of every science and decked with the wreath of every muse," what a future lay open before him! Massachusetts looked forward for him to add another name to her roll of honor and so he did, but in a far different way from what she imagined.

While following this profession and in doing a personal favor for a friend he met his future wife. She was a beautiful, well educated Boston lady, possessing remarkable conversational powers. She had the tact to reach a conclusion by a flash of intuition which the male intellect could attain only by laborous reasoning. She was an abolitionist, and through her winning way Phillips

heard the muffled cry of the bondman in the south-land, and harkened to the call.

What were the inducements at that time to become an abolitionist? The answer came in the language of the Italian hero, Garibaldi—poverty, hardship, battles, wounds and—*victory*. Wendell Phillips had been born and reared a gentleman; now he was branded a friend of the negro. It was as fatal to break caste in Boston fifty years ago as in India. Respect was lost. Doors which had been eager to receive him hitherto were closed in his face. Friends when met on the street became wonderfully nearsighted. His business grew slack. He found himself an outcast in his native city. The bright prospects of his future crumbled before his eyes. He knew it would be so. He counted the cost. He weighed his duty to God and to those who were ready to perish, against the respect and honor of men, and bravely chose the nobler part. In the language of Lowell,

"He stood upon the worlds broad threshold: wide
The din of battle and of slaughter rose;
He saw God standing on the weaker side,
That sunk in seeming loss before its foes;
Many there were who made haste and sold
Unto the coming enemy their sword.
He scorned their gifts of fame, and power, and gold,
And underneath their soft and flowery words,
Heard the cold serpent hiss; therefore he went
And humbly joined him to the weaker part
Fanatic named, and fool, yet well content
So he could be nearer to God's heart,
And feel its solemn pulses sending blood,
Through all the wide spread veins of endless good."

Every great orator and reformer catches a glimpse of coming fame. In old Faneuil Hall Wendell Phillips first gained his reputation as an orator, with the world for his audience, in defending an editor who was an abolitionist and who had been outraged, his property destroyed and he killed for expounding one of the pillars of liberty, freedom of the press. Never, perhaps, did the old "Cradle of Liberty" echo to a finer strain of eloquence. His opponents were buried in shame and victory was snatched from the clutches of apparent defeat. That speech revealed him to himself as well as to the world and fixed his destiny. After that he devoted his time and talent to abolition.

He believed that "nothing is politically right which is morally wrong." Unconditional emancipation of the slave was his theme. He fought against the compromises of Webster, Clay and Calhoun. He liked the southern people personally and admired their courage; but he met frankness with frankness and said "*Yes*" in the same tone in which Calhoun said "*No*." Liberty in his opinion should be gained even at the sacrifice of severing the bonds of the Union. Let us not for this consider him an unpatriotic son of America, for his principle was right, but his method of carrying

them out defective. Afterward he was a strong Unionist when he saw that both liberty and Union could be accomplished by one master stroke.

As a lecturer his services were in continued demand. His plan of agitation was to enlighten public sentiment and thereby get his fellow countrymen to hate slavery. He refused leading a political life, choosing rather to remain in his own sphere than to be senator or, as he expressed it, "to fall *up stairs*"; thus showing that he was seeking for right rather than for honor.

We admire Phillips' pluck in boldly seeking to elevate his fellow men in the face of jeering mobs even at the sacrifice of losing his own life. He was to receive compensation for all his labor. Success at last dawned; but on the very verge of success, new difficulties arose. He was thoroughly awake to the signs of the times. It was not for Phillips to die as Wolfe, in the arms of victory. In his own words, "We will not say *'farewell'* but *'all hail'*. Welcome, new duties. We sheath no sword. We only turn the front of the army on a new foe." New occasions taught him new duties. He delighted in keeping ahead of the times and beckoning the age *up and on*.

Temperance and labor reform movements received his

heartly co-operation. That he pleaded at the bar of public conscience for the negro in the south, the Indian in the west and the Irishman, under the tyranny of England is certain. Womanhood owes to him a heavy debt for their cause which he espoused. Not only great movements dubbed him a reformer in his private life, the poor and those in trouble found him a liberal and a loving friend.

As the shadows of evening drew on it brought with it no decrease of interest in the topics of the day. Though his life was full of storms, yet death was calm and peaceful. Universal was the loss felt when the bulletins read "Wendell Phillips is dead." All America saw the real friend in the seeming foe, and great was the homage to her uncrowned king of thought and speech!

Now that the voice is hushed, reputation becomes a memory. We may say with a certainty that the secret of his reform lay in his ability as an orator and the magnanimity of the man. The words he chose were the best possible for expressing condensed thought and reflected credit on our mother tongue. Noble was his form and graceful his gesture. Debate was his desire, and it is said he never slew an antagonist only by a sunbeam. But oratory without being backed by character is as a vapory myth. Wendell Phillips' twin maxims were justice and love. The words he spoke of his co-worker, Garrison, might well be applied to him; "Serene, fearless, *marvelous man!*" His feeling was evidently like that of Washington, "Let posterity cheer for me," and posterity may be depended upon to do that act.

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H. A. WHITE, '94.
ANNIE F. PETTY, '94.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

RUTH C. BLAIR, '94. Personals.
JOS. E. BLAIR, '96. Locals.
T. G. PIERSON, '97. Exchanges.

BUSINESS MANAGERS:

H. B. WORTH, '94.
J. O. RAGSDALE, '95.
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SEPTEMBER, 1893.

THE COLLEGIAN gladly greets every new student who has cast his lot among us with best wishes for a successful and pleasant year at Guilford.

It also sincerely hopes that the new as well as the old students will extend to it a hearty welcome by giving it their aid.

THE COLLEGIAN, like other college papers, will have to be supported to a great extent by the alumni of the college and her

former students. Therefore, unless these two classes of Guilford's friends are heard from very shortly, they may justly expect to hear from the COLLEGIAN. For it matters not where you are, there is something connected with the place which would be of interest to all our readers.

There seems to be an unwritten decree—and we all know how much weightier are unwritten than written laws in most matters—that an incoming staff of editors for a college magazine shall make their first appearance grievously lamenting their own deficiencies; shall crave the indulgence of their audience and promise all sorts of possible and impossible things concerning their work for the next year. For many years past, so many college papers, so many editors entering on their duties, so many opening editorials, how is it possible to do anything but to say the same old things in the same old way? Still, be it far from us to change a time-honored custom. Respect for authority is better than originality; so we too will say our say in this our opening number.

And, first, what shall be said as to our predecessors? How hard their task was, we, entering a path made easy by their labors, are just beginning to appreciate. Is there any need of speech or com-

pliment from us to them? No, they need no complements from us; may we, when in turn pass on, leave behind us a record as satisfactory as theirs.

What shall we say for ourselves? Shall we say what we would like to do? Shall we give voice to our aspirations that the COLLEGIAN may continue an exponent of Guilford life in all its depth and breadth; yea, but that it may step beyond the limits of our college world, and in the questions agitating the outside world range itself on the side of justice and right? Many such dreams we have, of which we would gladly speak, but there is a wise old proverb, "Let not him that girdeth on his armor boast himself as he that putteth it off," and perchance it were better for us to say nothing of our anticipations until time has shown how far we may realize them. What we hope to do may at least serve as an ideal toward which we shall strive; what we can do the future must show. And so, abstaining from promises, let us bow to our audience and retire, to show by our deeds, not words, what are our hopes, and to await them the time when they shall sum up our work, and looking back upon it, shall know whether we have succeeded or failed.

The time we enter college is a great crisis in our lives. The way

we conduct ourselves then will shape the future. The first impressions made of us by our companions are generally lasting ones. Carefulness, then, should be our motto. Thrown together as representatives of different portions of the state and all in the pursuit of study and exercise, we soon find out each other's particular characteristics and nature; and what our characters are are what we choose them to be. Then we cannot be reminded too forcibly of the necessity of watchfulness on our part of ourselves.

Only by the government of our thought can we become true and noble men and women, and reflect honor on ourselves and our alma mater. If evil thoughts are cherished in our minds they generally manifest themselves through speech or action; if not at the exact time they present themselves then they are stored away only to be ever diligent to seek a convenient outlet at some other unguarded moment. On the contrary, let us strive to shake off the black-winged saurians which try to gain entrance to our mental beings, and let us seek pure and noble thoughts, so that our speech and actions may be the embodiment of purity and nobleness. Then and not till then will we enjoy life in its true sense.

As we observe the extensive advantages of colleges of the North and West in comparison with our own, in despair we sigh, Oh, for another clime! This state of affairs should not exist. The spur of southern chivalry should awaken us from this delusion, this "day dream," and urge us to more determined exertion. We call this a delusion because it is nothing else but a delusion. In consideration of the difficulties to which the colleges of the South have been subjected the wonder is that they can compare so favorably as they do with those whose circumstances were more favorable for growth.

When we thoroughly comprehend the advance Guilford has made in the past, and the present advantages shown to the youth of the land, we cannot help seeing a brilliant outlook for her future career. If we look at the facts of the case as they really are, encouragement will take the place of imagined excuse for discouragement. The term has opened with flattering prospects in spite of the cry of business depression, and this fact shows the wisdom of Carolina's sons. Would that it were a more prevalent idea among our people that it is a wise act to invest funds in the education of youth even when the financial condition of the country is in the best of prospects.

No doubt many of our fathers, who on account of a changing world can only look to the "good old times" of the past for relief and pleasure, are saddened by the thought of really connecting music as a study with Guilford College. We cannot censure these elders for clinging to the things and ideas that were instilled into their minds when young, neither should they condemn us of a later generation for adhering to ideas different from their own. The youth of North Carolina, especially the young women have demanded better advantages for musical training at Guilford and the Board of Trustees have answered the call, but time alone can reveal the results.

This one thing we know, Quakers can love and make melody as well as any other people, and as it is a means of promoting great good we should encourage the study of it.

Perhaps there is no feeling more deeply rooted in the mind of the average college student than the sense that the four years of the college course offer such opportunities as they are likely never to meet again, and that it behooves them to make the most of their time. With this end in view they attempt to get the full benefit

of every college advantage. They join a literary society that they may get an intellectual training aside from other college work; that the development may not be one-sided they take a course in physical training, and with the view of attaining culture they attend lectures, receptions, &c., cheerfully.

And yet with all this effort there is one opportunity lying at their very door which is so often overlooked, one faculty which might so well be cultivated, but which is too often utterly neglected. How many students are able, at graduation, to speak their mother tongue fluently and correctly? How many are able in class or society meeting, to talk well, for ever so brief a period, on the subject under discussion? to give their opinions clearly and connectedly, not wandering from the point, not hesitating and repeating, but saying their say in terse and forcible English? Some there are who can do it, and we know how much influence they have in any discussion, but do the majority of us, when we rise to speak without preparation, find ourselves hesitating? Nor is it only in our attempts at public speaking that our command of language fails us. Too often we find ourselves quite unable to put our thoughts into words at all, and are forced to break off with an appealing "I

can't say it, but you know what I mean, don't you?" or else, persisting, we lose ourselves in a mist of meaningless words.

Of course one does not wish to speak or write "like a book," but without becoming stilted it is quite possible to speak forcibly and clearly. Every recitation might be made a drill in speaking, every class or society meeting a training in the "art of putting things." It is not worth while to dwell on the advantages of such a training. The gift of speaking is one which every one admires, for which almost every one longs, and like many other gifts is bestowed in exchange for hard continued effort. It lies in every one's power to attain it; is it not worth its cost? When we think of what the English language is, we can hardly consider any price too great for the ability to use it well. It is so copious, so rich in possibilities "of strength, of beauty, of delicacy, of exactness, that to use it ill seems little short of desecration," and we can but wonder at the blindness with which students, while striving to attain every other advantage of a college course, neglect so utterly this opportunity.

The study of elocution has been neglected long enough at Guilford, and it is time some definite steps were taken towards the de-

velopment of this line of work. It would not only result in making the yearly entertainments which are given here, more interesting to the public, but would prepare our alumni to exert more influence as citizens.

A college graduate is justly expected to become a leader in the affairs of whatever community he may place himself, and but few persons ever succeed in influencing the masses who cannot reach them through a speech. We do not wish to convey the idea that a study of elocution prepares a person to move the world by an invincible flow of oratory, but that it would aid in making men and women more useful in the world by giving them a greater source of influence.

There is still another point in favor of such a study. The standard of any institution is lowered in the ideas of the people when one of its graduates is not able to respectably address an audience, but there is no better advertisement for a college than pleasantly speaking graduates.

Thus we hope that in the near future better training in elocution will be given to our students, and that none of the forthcoming alumni will have to feel the loss that so many of the present ones feel.

PERSONAL.

James Parker, '93, is taking a post graduate course.

The class of '94 welcomes Annie Petty to its ranks again.

Nellie Wheeler is much missed by her school-mates; she remains at home.

Campbell Young clerks in the drug store of Richardson & Fariss, Greensboro.

Amy Stevens has a position as music teacher in a school near Concord, N. C.

Eunice Darder, '93, is Principal of Belvidere Academy, Belvidere, N. C.

The class of '94 suffers a great loss in the absence of Eula L. Dixon.

Elbert White, '93, clerks in the office of his father, E. A. White, at Raleigh.

Mollie B. Roberts is assistant teacher in the Pocket High School, Moore county.

Cora E. White, '93, will be a student at Bryn Mawr during the coming year.

Joe Peele, Pastor of the Friends' Church in Salem, Ohio, spent the summer with his parents.

George Patterson, Sr., a former student of N. C. B. S., is now one of Concord's most prominent men.

Ellen Woody, formerly a diligent student at Guilford, is teaching school at Eagle Mills, Iredell county.

Marion Chilton, '93, was married soon after commencement to Miss Edna Taylor, of Westfield, N. C.

On September 6th Gertrude Darden was married to Herbert Nicholson, of the firm of Nicholson & Son, Belvidere, N. C.

The many friends of Jennie Ragsdale were pleased to see her at the College again. She will soon return to Bryn Mawr.

Thomas J. Stanley, '87, visited the College at the opening of the term. He is now a successful Physician in Hanover county, Va.

Emma Cuddington, a student last year, was recently married to John Smith, a prominent young farmer of Wayne county.

The Asheboro Graded School is to be congratulated on having for its Principal Charles F. Tomlinson, '93.

Mattie D. Washburn spent the summer in Chicago. She is now visiting friends and relatives in South Wabash, Indiana.

Eugene Gillespie, '93, made a short visit to the College a few days ago. He expects to be a student at the University during the coming year.

Callie Stanley spent a few days at the College recently. She will not be in school this year. The Freshman class loses one of its best members.

Among others who visited the College recently was A. W. Blair, '90. He has just returned to Jenkintown, Pa., where he is professor of Science and Logic in Abington Friends' School.

Lola Stanley, '89, is making for herself such a reputation as only devoted teachers obtain. She has just returned to her school in Laurinburg, N. C.

Another one of Guilford's old students whose name is enrolled among those joined in the holy bonds of wedlock is Sam Hunter. He married Lalah Coble, of Guilford county.

The many friends of Martha J. Hammond will be glad to learn that the climate of Colorado has proved beneficial to her, and that her health is constantly improving.

Bessie Meader, '93, spent two weeks at the College and in the vicinity at the first of the term. She will be a teacher in the Concord Graded School this year. We wish her success.

Prof. R. C. Root enters upon graduate work at Stanford University. His diploma from Guilford College was accepted and he

entered without further examination.

John Wakefield, a student of N. G. B. S., was at the College recently. He graduated at Davidson last Spring; was orator of his class. John showed his ability as a speaker while a member of the Websterian Society at this place. He left on the 5th for a four years' course at Hampden Sidney Seminary. We hope he may continue to achieve success as he has in the past.

W. B. Harrison, an old student of N. G. B. S., is a prominent man in fire insurance circles in Chicago. He is interested in Guilford and will probably send his son here next year. He has a pleasant home at 1316 Diversity Street, Chicago.

Her spiritual growth was very marked during the last two years of her life and she leaves the blessed assurance to her sorrowing friends that she has entered the realms of bliss.

She was at N. G. B. S. about ten years ago.

The recent and very unexpected decease of Wm. Jarrel, of High Point, on the 25th of 8th month, again reminds us that in the midst of exuberant life death may meet us. He was one of a company of young men and women who had gone out boating on the pond at Oakdale factory, Jamestown, and while attempting to gather some flowers that were growing on the bank, lost his balance, and, being unable to swim, was drowned before help could reach him.

The funeral services were conducted in the Methodist church, High Point, on Sabbath 27th. The attendance was large and the occasion a very impressive one.

Wm. Jarrel was a student at Guilford College in '91 and has ever since been one of her loyal friends.

The grief-stricken mother has our deepest sympathy in her bereavement.

IN MEMORIAM.

Anna Boren, daughter of Albert Peele, and wife of Richard Boren, was called from this earth on July 11th.

She had been in delicate health for some time, but yet the summons came suddenly and unexpectedly to her friends.

As daughter, friend, or wife, she was all that could be wished in each position.

LOGALS.

Colors—silver gray and crimson.

YELL—Boom-la-yo!

Boom-la-yo!

Guilford! Guilford!

Ho! Ho! Ho!

Announcement:—"Lip" is a Freshman.

Something startling! a Senior counting on her fingers.

College spirit and pride is running unusually high.

Tennis seems not to be holding its own this term.

The college classes are all organized except the Soph's.

Chas. Brower, a student of '91, was here on the evening of the reception.

One of our Soph's thinks that it would not be amiss if he had a mule to help him out in Latin.

Miss Bessie M. Meader, of the class of '93, was with us at the opening of school.

Mrs. Walker Taylor and Miss Mary Bellamy Taylor, of Wilmington, N. C., spent a few weeks near the college recently.

The first lecture of the term was given by Prof. J. F. Davis, on the subject of Historical Grammar.

W. J. Armfield, '94, is now taking a trip to the Columbian Exposition by way of Niagara Falls.

Prep. to Soph., while scrutinizing Prof. Haviland's Oxford gown. Is that what governor sleeps in?

We gladly welcome the new members of the faculty and earnestly hope they will feel at home among us.

The literary societies have gone to work in earnest and it is the duty of every new student to join one of them.

Base ball has been revived and now takes the lead in out-door sports, but foot ball will probably take its place before very long.

Every student should be thankful to our new governors for the deep interest which they take in all kinds of athletics.

Tom—Here is a quotation from Evangeline, Sam.

Sam—No it's not, don't you see Longfellow's name right under it.

We were favored with a short visit from Mr. C. F. Tomlinson and Miss Jennie Ragsdale during the first week of school.

Dr. Nereus Mendenhall has been ill for some time at his sister's home in Jamestown, but we now hope to see him at the college soon.

The prolific growth of corn that was raised on the college farm this year is now being cut by steam and packed in the silo for winter use.

The reception given by the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. T. U. to the new students on the evening of the 26th, was a decided success.

The public roads and drive ways around the college have, through the ceaseless energy of our farmers, been put in very good condition.

The college now owns an excellent piano, and the old music room is being remodeled and repaired. We hope the time will not be long before some of our young Quakers will have made themselves capable of teaching music.

Something is almost constantly arriving for the cabinet, and we are glad it is so. A box of minerals from Massachusetts and a box of miscellaneous specimens from California have recently been received.

Since our June issue the Treas. Geo. White, has busied himself at making improvements of every kind in and around the college buildings; the greatest of these is found in the two bath rooms of the boy's dormitory.

A Prep. who was excused from school one day on account of sickness, went down to the store and proceeded to purchase a frying pan, one dozen eggs, some potted ham, sugar, crackers, &c., &c.—splendid medicine.

A valuable collection of one hundred and fifty volumes was recently presented to our library by Mr. Preston Cumming, of Wilmington, N. C. The college would be glad if others would make similar donations.

Our curator visited over twenty museums of natural history the past summer while traveling in the interest of the cabinet. The Smithsonian Institute and National Museum, at Washington, D. C., the Academy of Sciences at Philadelphia, and the American Museum of Natural History, at New York city, were among the number.

Messrs. John B. Henley, a student of N. G. B. S. in '85, Geo. W. Wilson, '92, E. M. Wilson, '92, David White, Jr., '90, and Byron White were recent visitors at the College. Mr. E. M. Wilson was on his way to Haverford College.

All the students will get good bargains by patronizing the firms which advertise in the columns of THE COLLEGIAN.

Miss Francis Failing, a student here in her early days, has returned to school, much to the gratification of our *little Fresh*.

Our *young* sparrow recently got one of his limbs twisted while in a downward flight.

Y. M. C. A. ITEMS.

The reception given for new students by the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. T. U. on the evening of August 26th was an occasion of much enjoyment. The evening was fair and by 7:30 the Association Hall was well filled.

The exercises were opened with Bible reading by President H. A. White of the Y. M. C. A., and prayer by President Hobbs. Mr. White's address which followed was a warm welcome directed in main to the new students and was highly appreciated by all. The President of the Y. W. C. T. U. being absent, the Vice-President, Isabella Woodley spoke next, extending to those among us for the first time a hearty invitation to join in the work of the Associations and bear in mind that Christ and His kingdom are the first things to be sought.

On behalf of the Institution, President Hobbs extended to the new teachers and students a cordial greeting, and expressed his pleasure at seeing so large a number of young people present at the opening of the term who had come for the purpose of embracing the advantages held out to the students of Guilford College.

There was singing at the opening of the exercises, and between

each address excellent instrumental music was rendered by Miss Alderman. The company was divided into several groups and numerous games were played, thus affording an excellent opportunity for new students to become acquainted. Later in the evening the company assembled in the Gymnasium where a few young men gave evidence of their gymnastic abilities in numerous performances upon the different apparatus.

As the time came to disperse many were the expressions heard of the enjoyments with which the evening had been filled.

The Association is in good condition. The fall campaign which was carried on in a more extensive manner than ever before was a decided success. As an evidence of the interest taken in the work, twenty-one new members were received at the first meeting.

The two delegates who attended the Students' Gathering at Northfield have returned filled with enthusiasm and feeling that they have received great spiritual impulses from the lessons learned there. The general outlook of the Association for the ensuing year is indeed encouraging.

A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

HAIL OF
HENRY CLAY LITERARY SOCIETY, }
September 1st, 1893.

WHEREAS, It pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from this world our esteemed member, WILLIAM M. JARRELL, on Aug. 25th, 1893, be it

Resolved, 1st, That we, as a Society, have lost a worthy member, and his home a loving son.

2nd, That the Society as a body extends its heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.

3rd, That a copy of these resolutions be placed in our minutes, that a copy be sent to his family, also to the High Point *Enterprise* and to the GUILFORD COLLEGIAN for publication.

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In order to avoid the rush at the close of the session, I have decided to establish a Club rate for the College students. This will give you the advantage of the Senior Rate, and at the same time you can be waited on much more satisfactorily than when I am crowded with work. In clubs of ten or more the price will be \$4 per dozen. In addition to this any one getting up a club of ten will be entitled to one dozen of himself, *subject to the following conditions:*

The entire club must be paid for when the first sitting is made. (Tickets will be issued for those who do not wish to sit at once.) The person getting up the club will be expected to collect and pay for the same.

This means Cabinet Photographs. I have no club rates for cards.

With thanks for former patronage, I am
Most respectfully,

S. L. ALDERMAN.

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THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

VOL. VI.

OCTOBER, 1893.

No. 2.

A VISIT TO ST. DAVID'S CHURCH.

BY J. S. W.

"What an image of peace and rest
Is this little church among its graves!
All is so quiet; the troubled breast,
The wounded spirit, the heart oppressed,
Here may find the repose it craves."

"See, how the ivy climbs and expands
Over this humble hermitage,
And seems to caress with its little hands
The rough, gray stones, as a child that stands
Caressing the wrinkled cheeks of age!"

"You cross the threshold; and dim and small
Is the space that serves for the Shepherd's Fold;
The narrow aisle, the bare, white wall,
The pews, and the pulpit quaint and tall,
Whisper and say: "Alas! we are old."

"Herbert's chapel at Bemerton
Hardly more spacious is than this;
But Poet and Pastor, blent in one,
Clothed with a splendor, as of the sun,
That lowly and holy edifice."

"It is not the wall of stone without
That makes the building small or great
But the soul's light shining round about,

And the faith that overcometh doubt
And the love that stronger is than hate."

"Were I a pilgrim in search of peace,
Were I a pastor of Holy Church,
More than a Bishop's diocese
Should I prize this place of rest, and release
From farther longing and farther search."

"Here would I stay and let the world
With its distant thunders roar and roll;
Storms do not rend the sail that is furled;
Nor like a dead leaf, tossed and whirled
In an eddy of wind is the anchored soul."

Surely there never was a class of people more zealous for the impossible or more devoted to castle-building than a crowd of school-girls. Not least practiced among these was a party of young ladies at Bryn Mawr College as they planned to attend service at Old St. David's Church and walk the distance of some eight or ten miles. We had read the beautiful poem and some of our friends had already visited the place, and from their glowing accounts we thought our year in that section would not be complete without making that excursion.

Finally our various moods and the changing weather of spring harmonized and on a beautiful sabbath morning in May we, a company of four, started—not to

walk the whole distance, that castle perished long ago—but to the railroad station, quite willing that the mighty engine should bear us as near our destination as possible. Ere we left the station a fifth member joined us.

There was little to relieve the ride by rail save the constant change of passengers, the country, beautiful in its spring freshness, and the handsome homes at the various stations. Having arrived at Devon, our stopping place, we were about to start on our two miles walk, when we found two other young ladies from our college, and having the same purpose. The way seemed longer than we had thought but our weariness was so slight that as we neared the enclosure of "this humble heritage" feelings of ven-

eration began to stir within us. The wall of the enclosure is made of stones in the rough, and has upon it the impress of age. There are two gates, the one in front, the other at the back of the church. We entered at the back, so had to walk almost around the church with its quaint low roof before we could enter. The building is of stone, not having the modernized polish or uniformity of color, many being almost black with age and moss. Its general plan is that of an Episcopal church, but "dim and small, is the space that serves for the Shepherd's Fold." The gallery is reached by a stairway on the *outside*. We were perhaps a little surprised to see in this gallery a tiny *pipe* organ. It seemed almost too modern for the primitive atmosphere of all around. The chancel was very small and at its back a window shaped like a "D" with a simple shade, a striking contrast to the usual elaborate decorations. Choir boys had no place in this little church, for "the narrow aisle" had little room for their long parade, and the "pulpit, quaint and tall," did not leave too much room for the Rector within the chancel rail. "The bare white walls" showed many signs of age, but most ancient of all were the pews. These were high and straight-backed, much marked and in some places showing the effects

of the misdirected jack-knife. These pews were originally enclosed by doors which are now removed.

The service had already begun when we entered, but we were quite in season to get as much of the preliminary of an Episcopal service as a Quaker-born girl cares to take part in. The devoutness of the rector was most marked, and his fatherly face very impressive.

After the service closed we strolled through the burying-ground for a while, and found many graves bearing very early dates and having inscriptions quite in accord with the simple life of those early times. This is dated 1748.

"Remember man as you pass by
As you are now so once was I,
As I am now so may you be
Therefore prepare for eternity."

We would not fail to notice the close proximity of the graves to the church. One slab must be trodden upon every time any one entered the church, and another had the head-stone lying against the wall of the building.

The ivy, which Longfellow mentions, grows on the side of the house which has the entrance door. This door is fastened by an old-time latch which the congregation has learned to lift and close in a very quiet manner.

Among the graves we found

that of Anthony Wayne, the man who is familiarly known as "Mad Anthony." A large monument marks his resting place.

We turned our steps homeward with reluctance. We found it so pleasant to decipher the moss-grown inscriptions and to look upon the ancient simplicity of every thing around.

There is a new section to the church-yard, which is decidedly modern, and in thorough accord with the nice-looking congrega-

tion which gathered for service that morning.

Upon parts of the enclosure dark shadows were cast here and there by spruce trees, and just at that season its beautiful red cones were ready to dispense the masses of powder secreted within their cells.

Our morning at St. David's was indeed a pleasant one, and some of us, at least, will be quite ready to visit the time-honored place again.

JOHN ARCHDALE, AND SOME OF HIS DESCENDANTS.

BY STEPHEN B. WEEKS.

John Archdale was appointed governor - general of Carolina, August 31, 1694.¹ Of his early history we know nothing. He was the son of Thomas Archdale of Loaks, in Chipping Wycomb, Bucks county, England. In 1664 he came to New England as the agent of his brother-in-law, Governor Gorges of Maine.

The name Archdale first appears in the list of proprietors of Carolina on July 13, 1681.² This was Thomas Archdale as future entries show,³ and not John Archdale as Dr. Hawks states. Dr. Hawks says, further, that in 1684 John Archdale purchased the share

of the late Sir William Berkeley, "who did not die until 1682." He is again in error; the share of William Berkeley passed, after his death in 1677,¹ into the hands of his widow. She married Colonel Philip Ludwell, who was himself appointed governor of "that part of our province of Carolina that lies north and east of Cape Fear," December 5, 1689,² and governor of Carolina, November 2, 1691.³ On December 14, 1683, the proprietors "approved of the bargain made by Sir Peter Colleton with Col. Philip Ludwell in behalf of the Lords Proprietors for my Lady Berkeley's right to the pro-

¹ Colonial Records of North Carolina, i. 385. ² Ibid., 338. ³ Ibid., 360, 361, 363 seq.

¹ He was buried July 13, 1677. ² Colonial Records i. 360. ³ Colonial Records, i. 373.

prietorship that was Sir William Berkeley's for £300." This purchase was made by Colleton for the Duke of Albemarle, Earl Craven, Lord Carteret, and himself, and this proprietorship was afterwards "conveyed in trust to Thomas Amy, Esq're, for the above-named four Lords Proprietors."¹ From the materials before me I conclude that the share which came into the possession of Thomas Archdale in 1681 was that of Sir John Berkeley, who died in 1678, for the shares of Craven, Shaftesbury, Colleton, Albemarle, and Carteret were still in the original families; Sothel had purchased the share of Earl Clarendon,² Amy purchased that of William Berkeley, and only that of Sir Berkeley could have then been on the market.³

Archdale had become a Friend, convinced and separated from his father's house, as he tells, by the preaching of George Fox.⁴ But this conversion does not seem to have been of very serious consequence as far as the management of their share of Carolina is concerned. His name appears in all the proceedings of the proprietors as the representative of his father, and we know, from instructions sent to Governor Sothel, that an

Archdale, doubtless John, was in Albemarle on December 14, 1683: "And that he [Sothel] do forthwith with the advice of Mr. Archdale choose four of the discreetest honest men of the county, &c."¹ Again, in February, 1685, the proprietors write Sothel, and insist that he "with the advice of Mr. Archdale"² fill certain blanks with names of men who were to serve as lords proprietors' deputies. From the letter quoted above, we know that he was in North Carolina in March, 1686.³ It is probable, then, that he came out to Carolina in a year or two after his father became a proprietor to look after their common interests, and while there his co-religionists, the Quakers, were not allowed to feel the need of any help he was able to give them. His presence did much, no doubt, to give them prestige in the colony, to protect them from persecution should such be attempted, and to increase their numbers. During the temporary absence of Sothel in 1685 and 1686, Archdale acted as governor of the colony, whether by the special appointment of that infamous dignitary, or because of his position as a virtual proprietor, or as the commissioned deputy of his father, we do not know. That Archdale purposed settling a part of his family in North Carolina is proba-

¹ *Ibid.*, i. 347. ² *Ibid.*, i. 339. ³ *Ibid.*, i. 345, May 25, 1681, a letter was sent to the governor and council of Ashley river, in which it is said Mr. Archdale had bought "Lady Berkeley's share." (*South Carolina Hist. Soc. Colls.*, i. 1. 6.) ⁴ Letter to Fox in Hawk's History of North Carolina, ii. 378.

¹ Colonial Records, i. 346. ² *Ibid.*, i. 350. ³ *Not* January, as Dr. Hawks states, ii. 499.

ble; we know that his daughter Ann married Emmanuel Lowe, a Quaker of some prominence in the colony.¹

In 1687-88 Archdale was a commissioner for Governor Gorges in Maine. When made regularly governor of the whole of Carolina, he was not a proprietor, for his name is not on the list of "the true and absolute Lords and Proprietors," as we learn from a communication to the commissioners of customs, dated November 10, 1696, that he was administering the share of the proprietorship for his own son, who was a minor.² It seems probable that Thomas Archdale, dying in the meantime, had willed his share of Carolina to his grandson, and that John Archdale, although administering it, was not himself a proprietor. He came into this dignity a few years later, probably by the death of the son.

John Archdale was appointed governor of Carolina with the express hope that he would be able to heal the disturbances in South Carolina. This trouble had arisen through the popular ferment about the tenure of lands, the payment of quit-rents, the naturalization of Huguenots, and the recent annulment by the proprietors of the laws of Ludwell's parliament re-

lating to juries and the election of representatives.¹ At last, Governor Smith wrote in despair to the proprietors that "it was impossible to settle the country, except a proprietor himself was sent over with full power to heal their grievances."² Lord Ashley, grandson of Shaftsbury, was first chosen for this duty, but he declined, and the proprietors chose Archdale in his place, with almost unlimited powers. He could sell, let or escheat lands, appoint deputy governors in both provinces, make and alter laws. He sailed for America in January, 1695, and reached Virginia in June.³ He visited North Carolina at once and found Thomas Harvey acting as deputy governor. He had been fulfilling this office since September 24, 1694,⁴ at least, and was now established in his office by Archdale, who then passed on to South Carolina, took up his residence at Charleston, and assumed the government, Aug. 17, 1695.⁵ His administration of South Carolina was, as it had been formerly in North Carolina, wise, prudent, and moderate. He found a keen

¹ Rivers, *History of South Carolina*.

² *Description of Carolina*, 101.

³ *South Carolina Hist. Colls.*, i, 138, 139.

⁴ Archdale succeeded Thomas Smith as governor in South Carolina. Ludwell had been made governor-general November 2, 1691, but he seems to have been acting as governor of North Carolina as late as May 1, 1784, (*Col. Rec.*, i, 391). I have been unable to conclude from the records whether he continued to act as the executive in North Carolina after this, or appointed a deputy; if the latter who was it? Alexander Lilington, as is commonly said?

⁵ *Description of Carolina*.

¹ Wheeler (i, 32) says this marriage took place in July, 1688; Dr. Hawks says in 1668 (ii, 499). ² *Colonial Records*, i, 467, 545.

spirit of hostility to the French refugees, and thought best to summon his first assembly from the English inhabitants only. The difficulties were settled to the satisfaction of all except the French. The price of lands and the form of conveyance were fixed by law. Three years' rent was remitted to those who held lands by grant, and four to those who held by survey, without grant. Arrears of quit-rents were to be paid in money or commodities, as was most convenient.

Archdale held a middle position between the extremes of the church party, and at the same time had a care of his co-religionists. He enforced a military law, but exempted them from its provisions. He established a special board for deciding contests between white men and Indians, and in this way won the friendship of the latter. The hostility of the French began to abate by degrees and in 1696 they obtained the privilege of becoming citizens. Under this beneficent rule the colony regained a temporary repose. It was increasing in wealth, and toward the close of 1696, after having held sway for a little over a year, Archdale set out for England, appointing Joseph Blake deputy governor of South Carolina. He again visited North Carolina, probably traveled through

the province with Dickinson, the Quaker missionary, was present at a Palatine's court held there, December 9, 1696, and again confirmed the rule of Thomas Harvey.¹

It is likely that Archdale never returned to America. In 1698 he was elected to parliament from Chipping Wycomb, but his conscientious scruples in regard to taking the prescribed oaths prevented him from taking his seat. He was a proprietor, probably by the death of his son, at the time his *Description of Carolina* was written, which a reference to the religious troubles under Johnson fixes at a date later than 1704. His share of Carolina was transferred to his son-in-law, John Dawson, December 2, 1708,² and from this time little is seen of Archdale in the annals of the province of Carolina.³

In 1707 Archdale published in London *A New Description of that Fertile and Pleasant Province of Carolina; with a Brief Account of its Discovery and Settling, and the Government thereof to this time. With several Remarkable Passages of Divine Providence*

¹ Col. Rec., i, 405, 546; South Carolina Hist. Soc. Colls. - i, 212.

² South Carolina Hist. Soc. Colls., i, 177.

³ The usual statement that Archdale introduced the culture of rice into South Carolina by distributing a bag of the seed brought by a sea captain from Madagascar is an error. Rivers quotes an act of assembly for September 26, 1691, by which a reward was conferred on Jacob Peter Guerard for the invention of a "pendulum engine" for husking rice, which was superior to any machine previously used in the colony.

during my time.¹ This brochure deals almost exclusively with South Carolina affairs and does not expressly state that he had ever visited North Carolina. It is hardly a description at all; it is rather a memoir, rambling, discursive, defensive, recounting his personal experience and work as governor in Carolina. But in it he makes a strong plea for liberality and religious freedom. "Cannot dissenters kill wolves and bears, &c., as well as churchmen; as also fell trees and clear ground for plantations, and be as capable of defending the same, generally, as well as the other?"

Archdale deeded to his grandson, Nevil Lowe, a tract of land lying in Pasquotank county, North Carolina, on February 2, 1712 [1713]. This deed was acknowledged October 19, 1715, which indicates that he was then still living, and, possibly, in North Carolina. This is the last notice we have of the governor. This grandson was old enough to take part in the "Cary Rebellion," 1707-1711. He was one of the leaders in the movement, and was arrested by Governor Spotswood. He seems to have been a man of attainments and culture, for we find that a

commission was issued him as Secretary of North Carolina, January 31, 1711, and this at the very time when the aristocratic or church party was again coming into power, under the leadership of Governor Hyde.¹ He died before June 17, 1717. His father, Emmanuel Lowe, was a leader in the "Cary Rebellion." In fact, this uprising seems to have been a sort of family affair, for Cary was also a son-in-law of Archdale, having married his daughter, probably in South Carolina.² Emmanuel Lowe died June 11, 1727, and his wife on June 3, 1731. The descent from this couple seems to be, as far as I can restore it from the Quaker records, as follows: Their daughter, Anne, married Thomas Pendleton. They had a child, named Anna Letitia; she was born October 24, 1733, and died April 20, 1791. In September, 1750, she and Demsey Conner declared their purpose of marriage. They had one son, at least; his name was also Demsey,

¹ Quarto, pp. 40. Reprinted in Charleston, 1822, and included in Carroll's Historical Collections of South Carolina, ii. 85, 120 (New York, 1836). Doyle, in his *English in America*, p. 437, calls it "confused and rambling," and such it certainly is, but Grahame touches it more generously on its human side, and says it is full of good sense, benevolence, and piety. Cf. also Winsor's *Narrative and Critical History of America*, vol. v., chap. v.

² South Carolina Hist. Soc. Colls., i. 160, 182. The fact of his being appointed to such an important office would indicate that he had attained a more mature age than twenty-two, which would not have been the case had his parents been married in 1688, as Wheeler states. It is refreshing to find a Quaker and a rebel occupying such a responsible position after all the claims set up, then and now, by the church party. We may also add that on November 30, 1710, the proprietors agreed to appoint Emmanuel Lowe himself, the arch rebel, to the secretaryship, and this under Hyde. *Ibid.*, i. 181.

³ South Carolina Hist. Soc. Colls., i. 142. There can be no doubt that this is the same man. Archdale appointed Thomas Cary, his son-in-law, receiver-general, or treasurer. Williamson (*History of North Carolina*, i. 170) says this had been the business of the rebel. This relationship was not known to me when I published my "Religious Development in the Province of North Carolina. Colonel Cary died prior to 1720.

and he was at school in Hillsborough, N. C., in 1774. His mother married, for her second husband, John Lancaster, of Pasquotank, who had his seat at New Abbey, near Nixonton. He was a prominent man in the section, sided with the British, returned to England, leaving his family in North Carolina, broke a blood-vessel when he heard of the treaty of peace, and so expired. He was a man of so much influence that the general assembly in 1782 thought it proper to confiscate his property. The wife of the second Demsey Conner (died 1790) was named Ann, and to them were born three children: George Archdale Low Conner, who died November 10, 1807; John Lancaster Conner, who was at the University of North Carolina in 1805-06, and died young, probably prior to 1810. There was one daughter, Frances Clark Pollock Conner, who first married (1808) Joseph Blount (1785-1822), and, secondly (1834), William Hill, secretary of state for North Carolina. The sons died without issue. Mrs. Hill had one son by her first husband, who was called for his father. He died unmarried, and,

so far as the writer knows, the line of John Archdale is extinct.¹

The administration of Archdale in North Carolina was short, but it seems to have been, on the whole, a successful one. The colony had been torn by political dissensions, and plundered by ignorant proprietors and villainous governors; but from the coming of Archdale until the struggle for a church establishment in 1701, North Carolina was quiet and prosperous.

There is little in North Carolina to-day to recall the name of the Quaker governor. A precinct of Bath county was called Archdale in the early years of the eighteenth century, but the name has long since given place to that of Beaufort. One of the halls of Guilford College, a Quaker institution, and a small manufacturing village in the Quaker settlement in Randolph county, are all that to-day recall the name and the virtues of the peace-loving Friend.

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¹ Perhaps the earliest picture of student life at the University of North Carolina in existence is to be found in letters written from that institution in 1806 by John L. Conner, which are now in possession of the writer.

THE APOCRYPHA.

BY ELIZABETH M. MEADER, '93

For many centuries men have been much interested in searching the tombs of Egypt and the mounds of Mesopotamia and Palestine for records of history.

This work has resulted in the discovery of many manuscripts closely allied to Biblical literature, and the relation these should bear to sacred writings has occasioned much discussion.

The term Apocrypha applies to such books as the compilers of the Scriptures deemed unworthy of being embodied in the Christian Bible, since their inspiration is very doubtful and much of the history not authentic.

But here is found scientific and philosophical knowledge, and rich, poetical expression which clearly shows that the authors were persons of thought and genius.

The Apocrypha of the Old Testament comprises fourteen books.

Their value lies in the fact that they reflect the condition of the fragments of the scattered Jewish nation, thus enabling us to find out something of the feelings and aspirations of this people during a period of several hundred years.

The book of Tobit is an in-

structive narrative, which, aside from a few facts borrowed from history, is a free creation of the author.

The story clearly portrays the home life of the exiles while in Persia, together with difficulties encountered in performing their religious duties. The object seems to have been to impress upon the captives the real value and reward of serving God faithfully.

Other compositions of the Apocrypha, as Ecclesiasticus, were produced in Palestine, and reflect the conditions of life and religious struggles in the home country, while the wisdom of Solomon discloses the Greek influence.

The history of the Babylonish idol Bel and the Dragon which was taken from Daniel is especially striking.

Bel is represented as having put before him each day twelve measures of fine flour, forty sheep, and six vessels of wine.

The king went every day to do reverence to Bel, but Daniel the chief of the three presidents, worshiped the true God.

One day in answer to the king's question, why he did not worship

Bel, Daniel replied, "I worship the living God, who has power over all flesh."

The king said, "See'st thou not that he does eat," but Daniel replied, "Be not deceived, O king, for this is but clay within and brass without, it did never eat nor drink anything."

Cyrus became very angry, and calling the priests of Bel to him said, "If ye tell me not who it is that devoureth these expenses ye shall die, but if Bel devoureth them Daniel shall die."

The king himself set the meat before the idol, and Daniel had the servants to sprinkle ashes upon the floor. The temple door was then closed and fastened with the king's seal.

In the night three score priests with their wives and children, entered by a private door under the table, and ate all as usual.

In the morning the king and Daniel went to the temple. The food had been eaten, and King Cyrus, seeing footprints was very angry, and had the deceivers put to death. Bel was delivered into the hands of Daniel who destroyed him and his temple.

There was also a Dragon which the Babylonians worshiped, and Daniel having obtained permission of the king to prove that it also was of brass, took pitch and fat and hair and boiled them together, and put them in the Drag-

ons mouth and it burst asunder. Then Daniel said, "Lo, these are the gods ye worship."

The people of Babylon become very angry because Daniel had destroyed their gods, and cast him into a den of lions, where he was miraculously preserved.

On the seventh day Cyrus, being much grieved, went to the den, and seeing Daniel still alive, cried aloud, "Great art thou, O God of Israel, there is none other besides thee."

Daniel was then drawn out, and those who sought to destroy him were cast in and immediately devoured.

The contents of the first book Esdras is almost identical with that of Ezra, but in it there is recorded a contest among three princes, who were trying to see who could excel in writing a wise sentence.

The first wrote, "Wine is the strongest;" the second, "The King is the strongest;" the third, "Woman is strongest, but above all things truth beareth away the victory."

These were given to the king, and upon a certain day he called all the chief officers and princes of Persia and Medea, and sat down in royal judgment to consider these wise sayings.

There, several centuries before the Christian era, in the presence of a heathen tribunal, it was de-

clared that, "As for the truth, it endureth and is ever strong; it liveth and conquereth evermore."

The second book of Esdras had for its original title, "The Revelations of Ezra." Parts of it are a series of angelic visions in which the author was doubtless impressed with the eternal purpose of God, when he wrote,

"In the beginning when the earth was made, before the borders of the world stood or ever the winds blew;

"Before it thundered and lightened or ever the foundation of paradise were laid;

"Before the flowers were seen, or ever the movable powers were established; before the innumerable multitude of angles were gathered together;

"Or ever the heights of the air were lifted up, before the measures of the firmament were made or ever the chimneys of Sion were hot.

"And ever the present years were sought out, and ever the inventions of them now in sin were turned, before they were sealed that have gathered faith for a treasure:

"Then did I consider these things, and they all were made by me alone and by none other; by me alone shall they be ended and by none other."

The Song of the three Holy Children was taken from the

third chapter of Daniel, and is full of praise to God for His deliverance from the fiery furnace, closing with the beautiful words, "O, all ye that worship the Lord, bless the God of gods, praise him and give him thanks; for his mercy endureth forever."

The book of greatest historical importance is First Maccabees, which tells in an attractive manner of the Maccabean House, which so successfully resisted the Syrian lords, again securing the freedom of the Jewish nation in the last century before Christ.

The story of Judith, though historical in form, is but a simple romance. It was doubtless written about the time of the Maccabean struggles, having for its object the encouragement of the people in their distress. The story runs thus:

In the days of Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, his general, Holofernes, invaded the country of Judea. The people rose up to resist the man, who was about to destroy the olive groves and vineyards of their hills and valleys, and lay waste their beautiful country.

The Assyrian general, being encouraged by success in the first assaults, held his sword aloft, and swore that it should not be sheathed until every Jewish-born man, woman and child should lie a victim to his mighty power.

The Assyrians celebrated the making of the oath by a great feast, and the Jews were sorely troubled for they had not the strength to resist the power of Holofernes.

There lived in Bethulia a beautiful woman, of whom it is said her tresses were as black as the raven's wing, her eyes reflected the glassy waters of the pool of Siloam. She was as fair as the white lotus blossom, her cheeks were tinted as the wild rose of the garden, "she moved with the grace of a queen."

She heard the cry of her people, and said "I, Judith, shall redeem them from the terrible curse of Holofernes. The Lord God, who is our God, has called me to this work. Rise ye up and trust in Him: my oath is greater than Holofernes'. I swear he shall die ere he kill my people."

Blessed by the Jews, Judith went to the Assyrian camp.

The general was charmed with her beauty and modesty, and desiring her to become his wife, declared no wish of hers should remain ungratified.

Not wishing the general to be too hasty. Judith asked if she might wait a few days, then she would do Holofernes' bidding and become his wife.

On the fifth day there was a great feast, and as Judith sat by Holofernes' side she bade him

drink to her health, but unobserved she poured her wine upon the floor.

The festivities continued until the general fell into a drunken sleep; Judith commanded the servants to take him to his tent where she would watch over the sleeping lord. When all was quiet Judith took down the terrible sword upon which Holofernes had sworn his oath, and going to the sleeping Assyrian raised the mighty weapon and severed the head from the shoulders. Then she said, "Behold! my oath is accomplished, and thine Holofernes is broken. Now I shall go to my people and tell them of their deliverance."

In the meantime the Jews heard that Judith had become the wife of Holofernes, and thinking her to be a traitress, refused to open their gates upon her return. But when Judith showed them the head of Holofernes, and held aloft the sheathed sword, there was great rejoicing in the city.

The Israelities rose up in their strength and destroyed the Assyrian host, and Judith was hailed as the savior of Judea.

The Apocryphal books of the Old Testament have for their sole object the continuation of sacred history, and accomplish this without claims of divine authority, while the Apocryphal writings of

the New Testament purposely claim inspiration from God.

Since these writings were not of the proper origin, they were considered the most dangerous source of heresy, at one time exerting a powerful influence upon the Church

Not all such writings were composed for direct heretical purposes, but from the earliest time such a suspicion clung to them.

The canon of the New Testament being fixed, leaving out the Apocrypha, it ceased to be read, and during the middle ages the names of the books were almost forgotten.

The stories, however, were preserved by tradition, doubtless influencing the ignorant and superstitious in their religious beliefs.

The New Testament Apocrypha, very naturally appeared in four divisions: Gospels, Acts of the Apostles, Epistles and Revelations.

The Gospels are numerous, some of which relate in detail the early childhood of Christ and his stay in Egypt, while others tell especially of the virgin Mary and Joseph.

In the Gospels of I. and II. Infancy there are many miracles recorded which Jesus performed in childhood.

It is said that while on a journey with his parents, Christ caused a well to spring from a sycamore tree in which his mother washed his coat.

When he was only seven years

of age, he and his companions were moulding shapes of oxen and birds and other animals in clay, and when Christ clapped his hands the birds flew away and the animals walked.

The Epistles are not so numerous, and are of less importance than the Gospels, while the Acts of the Apostles are of little value from a historical standpoint.

The Apocryphal Revelations, being composed by those who falsely claimed divine inspiration, are of no value except as literary compositions.

Whatever may have been the motives for writing them, the books of the New Testament Apocrypha were circulated under the assumed name of one of the Apostles.

The estimation in which the Apocrypha of both the New and Old Testament has been held, has varied much with the time and place.

Discussions concerning it continued for a long time, but it was not until near the middle of this century that the Protestant Bible was printed in its present form.

Let the value of the Apocrypha from an ecclesiastical point of view be what it may, the historian finds much that is of value to him, while it is all of great interest to a student of ancient literature.

A DESCRIPTION OF NATIONAL PARK.

BY ADDISON COFFIN.

Our friend Addison Coffin, in a letter to the Guilford Girls, gives a description of some of the beautiful scenery in the National Park; and we delight in offering to the readers of THE COLLEGIAN a selection in which his descriptive powers are shown very vividly.

We entered the park from the west at Firehole Basin where the headquarters of the soldiers are located. At the boundary line there is a small squad of soldiers, on every road, who have the right to search everybody entering the park for fire-arms, as no guns are permitted inside. The law absolutely prohibits the killing of any thing. All life is to be sacred and safe inside the park; and the animals seem conscious of their protection. The big black and brown bears will come to the hotel in the evening and eat the garbage which is thrown out, then shamle off to the woods. The deer are becoming gentle and fearless. The ground hog and skunk sat quietly by the road-side making observations of the passers by. The herd of buffalo is increasing very fast now that killing them *anywhere* is unlawful. They were on the east of Yellowstone Lake

and we did not see them. Mounted soldiers keep them under care and see that they are not molested or do not wander away.

Our first view of the park was not so prepossessing as expected, but like many *good people* improved with closer acquaintance. As we descended the mountain late in the afternoon there was not much smoke or steam in sight; but all seemed quiescent, not filling the glowing accounts given by some returning tourists. We were tired and worn with two days hard stage traveling and retired early, with rather more anticipations of the morrow than usual. In the early morning there was a thick, heavy fog all over the valley, hiding even the mountains, as we thought spoiling all our hopes; but as the sun rose above the hills the fog lifted as by magic and was gone. It was but the condensed steam from the geysers that the night air held.

We were soon out and started toward a hill to the south from the hotel where there was a rushing, roaring sound with a cloud of steam shooting up high in air. Before we were aware of it we were nearly in a run; nor did we

slacken our pace upon the hill. A man beckoned to us and said, "Just in time." On arriving we found a large basin of boiling, leaping, hot water, being thrown high in air by spasmodic eruptions with an explosion of escaping steam which made it decidedly sensational to new arrivals. The eruption soon subsided and settled into a boiling pool of water, only to repeat itself every two hours. When we began looking around we found ourselves in a group of spouting geysers, with harsh, screeching, whistling steam jets that were in constant activity.

The more we walked about the more interesting it became; and to the interesting began to be added the grand and terrible.

Some distance off from the first geyser were two mud geysers or "Paint Pots" (twenty feet or more in diameter) boiling, blubbering and jumping like a huge kettle of apple butter. Sometimes a great blubber would rise and explode throwing the mud many feet high, and far around. There were many colors of the mud, ranging from black to bright orange.

From a high point there were over two hundred columns of steam ascending in the air with many noisy jets that send up jets of invissable vapor that was poisonous and suffocating if breathed into the lungs. They generally gave notice of their location by

the rasping whistle or harsh bray.

Across Madison river a mile or more from our first point is "Hell's Half Acre," and in one respect it fills the bill. The principle feature is the Excelsior Geyser, the largest known anywhere. It is two hundred feet in diameter and of unknown depth. There is such a vast cloud of steam sent up that it is nearly impossible to look into the gulf. The boiling water is thrown and dashed from side to side with such violence that it sounds like an angry sea dashing against a rocky shore.

Every three years, it erupts once in every twenty-four hours, for six months. When thus active the hills are shaken like an earthquake and a river of hot water is discharged which flows directly into Madison river, making it hot for miles below. Less than two hundred feet west of this fearful geyser is "Sunset Lake," a broad pool of water almost as smooth as glass but scalding hot. Its wall and irregular sides are incrustated with a deposit that rivals in beauty and splendor the most gorgeous sunset clouds ever seen. Any wave motion in the water sends forth a thousand varieties of dazzling light of different shades.

From the Half Acre we go south up the river about six miles along a fine pike road to Upper Geyser Basin. We were in the midst of wonders all the way. At

every turn there were boiling pools, spouting fountains, screaming steam jets, low, rumbling sounds beneath our feet, throbs and pulsations off among the rocks, hollow booming among the thick forest and clouds of steam rising beyond the hills.

Before reaching the Upper Basin we cross the river twice. At one crossing there was a geyser just in the edge of the river, throwing water ninety feet high, but as we returned there was no sign of it and the river was flowing quietly by; at another point as we went, we looked down into the fearful cavern of a seemingly extinct fire-hole, but as we returned, it was a raging geyser, belching forth with a deafening roar. Coming out of the timber into the Upper Basin, we were surprised to see so many columns of steam going up on every side, far and near, while there was a continuous rumbling sound, coming from, we knew not where, and a tremulous jar under our feet, making us feel like there was a cog broken in the vast machine that was running somewhere; but to keep from becoming nervous, we kept on walking and looking.

About two hundred yards east of the hotel is one of the standard wonders, "Old Faithful," a geyser that plays every fifty-five or seventy minutes and throws a column of hot water six feet in diameter,

about one hundred feet into the air. The eruptions are rather by pulsations, but so near constant that the column of water is almost continuous; the eruptions last from seven to twelve minutes, then subside to a low, hollow throbbing, when one can go and look into the crater without danger. Its regularity is why it is so popular; there are many, far more grand and terrible than the "Old Faithful," but they are not easy of access and it takes *labor* to reach them, (a thing that is not popular). As a general thing, the average tourist does not see the fourth part of the really wonderful things in the Park; the day we were in the Upper Basin, fifty tourists were at the hotel, forty-eight of whom went away without seeing anything but "Old Faithful," and would probably go home, saying they had seen the National Park.

To the north of "Old Faithful," across the river, there was a hill seemingly covered with clouds of smoke all the time, but not one of the tourists knew or seemed to care what was there. L. A. W. and I determined to explore the hill, so crossing on a narrow foot bridge, we found an area of about forty acres almost covered with active geysers, fire-holes, steam vents, roaring crevices, and gaping fissures, making up a scene that was truly grand and almost fearful, for the hill seemed to be in a

state of constant convulsion. There were over one hundred active geysers and fire-holes at this place; twenty geysers throw columns of water, four to six feet in diameter, twenty to thirty feet high during short intervals, then sometimes there would be a concert of action that caused the hill to tremble. The most noted one here was "Old Lion," which erupts at short intervals with a loud bellying roar that ends with a growl very similar to that of a lion, while near by and a little behind is the "Lioness" and two "Cubs." We spent near two hours at this interesting hill before the intense heat and fumes compelled us to retreat; no one with an eye to see can afford to miss this spot.

On the return we directed our course to the westward through a number of other active geysers and finally to "Emerald Lake," situated as it were, up against the mountain, and somewhat difficult of access; it is a smooth sheet of hot water with irregular ragged sides, but so wonderfully encrusted with a many-colored formation, that its reflections are so sublime and startling that it is difficult to make the mind believe it is a reality. To us then the picture was so far beyond imagination that it became bewildering in its sublime fascination, but when at last we realized the fact that we were not seeing a vision, the only words that could

give the faintest idea of our feelings were "Too beautiful for earth." We felt as though there could be nothing more beautiful, nor did we find any thing so; the very air above the lake seemed aglow with the thousand changing tints, thrown up from below and around. L. A. W.'s eyes and face spoke whole sentences but her lips were dumb, and for one time I could scarcely *remember*, but a few such sights will help any one, for it softens and purifies. From the Upper Basin we returned to Fire-hole, stopped over night, and early next morning went out to see the fountain on the hill once more. As if for our special benefit, there was a simultaneous activity through all the region; the geysers sent up great columns of water that sparkled in the morning sun; steam-jets made a deafening chorus, and the whole valley seemed to rise and fall with the eruptive pulsations; it was a grand display and one that was stamped on the memory to endure till the end.

It is 21 miles from Firehole to Norris Basin, over a fine pike-road, through a grand pine-forest, up and through the grand Gibson River Canon, and by Virginia Falls, through Elk Park and the Ground Hog Cliff; at last emerging from the foot-hills we came suddenly in view of Norris Basin, which in many respects is more

wonderful and interesting than Firehole or Upper Basin. The valley was many square miles in extent and had one time been the centre of that vast lake of fire of which the Bad Lands had been a part. As ages passed by the activity slowly ceased, the lake was crusted over, yet through the crust geysers continued to erupt, piling the erupted matter into hills—two to four hundred feet high. These in time ceased one by one and grew cold, leaving their dark craters wide open, yet there are still many hundred active and fierce that are terrible to behold; the most terrible is a space covering four to six acres of the deepest part of the valley, called by Washington Irving in his "Astoria," written in 1836, "Colter's Hell." Standing on the edge of this fearful place, it seems as if the whole area were in violent agitation. Though crusted over the crust at times seemed swayed to and fro by convulsions from below and there is not a space two rods square that does not have hot water spouting from it, that brings up smoke and poison, sulphurous fumes; when there is a general convulsion the hills around tremble, while in many places the rock is too hot to stand upon, so we have to keep stepping about. On the west side of this pit there is a geyser called the "Minute Geyser," which is always throwing a

column of water four feet in diameter 30 feet high once every minute, while not far away is "Old Growler," a dark crater that sends up a jet of scalding steam 100 feet high, with a sound similar to the escape valve of a locomotive, but 50 times more rasping and deafening. There is so much moisture in the steam that rainbows play around the column in ever-changing beauty. Near by is a great pool of boiling water that roars like a storm, and 30 feet from it are two mud geysers which are heaving and spluttering like the Paint Pots, though the contents are pure lime. Just over a small hill there was an explosion three years ago, when a new crater was formed, great boulders and rocks were thrown up, prostrating trees and scattering things generally. The crater is six to eight feet in diameter and throws out water every seven minutes with a sound like that of a whirlwind. Another ugly, jet-black hole which seems to be extinct throws out great quantities of soap-suds every half-hour.

These are but samples of hundreds that are scattered all around sending up clouds of smoke and vapor that makes both earth and air oppressively hot and to those not stout, well calculated to give them headache and sick stomach. Yet to one who has an eye to see the terrible, a mind to

think, and a lively imagination, the temptation to linger long often overcomes his better judgment, I paid the penalty of venturing too far into "Colter's Hell," with sick headache and nausea for some days, but as in the case of the storm at sea I now rejoice in the experience.

From Upper Geyser Basin to Norris Basin is about thirty miles and there is not a mile of the distance we see in which are not evidences of fire-raging below.

From Norris Basin it is two hours drive to Yellowstone Canon. In the estimation of many this is the crowning wonder of the world. Its beauty depends much upon the make up of the beholder.

When the Bad Lands were formed, a vast mass of semi-fluid matter was suddenly cooled and thrown up into a low range of mountains. The cooling was so sudden and complete that all chemical action was arrested, so that in the materials of the mountains every color of the rainbow was marvelously blended together.

By means unknown this mountain was cleft from top to base, opening a canon or gorge from three to four thousand feet deep, very zig-zag, serpentine and erratic.

Through this gorge the Yellowstone river flows. It enters by a succession of steep rapids, called Upper Falls. At a short distance

it descends again by a perpendicular fall of three hundred feet, then rushes onward over continuous rapids until the gorge is passed.

The wonderful gorge, the great rapids, the grand fall, the dizzy height, and vast depths are all wonderful in themselves, but all fade into nothingness in comparison with the scenery on Observation Point, (a crag which extends from the west far out into the gorge.) Here we found ourselves surrounded with a thousand shades of color, reflected from projecting cliffs, overhanging rock, great yawning chasms, broad streams of brilliant colored sand slowly disintegrating and descending into the river.

All these flashes of glory are intensified by the floating clouds above and the sunlight as it changes from morning to noonday and then to eventide.

When we arrived at the hotel I went out to learn the points so as to save walking, and enjoyed the effect of a first sight.

After dinner we started direct for Observation Point, on nearing it I told L. A. W. to not look, led her out to the Point, then bade her look up and around.

It was a study to watch the expression of bewildered, silent, speechless wonder which overspread her face, when the scene of inexpressible beauty burst upon her, it was as if a gate had been

opened and the beyond revealed.

Then it was interesting when the intensity of mind and heart began to relax, to see the glad light that came into her eyes and over her face, and from the abundance of the soul the mouth began to speak, in exclamations expressive of a new revelation. So it is with every one who has any imagination in their being.

There is no other place yet discovered on earth where there is so much of the sublimely beautiful in the blending of colors, and there is nothing with which to compare it.

There were some large paintings made by master hands at the hotel, but they were far short of the scene, for it is as impossible for an artist to reproduce it on canvas,

as to reproduce a beautiful sunset.

After seeing the canon all other things lost their interest and became tame, so we turned from the wonder-land and set our faces homeward, and were busy many an hour folding, labeling and storing away in memory the new and wonderful pictures we had drawn, and in locating the many historic points visited.

There are few places that require more activity of eye, ear and memory than the National Park; the larger portion is entirely new and we have to call into use new faculties and use old ones in a new way, and then find many facts and items which refuse to be scientific according to received modes of reasoning.

The Guilford Collegian.

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EDITORS:

J. P. PARKER, '93.
H. A. WHITE, '94.
ANNIE F. PETTY, '94.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

RUTH C. BLAIR, '94. Personals.
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T. G. PIERSON, '97. Exchanges.

BUSINESS MANAGERS:

H. B. WORTH, '94.
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OCTOBER, 1893.

We advise every student who possibly can to join one of the classes which has been organized for training in vocal music, for if you do not need the instruction just now, you undoubtedly will in the future.

Our Exchanges will begin with this number, as only one or two college papers had arrived when our last issue went to press. We believe this department *should* be as interesting and useful as any

other, whether we make it so or not.

We have been so fortunate as to secure for this number, an article written by Prof. Weeks on Gov. Archdale. It has previously been published in a historical magazine, but we are confident that a great many of our subscribers have not had the privilege of reading this magazine so we take pleasure in republishing the article by his permission.

THE COLLEGIAN is glad to encourage the interest that the students have shown in athletics this term. The foot ball team is now in the place where marked improvement will show itself most prominently. This is the first term in the history of the institution when foot ball has been our chief sport, and it is for us to give it such an impetus at the outset that Guilford may gain such an enviable reputation in foot ball as she once held in base ball playing. The only way this can be brought about is for us to "*hustle*."

The team has all the encouragement necessary. Profs. Haviland and Grave are representatives of Haverford and Earlham foot ball teams respectively, and, we are glad to say, put forth their utmost efforts by example as well as precept to build up Guilford's team. The rush line is equipped with

stalwart built men, and the backs are known for their running ability. And if we put more head work in our playing and get more *tingle* in our bones there is no reason, if we take determination as our motto, why Guilford's will not be one of the leading foot ball teams of the state.

A Christian's example and a Christian example may mean two things as wide apart as right and wrong. And because this difference has not been fully comprehended, many find encouragement in ill doing on the one hand, or in the disgrace of the Christian profession on the other.

It is therefore very important that a boy or girl just entering college for the first time should be careful to be the right example. They should have decided this question long before leaving home so when they are thrown with the outside world at college they will set a Christian example. They should be consistent with their profession. Not profess to be one thing and act another. If they say they wish to set a Christian example they should strive to do so with their whole soul and show by their daily walk that they are living their best selves.

A greater duty devolves upon the students who are not there for the first time. Because many who have never been away from the

home nest and have vague and unpractical ideas of the outside world look to those older in experience as models; and if they hear them say one thing and act another they accordingly are led astray, tossed here and there from one opinion to another not knowing what is right and best. They imitate them in their worldliness with a kind of hope that they will be as good without undergoing such moral restrictions.

We are here and have a duty to perform to our fellow creatures, then let us follow our truly Christian ideal and do His will.

Not long since, this remark was uttered by one of our students: "I have learned all my lessons and now don't know what to do."

We judge from their conduct that others often find themselves in the same situation, and as he, never stop to think, "For what have I come to College?" If students make text books the Alpha and Omega of their efforts they will surely fail to accomplish the purpose for which their time and means are spent.

A college would be only an "elevated" common school if it offered no advantages beyond the curriculum as printed in its catalogue, and the student who will not be led into broader fields of research than the books from which he prepares his recitation will be

ill prepared to meet the world or to represent his college in the world. We also believe that no student in any institution should try to carry so large a number of studies as will debar him from a certain amount of general reading and research, and a hearty participation in some of the societies.

Some, however, may say: "I have means sufficient for only two years at college, I can now squeeze into the Junior Class and by making up several studies, complete the course within my own means." We can only answer, that if those extra studies will prohibit you from spending a portion of each day in making yourself better acquainted with the masters and masterpieces of literature, in studying the latest developments and discoveries in the scientific world, in keeping posted on the important political issues of the day, and in learning to study character by practicing on your fellow students, you had better identify yourself with the Sophomores in order to get some time like that which the above mentioned did not know what to do with, for if properly used you will make yourself of greater value to God and humanity.

Guilford's library contains several thousand volumes, and it is among the best selected in the South; her curriculum and societies lead to an extensive use of

this library, and if in it a student does not learn to spend his leisure moments profitably he fails to get what President Sharpless of Harvard College calls a great part of an education.

After leaving college halls *very few* ever again have constant access to a *good* library in which to keep companionship with the great minds of all ages and it will be hard to make the world understand the cause of your deficiencies, so we sincerely beg of our students to think a moment before they exclaim: "I have nothing to do," and perhaps their life will be made sweeter and nobler.

At all times and in all circumstances the spirit of progressiveness spurs us to seek to better our condition. This applies to the college world as well as to the industrial.

The student who is truly loyal to Guilford and is interested in her advancement, is the person who, appreciating the advantages already offered, seeks to discover some point to strengthen.

It is a characteristic of the present civilization to teach elementary branches entirely separate from the more advanced studies. The reasons of this are very obvious.

In the first place it is a question of economy to parents to

give their children the rudiments of an education at preparatory schools near their homes.

Second. In the case of this institution it would do away with fully half of the work the faculty have to perform, for at a glance at the attendance last scholastic year, we find the number of college students did not equal a third of the total attendance. The college department would thus receive double time and effort so that better opportunities and advantages could be offered.

Third. The standing of the school would be raised very materially. Students who would be able to enter the Freshman class would have a higher example set before them to follow and room for retrograde motion would be out of the question.

The list of rules and regulations now existing would be but the relic of a by-gone age.

Every student would be placed on his honor and there would not be that exultant feeling now prevalent among some who pride themselves on being sharp enough to break a rule and not be caught in the act.

However it is not the intention of the COLLEGIAN to find fault without trying to suggest a possible remedy. How can the preparatory studies be erased from Guilford's curriculum? We turn to the Alumni and make the asser-

tion that in *your* hands alone lies this power. Why cannot you, after your graduation day, return to your respective homes and there, fired with such a love of your Alma Mata as to strive to better her condition, build up schools preparatory to Guilford.

Of course it cannot be done in a day; yet to bring about a movement which will require time to accomplish we should be all the more earnest to begin at *once*. We are sure that if such an intelligent alumni as was exhibited last Commencement would take hold of this matter in a business like way, the much needed reform would experience a speedy reality.

There is much significance to the last year spent at college which the seniors cannot afford to ignore. They, with their feet upon the threshold of their alma mata, soon to take the first step into the open world, have a two-fold task to complete ere they depart. They in themselves constitute essential members of their college and circle of friends they have made there and are to decide upon the position they are to take on the many vital questions with which the outer life inevitably confronts them.

In a laughing way, much has been said about a Senior's responsibility. None can realize the

seriousness of it until they have become seniors and are compelled to face the fact that there are no older, more experienced fellow students to bear the brunt of blame in offence, the weight of decision in all perplexing questions or in the active work of the college, a heavy and important part; that they must act according to their own judgment, for many, and thus accountable to many. They are always accountable to one another in a certain measure, but when they assume the position of the highest class then there is double need of earnest consideration and reflection.

If this responsibility be accepted with true courage and earnestness of purpose, happy results will follow.

With four years of error and blunder we should have a desire to spare others from committing the same mistakes.

Therefore every new student should be able to look to the seniors for help and advice and find in them ready and sympathetic friends. A kindly interest, no matter how trivial, shown to a new comer is beneficial and tends to do away with that foolish awe of the seniors that is so often felt among the under classes. The reason they are fellow students

with a few more years experience with college routine is a strong reason why they should give way to new comers in matters of college etiquette.

The relation between faculty and senior is not to be passed over. It is to them that the faculty looks for loyal support of the college government. If the rules laid down (and they are very few) seem, to the college at large unnecessarily restrictive the seniors should, as representatives of the college student, openly and frankly demand redress.

A long stay and certain familiarity with the college routine will sometimes cause them to become selfish and they often do things that should be beneath the seniors. They should contrall their tempers, act in accordance with their position and march side by side with their older friends towards the one goal which they all hope to reach some "fuller day."

Let them then be sympathetic, not forgetting that there are others about them cherishing equally noble and elevating hopes; heedful of their responsibility, unhesitatingly responding to every call which their position brings to them, and lastly let them be progressive, remembering that here in college their outward life begins.

PERSONAL.

Pearl Idol is attending Prof. Weatherly's school at High Point.

Alice Massey is assistant house-keeper in a private family at West Grove, Chester County, Pa.

Elwood O. Reynolds, '93, finds employment in a marble yard in Reidsville.

Julius Marsh is a successful salesman in the Original Racket store in Greensboro.

Margaret Holmes is resting from College life and participating in the pleasure of home at Albertville, Alabama.

Thomas Matthews, more familiarly known among our students as "Uncle Tom," is head clerk in the McAdoo House, Greensboro.

Walter Mendenhall, '92, has charge of a school at Rural Hall. Berta Tomlinson assists him and teaches music.

Frank H. Woody, a N. G. B. S. student in the early 50's, is now Judge of the fourth Judicial District of Montana.

Notre Johnson is assistant teacher in Randleman High School. She possesses the requisite qualities of a teacher, and is giving entire satisfaction.

Three of last year's students are enrolled as students this year at Westtown, Pa. They are Gilbert Thompson, Harry Hynson and Luther Grantham.

Victor McAdoo is taking a course at the University. His classmates feel that they have suffered a great loss since they no longer have a *high standard* to look up to.

Zella McCulloch, a former student at Guilford College, graduated at the State Normal and Industrial School last spring. She is now teaching in Orange county with marked success.

Nancy Kirkman, (*nee* Jarrell,) a student here many years ago, lives in High Point. Her son, Charles Kirkman here in '91, has since that time been clerking for Sample Brown in Greensboro.

The many friends of Annie Blair miss her happy face and merry laugh this term. She is enjoying herself at the home of her grand-mother, Eunice Blair, at Archdale.

Dora Matthews has a prosperous school at Deep River, Guilford county. We are glad that she is meeting with success in this her first attempt to train up the youth in the way they should go.

Allie Copeland, (*nee* Marsh) is

principal of a flourishing school in Randleman, Randolph county.

She was a student of N. G. B. S. several years ago, and has spent most of her time since then in teaching. The results of her efforts give evidence of her ability as a teacher.

Julia S. White, our former governess, left on the 29th of September for Bryn Mawr, where she will spend another year. Her friends at the College greatly enjoyed her visit there and wish her a successful year at Bryn Mawr.

Another Guilford girl, Augusta Garves, was married September 14th to J. Coy Poole, of Raleigh. The ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride's parents near Pomona, after which the bridal party left for the home of the groom.

We regret very much that Emma Stanley is not in school this year. She, like so many others, has taken upon herself the dignity of a school mistress and is located at White Plains, N. C. We feel quite sure that her efforts to enlighten the youth of that place will be crowned with success.

Sue J. Farlow, '92, is assisting Prof. F. S. Blair in a school at Ramseur, Randolph county. She is a young lady of rare abilities,

and wherever she may go, will reflect credit upon the institution at which she graduated.

Sallie K. Stevens, formerly a student at Guilford College and later a member of the faculty, has once more assumed the role of student life and is now taking a course in History and Literature at the Normal and Collegiate Institute in Asheville.

Miss Stevens is also Superintendent of Press Work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of North Carolina.

Lollie Worth, '92, left on September 29th, for Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, where she is taking a course in Physical culture.

Mattie Washburn is also at Drexel. We are glad that our young ladies are availing themselves of the opportunities offered by that institution and hope that others may follow their example.

On the evening of September 12th, Mary E. Ballinger was married to J. F. Yates, of Greensboro. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride, after which the bridal party left for Chicago.

Mary Ballinger was a student of N. G. B. S. and graduated in '88. THE COLLEGIAN extends congratulations and wishes her a happy and useful life.

Those of us who have been here longest remember our friend Het-tie Overman, who was here in '90. She spent the summer at Cayuga Lake, New York, and is now with her brother, Wm. Overman, at Moorestown, N. J. The latter, also a former student here, has since graduated at Haverford College and for several years has been successfully engaged in teaching.

Nathan Andrews, one of our old students, graduated last spring at Poughkeepsie Business College. He is now engaged in teaching at Stony Creek, in Wayne county.

Like many other young men from our State, John Hodgin, a student of N. G. B. S. in '85 has sought the West as a home, but unlike many others he is spending his time in gaining an education at Leland Stanford Jr. University.

Among the old students who have sent in their subscriptions to THE COLLEGIAN this year, we note A. H. Coffin, of Denison, Texas; W. H. Wakefield, of Winston; Dr. J. W. Morgan, of Os-kaloosa, Iowa, and E. B. Moore, of Broxton, Ga. Three of the above were students of the Boarding School while Mr. Moore graduated in '89. All spoke in high terms of our monthly, and we appreciate their words of encouragement.

LOCALS.

—THE COLLEGIAN has a new office.

—No "two-fors" allowed in Archdale.

Archdale is full and still they come.

—Will Johnson has returned to school.

—Prof. Haviland says infinity is dangerous ground.

—Go to Parker House for fine apples.

—Walt. Mendenhall has joined the "Chorus Class."

—Foot-ball has come to stay.
—Gov. Haviland.

—A reflection on Guilford: Senior "dress-making" on Sunday.

—Reports of Scholarship will be given every five weeks in the future.

—The record of the famous "Runner from Root" has been broken by his room-mate.

—Prof. Grave is making many needed improvements in the Chemical Laboratory. More to follow.

—Adrian Worth, a student here in '91, paid the College a short visit a few days since. He now holds a position in the Charlotte Machine Shops.

—The collection room at King Hall is now heated by a furnace.

—Mr. Preston Cummings has returned to his home in Wilmington, after a stay of two months at the College.

—The annual entertainment of the Websterian Literary Society will be given on the evening of October 28th.

—Busick, (our Mississippi Sawyer), has left his school duties for a few days to circumnavigate the Worlds' Fair.

—Mr. Willis has moved into the house of Yancey Edwards. He is now ready to accommodate several boarders.

—Recommendation to Guilford: A member of our present Senior class did not know the meaning of the term "Classical Pony."

One of the Seniors is treasuring up the dreams of her friends, thinking, perhaps, they will be of much *Worth* to her in the future.

—There should be some regulation to prohibit the accumulation of decayed fruit, grape hulls, &c., &c., around Archdale Hall.

—It is quite a common saying, "The students are working exceedingly well this term." Thanks for the encouraging hints at morning collections, especially the practical remarks of Prof. Davis a few weeks ago.

—The district convention of the Y. M. C. A. will be held at Guilford College October 20-23. We hope to welcome a large attendance.

—Henry Cude is still proprietor of the fiddle as well as the farm, and still makes poor grades for the girls when their reports appear.

—We are sorry to note the loss of so many fine trees from the campus. Would it not be a good plan for the several College classes to have "Tree-day."

—September 21st President Hobbs gave a reception in honor of our Alumni who enter Bryn Mawr this month. The occasion was highly enjoyed by the guests. Among the other interesting exercises Mrs. Hobbs read a poem in which she termed Bryn Mawr, "The Mecca of Guilford's Girls."

FOOT RACE.—Raleigh's X roads to Archdale Hall, two miles, special.

First prize: One-half faculty mark; won by George Stockton. Time, 20 min. 10 sec.

Second prize: Three deductions; won by W. H. Pickard.

Third prize: One day in bed; won by "Lip."

—The W. C. T. U., together with the Y.'s, held a temperance meeting in King Hall, October 1st. An interesting program was

given, after which Mrs. Ector, Supt. of Evangelistic Work in the W.'s, gave an instructive Bible reading. Mrs. Cunningham, head of the Department of Narcotics in State W. C. T. U., made some interesting remarks, followed by Mrs. Paylor in a feeling plea against the use of fermented wines in Churches.

—The following is the result of the most profound thoughts of a Fresh, upon the great event that split the pumpkins:

"How sad to our hearts is the thought of those pumpkins,

When the orchard is barren of stuffin'

When peaches and apples have all been a failure,

And berries of no kind have greeted our eyes,

How sadly we turn to the fruit of the corn field,

The fruit we have been taught to despise;

The old yellow pumpkins;

The mud-covered pumpkins,

The great-and-little-pumpkins,

That make us no pies.

—On the evening of September 30th foot-ball made its debut into Guilford life in the form of an entertainment. The whole trend of the exercises was foot-ball. After an instrumental solo by Miss Alderman, Prof. Haviland gave an interesting history of foot-ball and in his impressive style produced a strong argument in favor of the game. The other part of the program, consisting of tableaux, a comic discussion and eulogies to Guilford's athletes was greanjoyed.

EXCHANGES.

Sympathizing \$ubscribers
\$hould \$end \$ubstantial \$ucor.—
Ex.

The University of Illinois opened this year with an increase of over two hundred in attendance.—*Ex.*

THE WEDGE.

The foot ball half back pays his bills

And laughs with infinite glee,

For he sees how much easier now than
before

It is to break a "V." —*Ex.*

In the University of Michigan there are 70,000 botanical specimens, more than 6,000 minerals in the museum and over 60,000 specimens in the geological cabinet.—*Ex.*

Squibs from Seattle Senior Grammar School, Wash., comes to us with several short interesting articles on Western travel.

The October *Earlhamite* contains a long and interesting poem entitled, "My Genia," in which the hero is led upward through the stages of Christian development, by her whom he loves, until he reaches the point of entire consecration. A beautiful picture of woman's influence.

The August and September number of *The College Visitor* are upon the table. From a two-page article on the "Outlook" for the

collegiate year we quote: "The measure of our success depends upon the amount of money paid in." This no doubt is an essential point, but scholarship goes a long way towards the success of any college.

Two numbers of *Silver and Gold* have arrived. Their articles are short and mostly local. Athletic sports they report are prosperous, and urge that the young ladies have some kind of out-door games. An excellent idea.

Never tell vulgar stories—it is the height of foolishness.

Never lie—it makes you sheepish and causes you to lose confidence in others as well as yourself.

Never cultivate the habit of criticising every person and everything you see—it is an evidence that you are a better subject for criticism than anything else.—*Ex.*

A good exchange which we receive is *The Revue*. The September number contains several articles worthy of our attention, "Homer's Iliad," and "Facts not Theories" are especially interesting and instructive, and give evidence of much thought in their preparation.

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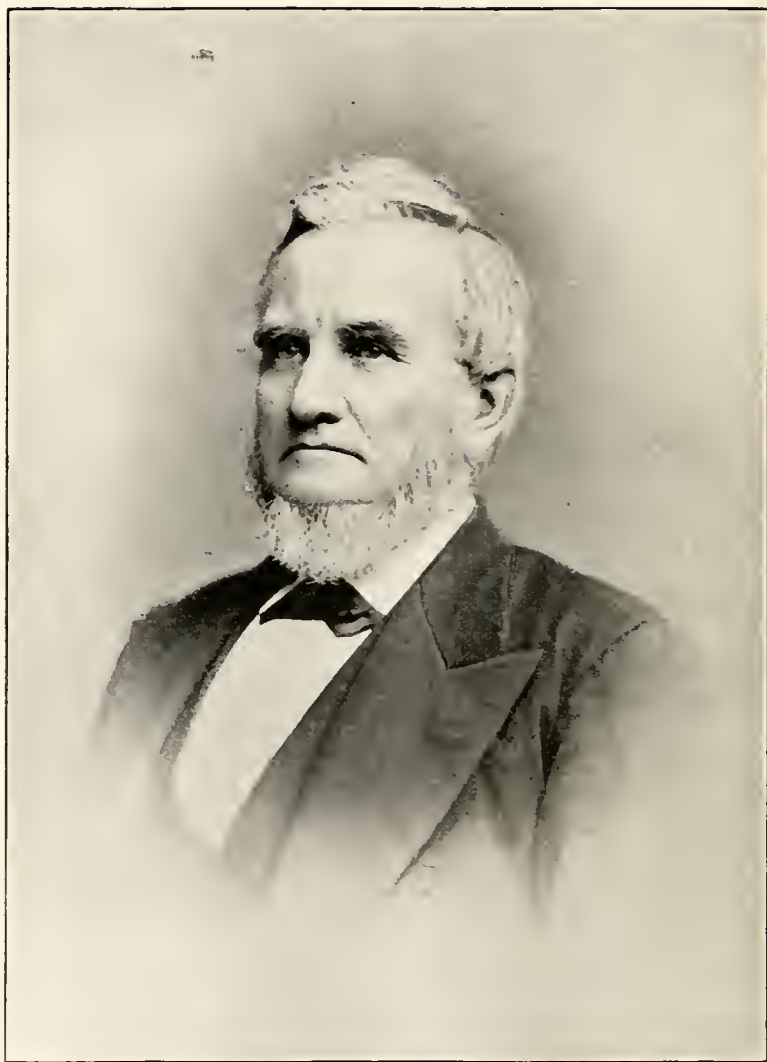
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DR. NEREUS MENDENHALL.

THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

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NEREUS MENDENHALL.

[DEAR FRIENDS,

Who were also friends of my Father:

This brief account of my Father's life was prepared at the request of a friend with the expectation that she would arrange the items thus furnished in an article for the COLLEGIAN.

I did not feel like attempting to describe the past with the weight of the present resting upon me, but as I wrote, it became a kind of solace to repeat the things I had heard from his lips and when my items were read to the one for whom they were prepared, she insisted that the article should go, as it was, to the printer. I am well aware that to many of you it will seem fragmentary and you will wonder that much has been omitted.

If any of the readers of this little sketch know of incidents or have letters from him treating of subjects of general interest I shall consider it a great favor if such be sent me. I will carefully preserve and return, if desired, any letters or papers which may be intrusted to my care.

Your Friend,

MARY MENDENHALL HOBBS.]

When the Carolinas were still young and as yet there was little thought of severing the tie which bound them, with their sister colonies, to the mother country, an emigrant from Pennsylvania settled on the banks of Deep River, in Guilford County, North Carolina, and took up much of the land surrounding him, occupied at present by Jamestown and its vicinity. He built a homestead and put up a mill, both of which are still standing; but being disposed to locate elsewhere left his possessions to his son, George

Mendenhall, and moved to Georgia.

George married Judith Gardner and remained upon the domain thus left him, building houses and founding the village which he named Jamestown, after his father.

Sons and daughters were born; and the war of the Revolution found them busily occupied—tending the mill, tilling the fields, spinning, weaving, and in fact, being almost sufficient unto themselves. These children remembered the encampment of the

British on the hill overlooking the mill and of having seen Lord Cornwallis on the eve of the battle of Guilford Court House. Some loss was suffered by the family from the depredations of the soldiers, but this was inconsiderable.

The children grew to manhood and womanhood, married and built for themselves homes on parts of their father's broad estate.

Richard Mendenhall married Mary Pegg, the prettiest girl in the country, as tradition has it, and as an evidence that she was something more than pretty, it may be told that she spun and wove much cotton, flax and wool, and that with the fruit of her loom she purchased her wedding gown of changeable silk, riding on horseback all the way to Salem to make the exchange.

Richard took his bride to the quaint old house which still stands upon the slope of the hill, opening directly from the street, and built with numerous steps to suit the declivity of the ground. It is a rambling old house, but within its walls a generous hospitality was installed, and has continued unceasingly. Statesman and Philanthropist, men of almost every nationality and every phase of humanity, from a Commodore to a street beggar, have been welcomed to its food and shelter.

Nereus Mendenhall was the fourth child in this home and was

born on the 14th of 8th month, 1819. Being from infancy a delicate child he became the especial care of his devoted mother and elder sisters. To their constant and wise oversight is doubtless due the fact, that, contrary to his mother's expectations, he gradually improved in health and became, if not robust, nevertheless a very active, athletic young man.

Richard Mendenhall was, himself, a man of good education, having acquired a considerable knowledge of history and geography, mathematics and classical learning, reading the Latin authors easily and with great pleasure. His admiration for the Latin tongue is seen in the fact that to his sons he gave names terminating in *us*, and to his daughters the Latin feminine. He made it a business to see that a school was kept up to which his seven children were sent with those of his neighbors, who were like minded with himself. Sometimes an Irishman would be the teacher. Whoever seemed most eligible would be employed and the school kept going. There the little folks had the advantage of being taught by men of rare endowment, "Uncle Andy Caldwell" being a favorite teacher.

Little Nereus was very quick at his lessons, so much so that "Uncle Andy" "did not see

when that boy learned; he did not study hard."

His keen sense of the ridiculous, unsuspected by those who only knew him slightly, but greatly enjoyed by his more intimate acquaintances, showed itself very early, as these two little incidents from his childhood days will show: On one occasion, having procured a terrapin shell, he fastened the ends of a string securely in either side of the shell and so twisted it with a little stick, that upon placing the shell on the ground it would move off as if alive. His mother was in the kitchen making bread when he marched with his machine and arranged it upon the floor behind her, called her attention to it, and was greatly delighted with her exclamation of surprise as the thing gave a bound toward her. At another time after having been sent up stairs to bed, he discovered a large black beetle in his room. He began experimenting upon it and finding that it could easily carry the candle stick upon its back, called "Mother!" She came up stairs and was greatly amazed to see the candle, apparently of its own accord, move off under the bed, which so delighted her little son that he never forgot her look and exclamation.

If he was not a participant in the many pranks with which his elder brother "Cyrus, and Dillon

Lindsay" were wont to regale their teachers, he was certainly an interested spectator from behind his spelling book, and could narrate their exploits to his children with all the zest of "*magna pars fui*."

He seems always to have gone willingly to school, at least there is no tradition of his mother having to see him and his bucket and satchel out at the front door, as there is of a younger member of the family. His spare moments at home were often devoted to reading, which with him was the same thing as study.

The garden was large and well cultivated; this was the special work for "the boys." It is said that his part was always well-done, and that when rest time came and the others sought the street and marbles, he climbed to his seat in the big fig bush, and read his books.

There between the limbs he had a plank fixed for a seat, and a little higher another for a book-shelf. A beautiful picture! The thoughtful boy with his deep blue eyes full of questioning—poring over the lore of the ages with the broad fingered fig leaves shutting him in from the sun and from the sight of the passers by.

The tie between himself and his mother was particularly strong and tender, showing itself when he was very young and continu-

ing while she lived. As a young man after he began the practice of medicine, he would wait until all the rest had retired and then drawing his chair near her own, he would tell the various happenings of the day. While she kept her fingers busy with her knitting, she listened or questioned or gave advice as required and their friendship waxed stronger.

Often she would speak of something of which the other members of the family knew nothing. "How did thee hear that?" "Nereus told me." "He never tells anyone but thee anything." He early learned to carry not only his bodily needs but his spiritual questionings to her, and if not satisfied was at least soothed by her motherly ministrations.

As his body grew his mind developed and was filled with many perplexing questions, such as, "Why God should allow evil?" and others of a similiar nature; and often his mother would be aroused in the middle of the night by his sobs, and would find him crouching over the fire in the sitting room weeping bitterly. In answer to her questions, she would find that he had been so distressed over the wickedness in the world that he could not sleep. Comforting him as best she could, she would take him back to bed. This continued to occur from time to time, until upon one occasion,

his eldest sister took him back and after he was in bed, knelt down and prayed earnestly that he might be relieved, and never again was he troubled in that way. Doubtless his health had much to do with this overwrought nervous condition.

His intense love for out-door sports must have acted as a great curative for this strained psychical state. The woods were dense in those days, and a favorite pastime for the boys was to jump from limb to limb like squirrels; this he enjoyed greatly and would jump for half a mile without coming to the ground.

When quite a little fellow, he was very fond of stilts and would walk and run about upon them with great pleasure. On a cold morning he was out taking a turn on his stilts, when along came a man of the community somewhat given to his grog. To tease the boy, he jerked one of the stilts from under him, giving him a tumble. The small boy came to the front at once, and quickly getting upon his feet, he sent a small flatish stone spinning in the direction of the man who had carried the stilt on, thus adding insult to injury. "The stone went as if guided, took a little downward curve, and click went the tickler in his pocket and the liquor ran down his side." The man thought to catch the boy and give him a

licking, but he reckoned without his host that time, as the boy was swift of foot and very light of heart just then.

Skating was a favorite pastime with him, and he learned all the circles and figures which those given to this sport cut upon the ice.

He seemed not to have cared for hunting, fishing, trapping, &c, and never could he derive pleasure from the pain of any creature. The lesson taught one of his children on this subject she will never forget. Running to her father, she exclaimed, "I have killed fifty leeches in the branch." He quietly asked, "Well, what did thee do it for?" No reply. "What *did* thee do it for?" Overcome with shame at the useless cruelty of her action, she learned the lesson, "He prayeth best who loveth best all things both great and small."

At the age of thirteen, Nereus Mendenhall went to Greensboro to learn the printer's trade. While there he was associated intimately with Lyndon Swaim, to whom he remained closely attached until the death of his friend about one year ago. Although of different religious denominations they were very congenial in many of their opinions and beliefs, and in all those deep and fundamental truths which actuate the lives of all true men.

His friend must have influenced him for good and helped him toward the goal for which they both were striving. They read the Bible together, and once when Nereus wondered why the poets had not taken the Psalms and converted them into poetry, Lyndon promptly replied, "That would spoil them, they are much more beautiful as they are." This simple matter made sufficient impression for him to remember it and doubtless had its effect in strengthening his love and admiration for the language of the Bible. During all this time, he carried a New Testament in his pocket and read it studiously.

For several years he followed his trade in Greensboro and elsewhere, studying all the time and saving money to enable him to go to Haverford, which school he entered in 1837.

While there he must have worked very hard, as he entered freshman and graduated in two years, taking first rank everywhere. Time was taken however, for needed exercise, as is shown from the fact that his introduction to Dr. Henry Hartshorn was on this wise. They were on opposite sides in foot-ball, and Henry being a short fellow and rather small, Nereus thought he could handle him without difficulty. Henry seeing an unknown slender, stripping, bearing down upon him

was equally confident of his own power and they met to be mutually undeceived and fall full length backward.

The regulations at Haverford were somewhat more strict in those days than at present, and the rules were not all easy to obey, but Nereus Mendenhall passed through his course and never infringed upon a regulation, and by his unswerving devotion to truth and righteousness, as well as by his brilliant intellectual powers, attracted the attention of both faculty and board of managers and drew to himself their lifelong affection and respect.

That the spiritual vision was cleared as well as the intellectual life invigorated is shown by the following little testimony given by him, in recent years, to his dear friend and classmate Dr. Richard Randolph, of Philadelphia. It will be noted that in this instance as in many others the enlightening came through the devout study of the Holy Scriptures.

"The revelation which in my little dormitory at Haverford, came to me when a student there, as alone at the narrow window I read Psalm xxxiv: 10, 'The young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing,' however unable at sometimes to see how it is true, from that time to

this I have never relinquished nor ceased to cherish."

Immediately upon his graduation at Haverford he took the place of Principal at Friends' Boarding School at New Garden, where his duties must have been arduous, as he taught all day, beginning before breakfast and not ceasing his task until every boy was in bed and the lights out. Attending them at all their meals and to meeting, one wonders where the inspiration for high thinking could lodge in such a daily grind. Yet somehow he found time to pursue the study of medicine and entered the Jefferson Medical College, winning the same regard from the professors as before, graduating in 1845, and returned to his native town to practice. Though successful as a practitioner, he was not adapted to the work, his great sympathy with the sufferers, wrought upon his sensitive nature so that his health was giving way. He determined to relinquish the practice of medicine and again entered upon duty at the Boarding School, this time as Superintendent.

In 1851 he was married to Orianna Wilson, who had been a student at the school during his first connection with it, and with whom as a cousin of his aunt Delphina Mendennall, he had been more or less associated ever since. Her character, in many respects the

counterpart of his own, seemed admirably adapted to giving him the assistance needed. She had perfect health, sound common sense, an excellent mind, much executive ability and withal a disposition which always looked on the bright side and made things pleasant, full of helpfulness for all about her.

Her care for his health was constant and again doubtless his continued life was largely due to the loving ministrations of a woman's hand. For several years his health was very delicate. He abandoned teaching as too confining and became a civil engineer, which change proved most beneficial. While engaged on the survey of the North Carolina Central Rail Road, his home was first at Jamestown with his mother, Richard Mendenhall having died in the spring of '51. Afterwards the little family moved to High Point and from thence to their own home in Florence between Jamestown and Deep River Meeting House, where they remained until the opening of the civil war.

The home life there was most delightful. The young, beautiful and happy mother devoted to her family and doing all in her power to render the home bright and cheerful, doing it naturally as the outcome of the inner life, lovingly

without restraint or apparent effort in any way. The father, busy with his work and when at home studying much of the time, but finding time at frequent intervals for a romp, or a game of hide and seek with the three little girls, whom he considered as good as boys, and to whom he taught the outdoor sports dear to his own childhood.

His study of the Bible was unremitting, and almost the earliest recollection of his children relating to him is connected with some reading from the Book he continued to study and to love as long as he lived.

During these years at Florence he subscribed to the great English Reviews and read them eagerly. His mind was full of questioning, and tossed by those doubts which have come down through the ages, and which every thoughtful mind encounters in greater or less degree. But like Whittier, to one firm faith his spirit clung, he knew that God is good.

In 1860, at the urgent request of the Board of Trustees of New Garden, he again took charge of the Boarding School and moved his family to the old farmhouse, where they had a safe and comfortable retreat all through the stormy, terrible days of the civil war.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

TIME.

They turn ? Thy pages do forever turn,
Toward and from the presents deep concern,
And as the future to us shorter grows,
The past piles up its ne'er forgotten folds.

The future is a great unknown to man,
But incites the heroic words, "I can,"
And gives to youth the everlasting hope
Of attaining a higher, grander scope.

The past is only partly known,
For a "small eternity" veils the now,
From the time when everything began,
Whose misty regions mortals cannot span.

Mighty present ! from whom the past has fled,
To whom by God, the future must be led.
Thou art the only space given to man,
In which he may fulfil his Authors plan.

P.

NO CONFLICT BETWEEN RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

The great Persian Empire—locked in the embrace of the Euphrates and the Nile—had been conquered, and Alexander the Great was the hero of the conquest. He it was who built a city whose temples and palaces made it resplendent with beauty, and which not only became the magnificent capital of Egypt, but the intellectual metropolis of the ancient world.

Here the founder gathered to-

gether the Egyptian, the Jew, the Greek—the learned from every nation—who, surrounded by the choicest fruits of the civilization of the past—drank wisdom and philosophy from a common source. Here the Alexandrian museum flourished—one of the seven wonders of the world—and here in the midst of knowledge, friendship, faith and truth, Science found its origin.

Let us turn for a moment to

Syria, a remote province of the Universal Roman Empire, where some humble and unpretentious people were associating themselves together for benevolent and religious purposes. With the spirit of human brotherhood and charity overshadowing them they advocated the doctrines inculcated by Christ. True this was but the germ of which in Christendom we see the flower, but here in reverence and simplicity the Church had its rise.

Thus do we have two of the mightiest principles that have been co-operative in human progress—Religion and Science. They began their triumphant march together and in harmony, but as Christianity grew and became powerful, her true doctrine was lost sight of; Pagan ceremonies, which fostered ignorance, superstition and immorality soon became the ceremonies of the Christian, and thus "Paganism, which leaned for support on the learning of its philosophers, modified Christianity, and Christianity receiving its strength from the inspiration of its fathers, modified Paganism."

It was this Christianity, this Religion that drew the veil of mysticism around the museum of Alexandria; that drove the philosopher Nestor into exile; that caused Hypatia to be murdered; that gave to the world the confes-

sions of Saint Augustine; and to-day humanity may justly exclaim, "O, Religion! how many times have thy hands been steeped in innocent blood!"

The first great conflict between these two forces arose concerning the nature of God, but it was not a conflict between Science and Religion: it was between Science and bigotry—between truth and ignorance. What is God? What is his essence? Is he one? or is he the grand triune conception? These questions penetrated the minds of both scientist and religionist and out of them grew the Southern Reformation, a revolt against Pagan Christianity. Mohammed stepped upon the scene with an immense following, and advocates the doctrine of the unity of God. His successors scatter this doctrine wherever humanity is known to exist. Mohammedanism conquers Syria, Egypt, Asia Minor and the civilized world! Holy Jerusalem is taken and the Mosque of Omar rests on the site of the ruins of Solomon's Temple! Pagan Christianity has fallen and the Unity of God is the Empire's Creed! But Science in its journey with the Sun was not retarded, for as a final result of the Reformation the foundation of modern Astronomy, Chemistry and Physics was laid. The first conflict was ended and Science stood supreme.

What is the soul? asked Religion of Science in the twelfth century, and the answer gave rise to a doctrine in which a majority of the human race believes to-day Science in all her majesty proclaimed that the soul was an emanation of an all-pervading intellect, and that at the death of the body it returns to the source from which it sprang and is absorbed by it. This doctrine spread into Italy, Germany, England and Spain, but the papacy, as she wielded her sceptre of despotism over millions who were clamoring for *one free thought*, declared it to be heresy and so the second controversy between Religion and Science arose. Science was dethroned and the church, with all the horrors and agonies of the Spanish Inquisition as its tribute to humanity, held the bloody palm of victory.

The third conflict was concerning the shape and position of the earth. The all powerful church, which had not produced an Astronomer or Philosopher for 1,500 years, yet pretending to base its claims on the Holy Scriptures, declared that the earth is a flat surface supported on pillars; that the sky is the floor of Heaven; that beneath are the burning fires of the lower regions, and that the earth is the centre of the Universe, made for man and man made for it. Science, in the light

of knowledge and truth, refuted these false doctrines and the position of the Church was overthrown, yet before she succumbed, Galileo, the shining light of the age, was summoned before her throne of ignorance, where, on bended knees and with his hands on the Bible he was compelled to curse the doctrine that the earth moves, a doctrine which his own brilliant mind had established and which he knew was true. What a spectacle! And what grandeur there was in the "heresy" of Galileo!

What is truth? This interrogation was addressed to Christ himself on one of the most momentous occasions in history. He made no reply but bowed his head in silence and not even to the present day has the question received a satisfactory answer. Where is the criterion of truth? This principle involved the fourth and greatest conflict between Religion and Science and gave rise to the Second Reformation, of which Martin Luther was the most conspicuous character.

Protestantism steps in and claims recognition, boldly affirming that the Bible is the only standard of truth.

But if we accept this doctrine we must believe that the Pentateuch is *literally* true; that there was a deluge which covered the *whole* earth; and that the first

man was created in an instant and in perfection, only six thousand years ago. If this is to be the criterion of truth what shall we do with the inconsistencies, the incongruities and contradictions so numerous throughout the Pentateuch? Can inspired writings be inconsistent and contradictory? Thus the Scientist reasoned at the time of the Reformation. The Catholic church declared that the criterion of truth was in an infallible pope, but Science refers us to dates in history where the papacy has made mistakes which are common to humanity, and where church councils have deposed popes and passed judgment upon them.

Then, where did Science stand in the conflict? With all her characteristic modesty she only asked what she was free to accord to others, "the right to a criterion of her own." For her the criterion of truth was to be found in the revelations of nature, and upon *her open scroll* she wrote this down and spread it before the eyes of every man.

The final conflict is the conflict of to-day and represents the government of the Universe.

In considering the principles of this controversy we merge into the deepest philosophy known to human reason. Again we see Science arrayed against the church, and the church divided

in itself. Science, with the laws of Kepler, Galileo, and Newton, all of which human intelligence has declared true, openly affirms that the world is governed by the operation of a supreme and unchanging law.

The Roman Catholic Church, which is the strongest in the world, identifies itself with the belief that the universe is governed by incessant Divine interventions. Through her priesthood she claims that God can be swayed from his purposes by human entreaties and that her priests and popes can partially regulate human affairs.

What is the final outcome? Here we are in the closing scenes of the Nineteenth Century. The Church is strong and powerful. Science claims the whole earth as her domain—conscious of her own strength and the purity of her motives. What, then, is the true relation of these two vital principles? Is there a conflict in reality? Let us see. The Catholic Church has denounced modern civilization; she has dethroned reason and blind faith is supreme in her creed; she has condemned free institutions, free thought and free speech; she calls modern science "heresy." Therefore Catholicism and Science are incompatible, they cannot exist together. But is Catholicism the religion that sprang up in the

Syrian province? If so, there *is* a conflict, if not the conflict remains to be seen.

Where does *Protestantism* stand to-day in its relation to science? If she still clings to the eternal principle of Luther and the Reformation, that "every man has a right to interpret the Scriptures for himself," *there is no conflict between them.*

Give the Christian the same right to interpret the Scriptures that the Scientist has to interpret the facts of Nature and then the Christian may consistently be an evolutionist. Can we condemn evolution if men can see no contradiction between this doctrine and their religious beliefs? Reason answers, No!

Why should there be a conflict between Nature and the Bible, when the same Being is the author of both? The one is a means for the interpretation of the other, and as new facts in Science come to light, so new interpretations of the

Scriptures inevitably follow. Facts always agree, while the interpretations of them may always differ. Creeds may change and shrines perish, but facts are as eternal as God himself.

Thus under the light of one freedom, one faith and one God we would say, Christian, understand thy religion! Scientist, understand thy Science! and drink Philosophy from the same fountain of truth. "Truth and truth's great master cannot die." Truth is the bright and morning star which leads humanity aright. Search it and follow it and then that golden age will come in which harmony is destined to supplant all conflict; in which belief will consign to the four winds the lingering shadows of doubt; in which the atheist must stand before the great bar of reason, condemned; and in which countless Philosophies must crumble under the weight of their own inconsistencies.

CHAS. F. TOMLINSON, 93.

THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

Of all the great events of this marvelous age, the greatest is the Columbian Exposition, with its concomitants, in Chicago; and the most wonderful of these concomitants are the World's Parliament of Religions, and D. L. Moody's Gospel services in numerous churches and in many of the theatres of that great city. "Where sin abounded grace did much more abound."

It was my privilege to attend four sessions of the Parliament of Religions in Columbia Hall; and the Friends' Congress, 9th month 22nd, in Washington Hall. Each of these rooms will seat over three thousand persons; and in every session I attended in the former it was well filled with an enthusiastic audience. I heard addresses by Brahmen, Buddhists, Jews, Mussulmen and Christians, each endeavoring to present the advantages of his faith, and the beauties of his code of ethics. All were attentively heard and frequently applauded, but when Joseph Cook, the Christian philosopher set forth the claims of Christianity and the Bible; and showed with masterly skill and power their unmeasurable superiority to all other religions and books, the great audience

manifested by its enthusiastic applause, its endorsement of his statements and convincing arguments.

The Friends' Congress was attended by about two hundred persons, not more than one-fourth of whom were Friends. The audience gave quiet and careful attention to the reading of the six papers. "The Origin and History of the Society of Friends," by Joseph Bevan Braithwaite, of London, England; "The Society of Friends and Its Mission," by Jas. Wood, of Mt. Kisco, New York; "Friends' Church Organization, including Ministry, Membership, Statistics, Worship, and Evangelization," by Calvin W. Prichard, of Kokomo, Indiana; "Women's Ministry," by Anna B. Thomas, of Baltimore; "The Missionary Work of Friends," by Josephine M. Parker, of Carthage, Indiana; and "The Philosophy of Quakerism," by Thomas Newlin, of Newberg, Oregon.

These papers were alluded to by the Chicago daily papers, and they have been published in the *Friends' Review* and in the *Christian Worker*, and some of them may be printed in tract form for general circulation, as they form

a valuable addition to the literature of our Society.

The authors are members of six different Yearly Meetings, including London, the oldest Yearly

Meeting, established in 1678, and the youngest—Oregon, which was established in 1893.

T. N.

AMERICAN TENDENCY—INTELLECTUAL.

Written for the Websterian Entertainment, Oct. 28, 1893

To-day is the sequel of yesterday; the present receives from and adds to the past; we take the noble works of our ancestors and make them stepping-stones to higher attainments.

Ingenuity has ever been one of the characteristics of the American mind, and to this we owe in large measure our rapid progress as a nation. The dusky savage no longer penetrates the forests shades, or paddles his birch canoe. Man has ceased to plod his weary way from village to village. War has given place to peace and prosperity, and witchcraft and superstition have passed into oblivion.

As successors to these primitive customs the inventions of the present appear. The steamship now plows the briny deep, and binds the rulers of the earth in friendship and harmony. The locomotive gives vent to its shrill whistle, and excites the world to wonder. The power of electric-

tricity is felt on every hand. At its click, mind speaks with mind regardless of distance; at its brilliancy darkness seeks its cover; and at its touch the wheels of machinery go round and round.

While the various arts and industries of our country have been developed to a high degree, intellectual culture has not been neglected.

In her writings is the life of a nation depicted, and in her men of letters is her fame.

Though the struggles of ancient Greece may be forgotten, yet the renown of her philosophers, statesmen and orators has made her name imperishable. Though centuries ago Cicero, Horace and Vergil were numbered with the dead, yet their writings remain interwoven with the history of the Roman Empire. Germany's great poets have ceased to exist, yet their works stand as a perpetual monument of German

culture. Across the narrow channel Shakesperian delineation and Miltonic grandeur have obtained mastery. The Elizabethan reign has left its polished drama and grand philosophy. Pope, Addison and Johnson have each had their day in letters, and now, closing the long period of English Literature, the giants of the Victorian Era lie side by side in the historic church of Edward the Confessor.

Between the rough breakers of the Atlantic and the peaceful crests of the Pacific lies a land "more beautiful than her beautiful mother," freedom's home—a paradise to every true heart.

Our forefathers, confronted by a rigid climate and an unproductive soil, and hampered by war with the natives, nevertheless found time for the exercise of their literary talent in the form of home correspondence. Thus by determined effort a footing was at last secured, and a new epoch in American Literature introduced by the graceful writings of Washington Irving. Ere long poetry was awakened from its natal slumber, and Bryant, by his extraordinary love of nature, voiced her thoughts, and has been styled the father of American verse. Longfellow, by his national lyrics and pleasing expression has won the hearts of his people. Whittier, with his simple lines, Haw-

thorne, with his famous romances, Lowell, with his wealth of thought and criticism, Holmes, with his store of wit and fiction, and Emerson, with his philosophical essays, complete the circle of our brightest literary constellation.

As a foundation on which rests her welfare, her reputation and her hopes, lies American education.

Where nations have risen to eminence master minds and intelligence have held full sway; where countries and people have trod in the same old ruts of their predecessors, ignorance, with its long train of followers, has been dominant.

Not long after civilization had planted itself on the shores of this continent a few simple buildings and a meagre lot of books marked the birth of our noblest educational institution. The New England settlers, having inherited a desire for learning, focused their energies upon that point. Through the sturdy endeavors of their descendants that portion of the country has come into prominence. Massachusetts has seized the helm in education. Boston has received the title of modern Athens, and Harvard and Yale have become unrivalled.

From the foundation thus laid has arisen the intellectual tendency of the closing decade of the nineteenth century.

The horoscope of the child of to-day is indeed auspicious, living, as he does, in an age of enlightenment, and at a time when mental politeness outranks physical strength. Having received his early training under the guiding hand of a watchful mother he enters the kindergarten, where, "with the child of the regal palace and of the lonely hut," he is fitted for a higher step.

Wonder seizes the mind of the foreigner, as silently traveling through the country, he sees the various school buildings dotting our land, and hears the tuneful bells peal forth on the crisp morn-air. As the visitor steps into the room and gazes around at the ruddy faces and hearty strife of the boys and girls, it becomes plainly visible that text books and discipline are not mockery, but that education is emblazoned on our banner. Though, from unfavorable circumstances school advantages may not be equally distributed, still, with our increasing system of free instruction, we may rest assured that the phalanx of youth will be prepared to wrestle with the problems of after life.

Of all the anchors that stay the commonwealth the American college is the most potent. Stinted by no drudgery of European military service, but fresh from the lower schools of learning, the

joyous youth dons his freshman garb. Languages and history, science and arts, now take the place of the primary branches, and the student enters upon his broader field of training. From higher to higher flies the spark until it bursts into flame at the arrival of commencement and the glory of the senior in his parchment. Under the care and direction of the graduate's Alma Mater society is promoted, character rounded, and the general tone of the people elevated.

At the university the work of the college is continued, the highest branches of study taught by the modern system of lectures, and the faculties of the learner directed in special lines. The alumnus, in every pursuit of life, becomes the recognized leader. Well may we be proud of our universities, and their intellectual, physical and moral influences! Well may we regard them as our beacon lights! Though we have nothing to compare with Germany's famous institutions, as shown by the fact that yearly so many of our scholars go abroad in the wider search of knowledge, and though we are behind England's Oxford and Cambridge, still, nearly every state in the Union boasts its university and high standard of learning. And through the philanthropy and patriotism of individuals and corporations lofty structures have

been erected within whose walls is gathered the flower of the land.

It may be truly said that with the rise of educational centres college simplicity has waned. It is well known that richly furnished dormitories and the high spirit of fraternities, too extensive athletics and city luxury divert the mind from its proper cultivation. Although we may enjoy better advantages than our parents, yet too great indulgence leads to abuse.

Increase of population and a greater desire for reading among all classes has created a demand for a public library in every city of any importance. When the day's task is finished a glimpse at the paper or a thought from the shelves may refresh the tired brain. We can have no better recommendation than that our working classes are forming more and more a habit of reading. The instances are many where a shivering urchin, aroused by the warmth and homelike surroundings of the common library, has cast aside evil companions and degrading books, struggled through hardships and vicissitudes, and at last soared to starry heights.

The influences of recent date greatly favor our intellectual growth. For a penny or two the news of the world is brought to our door every morning. For a trifle more periodicals and magazines furnish us with choice writ-

ings from the best authors. Copyright acts secure the writer recompense for his work. Inventions constantly multiply, and demands for manual labor in proportion decrease. Massive architecture beautifies our cities. World's fairs bring the finest examples of a country's workmanship into open competition. Schools of agriculture and polytechnic institutes supply the ambitious with practical knowledge. From every quarter comes the college cry. Michigan and Chicago Universities mark a widening but stable intellectual movement in the western states. We, freed from the blight of civil war, have awakened from our lithargy, and are now on the march of development. As the dark back ground of illiteracy fades from our sight, as the peaceful hum of busy life sounds in our ears, as the approaching century dawns upon us, we realize that

"We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling.
To be living is sublime."

The first great wave of our literature has passed, and another has appeared on the horizon. Harte and Riley with their rhymes, Howells, James and Cable with their novels, and scores of other literary characters are attracting attention. Never before were the pen and press so productive, or

their achievements hailed with greater delight.

Germany has lost many of her thinkers, and is now at a literary standstill; the impetuosity of the Frenchman is crowding out the successors of Voltaire and Victor Hugo; and England can now claim but a few of her old writers. The dark stumps of the colonial days of America have scarcely disappeared, and her forest of literature has simply been entered. With the works of previous writers, with our picturesque land, and with the winnowing of criticism, the equal of Shakespeare may yet make his home in the New World.

In the style of late writing fiction leads, romanticism, however, in the near future, seems likely to dispute its supremacy. The short story, with its condensation and depth, has banished the continued tale. As regards poetry it may delay a short while, but its destination points to the drama.

Higher themes or true position of words will be its counterparts.

In conclusion it were folly to place America on an intellectual parity with the great kingdoms of Germany and Britain. But we are tending to a higher plain. Whereas Europe has reached its zenith we have really but begun our career. In a country where the government is fully aware of the fact that its youth is its bulwark, that ignorance is the mother of vice and crime, and that the polish and refinement of its citizens comes through education, surely its intellectual interests will not be left unnoticed. From the remarkable growth of our republic in so short a time, and from the respect shown its flag in every land, our thoughts blend with those of the far sighted Poet:

"Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day,
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

G. RAYMOND ALLEN, '95.

EMERSON AS A PHILOSOPHER.

Wherever christianity, liberty and goodness are found, true men and women have dwelt. The crucial test by which to measure the work of any man is, did his death find more love, more knowledge and more humanity in the sphere of his influence than were there at his birth?

No class of men has had more influence in moulding the history of the world for good or evil than the philosophers.

It is true that theory in itself never accomplished anything. That behind it must stand the men of action, ready to seize upon the right and push it to the front,

but theory necessarily comes before action. The men on whom depends most immediately the material welfare of the world have been taught by philosophers. Aristotle, Plato and Bacon determined the world's history far more widely than Alexander, Charlemagne and Frederick the Great.

The constitution of the mind of man is such, that some life theory, some system of philosophy is necessary to any form of civilization. Philosophical inquiry has been greater in this age than in any preceding one and its results more widely diffused.

Emerson stands out as the great philosopher of the United States.

Let us consider him in three ways: As a natural product of the age. As a philosopher. As a force in the age.

Emerson is not an inexplicable phenomenon. "The roots of the present lie deep in the past." He is a natural product of many causes nearer and more remote.

Looking back through eight generations of his father's family, we find ministers of the gospel in each one. Not passive men, afraid of supernatural punishment for an original thought, but men who dared maintain the truth.

Emerson's inherited tendency in addition to his own inclination led him early in life to seek the sameline of work as his ancestors, and thus he was brought directly

in contact with the conservatism of the New England Church.

Through two centuries churches and church members have rapidly increased, but the ability to defend their religious belief has not increased in proportion. Men have been zealous for the faith, but not well grounded in it. They have shrunk from meeting any form of skepticism.

The struggle between orthodoxy and heterodoxy has been great, and out of it has sprung many doctrines, among which we may mention Positivism, Materialism and Transcendentalism, in each of which reforms the principles must be thought out by philosophers and scientists, though no great effect is produced until the movement is taken up by the masses. This has been a critical and composite age in literature; there has been little poetry or art and no great political issues, hence men have had time and opportunity to turn to a consideration of physical and spiritual matters.

In the East especially, the spirit of conservatism had so repressed the spirit of free religious thought, that a reaction was produced. Before Emerson's day, his church had become essentially unspiritual. The transcendental movement had been for some time agitating New England, and the most immediate cause of the ap-

pearance of Emerson as an advocate of this reform, was doubtless due to the unspiritual condition of the church, and the oppression of conservatism. To Emerson, truth was supremely sacred and dear. Feeling that he could not conform to the rituals of the Church, he held himself to such sincerity of thought that he gave up the pulpit of the leading Congregational church in Boston, a position not only pecuniarily important, but one which must have seemed to him, the most influential and honorable in the land. None but a man who was honorable in the highest sense could make such a sacrifice. He was severely criticised by some of his former friends and even called an atheist. Max Müller says, "There is an atheism which is unto death, and there is another which is the life blood of all true faith."

It is the power of giving up what in our best, our most honest moments we know to be no longer true.

It is the readiness to replace the less perfect, however dear, however sacred it may have been to us, by the more perfect, however much it may be detested as yet by the world.

Without that atheism, religion would long ago have become a petrified hypocrisy.

Without that atheism no new life is possible to any of us."

I think we may say that Emerson had this sort of atheism. He had the courage to repudiate church doctrines, which he no longer believed to be true and to try to correct in others, the mistake he thought he had made himself.

As to his philosophy, he was a Transcendentalist, which is only another name for Idealist.

The name, Transcendentalism, originated with Kant, who replied to the skeptical philosophy of Lock, that there is nothing in the world which was not previously in the experience of the senses, by showing that there was a very important class of ideas which do not come by experience; that these are intuitions of the mind itself and he called them Transcendental forms. That is he places the spiritual above the sensual. In his essay on Transcendentalism, Emerson says, "As thinkers mankind has been divided into two classes, Materialists and Idealists.

The Materialist founds his belief on experience obtained through the senses; the Idealist on the intuitions of the mind, that is from consciousness."

The Idealist not only admits all the Materialist asserts, but goes farther and while admitting the impression of the senses, he makes of each event a spirit.

The Transcendentalist adopts

the whole connection of spiritual doctrine.

He believes in the guiding spirit within, very much as the Quaker does. He believes in miracles, in the perpetual openness of the human mind to new influx of light and power. He believes in inspiration and ecstasy and in the universal prevalence of spirit, and of the working of the spirit through law.

Perhaps no where is Emerson's doctrines better shown than in his theory of Jesus.

In speaking of Christ he says "that he was the one man, who alone estimated the greatness of men. The one man that was true to you and me. He says that God was incarnated in man and in the ecstasy of a sublime emotion affirmed through me God acts; through me God speaks. Would you see God, see me."

Emerson affirms repeatedly that Christ is the one man who lived up to the divinity within himself. That when we cannot understand Christ the elements are wanting in us which go to make up his character, and that as our lives become purer, our own piety will explain every fact, every word of Christ; that this same spirit whose voice Christ alone fully obeyed is incarnate in each one of us; that our morality is a part of divinity, that this morality must extend throughout life.

Hear him saying: "He who would be a great man in the future must be a great man now;" and again in his ardent love for nature, "that the man standing by the sea, or in a forest, or looking at a flower, receives all that he is capable of receiving, and if he is a great man the impression is great and he uses it for the purpose of benefitting his fellow men."

Emerson used nature as the symbol of the soul and believed that the man who is nearest nature is nature's God.

Now as to Emerson as a force in the age.

He was a true American, for America he wrote and by her he has been received. He had tasted sorrow in the loss of brothers, wife and son. "How beautiful it is to have known sorrow and to use it as a foil." No other American writer has so faithfully expressed the Supreme Soul's teachings. His great aim was to be a perfect man and through sympathy and love to raise others to the same height. He sought truth, beauty and virtue in all things, and having found them revealed them to those about him. His influence in moulding the thoughts of others was not small.

Transcendentalism brought forth not only Emerson, but following his leadership came Hawthorne, Lowell, Margaret Fuller, Thoreau, Whittier and Holmes,

whose influence for good let future ages tell.

Aside from the question as to whether his philosophy will stand the test of the ages, it is at least safe to say that he increased the

domain of thought and investigation, which, if persisted in, will always lead to truth, and truth can injure no one. All truth leads to God.

H. LOUISA OSBORNE.

CARICATURE.

We have the word Caricature from the Italian "Carricatura" or "Caricare," to loan or change.

It is often understood to mean the concealing of all the good points in one's face and the exaggeration of any deformity or peculiarity.

But it seems that the most comprehensive definition is the ridiculous exaggeration of any *habit* or feature peculiar to an individual.

We find nothing definite concerning the origin of caricature; but since it is so common for mere children to draw exaggerated pictures of their companions, we naturally conclude that caricaturing was practiced early in the history of our race.

Doubtless some of us can remember having drawn exaggerated sketches of some elderly person, and when we were severely punished, the smart of the hickory was greatly soothed by the fact that our likeness was recognized.

The earliest caricatures of which we have any direct knowledge date back to the time of Egyptian supremacy.

We also find caricaturing practiced extensively in Etruria.

No further mention is made of it until about the thirteenth century when we find a striking one, among other interesting sketches, in a Psalter used by Richard II.

Caricature was, perhaps, first regarded as an art by the great painter DeVenci, who spent much time in developing it; and succeeded so well in presenting the ridiculous that it is said of him "he could make a dead man laugh."

It is rather a strange fact to note that caricature, carrying with it as it does, something of a frivolous nature, has been connected with the leading reforms of the world.

The Satirical artist played an important part in the destruction of the Feudal system.

This fact is corroborated in the

writings of a Spanish author when he speaks of caricature having "smiled Spains chivalry away."

No weapon was more dreaded by the proud knights of chivalry than the pencil of the caricaturist.

With the reformation of Luther, caricature, like many other arts, received a new impetus by the removal of the power of the clergy.

Freed from any restraint of creed or doctrine we find the Satirical artist supporting the reformation with all the skill which imaginative genius could command.

Popes and Bishops feared the crayon of the caricaturist even more than did the Knights Errant.

We also find cartoons used in England at the time of the reformation of Knox and Fox.

Although French artists may have practiced caricaturing before the English, yet it is to the great English Satirist, Hogarth, that caricature owes much of its present influence.

His work in that line had a salutary influence on the customs and literature of England.

To Gillry, who was born a few years before the death of Hogarth, is sometimes attributed the honor of having founded the modern school.

It is interesting to note that he

produced the figure, "John Bull."

England has a long line of noted artists who have been prominent in this department; among them are Dole, Leech and Cruikshank.

In America we find no work done in this line worthy of note up to the time of the administration of Andrew Jackson.

It does not seem strange that caricature should make its first appearance into political life in Jackson's time as his eccentric notions furnished an apt target for the darts of the Satirist.

Almost at the same instant that Jackson uttered the memorable sentence, "To the victor belongs the spoils," the famous cartoon of Jackson "Clearing his Kitchen" came out.

It is not known certainly who was the originator of the American type—"Uncle Sam."

It may not be generally known that "Uncle Sam" first wore the garb of Benjamin Franklin, then the type was changed to its present form with the exception of the chin beard which was added several years ago.

Soon after the Jackson administration this art took another definite direction. Instead of the cartoons being printed on separate sheets as they were in France and England, they were introduced into the leading newspapers, and into periodicals issued for this

special purpose, such as *Puck* and *Judge*.

Largely through the influence of this change, America undoubtedly holds supremacy in the art. The use of the "over-head loops" to explain the meaning of the cartoon was abandoned soon after the close of the civil war, our caricaturists having become so skilled in depicting the figures and faces of individuals as to render the picture obvious in its self.

Among America's caricaturists Joseph Keppler of *Puck* stands pre-eminent. He is given the honor of having established the strictly American school. His cartoons together with those of Bernhard Gilliam of *Judge* are familiar to all.

Caricature received such an impetus from the great strife which has existed in politics for the past few years, that it is said to have caused the death of one of our prominent statesmen. A military chieftain of note is said to have

wept bitterly at the cruelty inflicted upon him by the satirical artist.

To be a caricaturist one must have a keen insight into human nature as well as skill with the crayon, for the whole success depends on bringing out the character of individuals.

Why caricature is and has been such a power is because, 1st, it appeals to the eye; 2nd, the skill with which it is perpetrated; 3rd, the wit involved; 4th, that it has a tendency to discard *all formality*; and 5th, the ridicule which it often involves. How true is the saying, "What can stab deeper than ridicule?" Caricature has justly been termed "a terrible weapon, an unjust balance, and a deadly foe of folly, but not the test of truth."

The caricaturist has often overstepped his bounds. Yet on the whole, we think he has been an important factor for good.

J. E. BLAIR, '96.

WEBSTERIAN ENTERTAINMENT.

The night of the 28th of October was a gala one with the Websterians, for it was the occasion of their sixth annual entertainment. In times past the clerk of the weather has seemed to be somewhat prejudiced against the Web's. and gave them the worst combination of the elements possible. But this time he redeemed himself,

and not even the Clay's, so proverbially fortunate in weather could have asked for a more beautiful evening. The assembly hall was soon filled and the partition in the rear had to be raised in order to accommodate the visitors from Greensboro, Archdale, High Point and other neighboring towns.

Promptly at eight o'clock the

curtains were drawn aside, showing the rostrum filled with the members of the Woodroffe-Alderman orchestra. The master of ceremonies, W. H. Mendenhall, entered bearing the handsome banner of the society, displayed now to the public gaze for the first time.

The following excellent program was then rendered:

- I. Music
- II. Address.....H. A. White.
- III. "How He Saved St. Michael's,"
O. E. Mendenhall.
- IV. Music.
- V. Symposium—The American Tendency:
Intellectual...G. Raymond Allen.
Social.....T. Gilbert Pearson.
Characteristic, F. Walter Grabs.
- VI. Farce—New Brooms Sweep Clean.
- VII. Oration—Triumphs of North Carolina's Bar.....W. T. Woodley.

Among so many pleasant features, it is difficult to select any for special comment, without omitting much that is equally meritorious.

The Symposium on American tendencies was exceedingly interesting. The intellectual side of American life was portrayed in a very clear and able manner. Mr. Allen gave evidence of a discriminating literary taste, good judgment and extended research. His view of the literary outlook, while conservative was still very encouraging.

Gilbert Pearson, in his discussion of the social drift, took a very optimistic view, which if not agreed with by all, was nevertheless well

worth the close attention paid it.

The characteristics of the American people were discussed by Mr. Grabs in his usual witty and unusually sarcastic manner. He was merciless to the little foibles of his countrymen, but when he recognized their good traits he did it heartily.

The farce, "New Brooms Sweep Clean" furnished the hearty laugh which every entertainment ought to give its audience. Here again Mr. Grabs distinguished himself. His rendering of Chinese character was so life-like as to make some of the Greensboro visitors think the Web's. had pressed into service some of the laundry-men and it made his friends wonder if there was not more of the "celestial" in Walter than they had imagined.

The thanks of all lovers of music at Guilford College are due the Web's. for introducing to them Mrs. Hagan and the Woodroffe-Alderman orchestra. They added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

The society colors were used effectively in the stage decorations, as was seen in the beautiful blue drapery covered with silver stars, forming the stage background; the blue portiers, and even the blue and silver programs.

Each society strives to have its entertainments grow better every year, and the Websterians of 1893 may congratulate themselves that they have not departed from the excellence of their predecessors.

F.

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EDITORS:

J. P. PAREER, '93.
H. A. WHITE, '94.
ANNIE F. PETTY, '94.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

RUTH C. BLAIR, '94. Personals
JOS. E. BLAIR, '95. Locals
T. G. PEARSON, '97. Exchanges.

BUSINESS MANAGERS:

H. B. WORTH, '94.
J. O. RAGSDALE, '95.
MARY H. ARNOLD, '94.

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NOVEMBER, 1893.

Among the advertisements of the COLLEGIAN are found the most responsible firms of Greensboro. These ads. were secured especially for the needs of professors and students of the College, and we ask you to give us your support by making it convenient to trade with the firms who advertise in the College magazine.

By thus doing, these firms will more readily give us their support in the form of ads. for they know it will be a good investment; and thus you will be lending strength to our financial basis.

The COLLEGIAN somewhat late this month because our article on Dr. Nereus Mendenhall, which we deemed more appropriate for this number than any other, could not be prepared by the date our material is generally sent to press. We have no doubt that many of our patrons will prize very highly the portrait and sketch of Dr. Mendenhall and we would be glad if you will take the trouble to inform your friends that the COLLEGIAN can furnish them with this splendid likeness of the man who has had so much influence in North Carolina Yearly Meeting of Friends, in the state educational work, and in the progress of our own institution, at a very reasonable cost.

The question, "*Who are robbers?*" has been discussed to some extent of late, and we think the term applies in a very true sense to those people who practice "dead-beating" on the COLLEGIAN.

It has well been said that it is as bad to rob a person of the products of his intellect as those of his muscles, and there is no difference between wrongs done to firms and those to individuals.

Therefore, for a person to derive benefit through the pages of the COLLEGIAN, and also through the great number of exchanges (which the COLLEGIAN allows to

be placed in the Library) when some one else pays the bills is downright theft and can be treated as nothing else. We are sorry to have to say this kind of theft prevails to a considerable extent among the students of the College.

For many reasons should the students lend us their support by subscribing for the COLLEGIAN.

If you prize literature and ever expect to have a library of your own it would be a question of economy to invest in the COLLEGIAN for in it you will find your money's worth many times over; and in after years will these copies be a constant source for reflection on your College days.

Through the instrumentality of the COLLEGIAN you have access to some forty or more other College magazines which bring you in touch with the different institutions of learning in North Carolina and many other States of the Union.

In consideration of these facts do you still think it is an unreasonable thing to ask you to subscribe for the COLLEGIAN?

There has been quite a good deal said at Guilford concerning the necessity of systematizing our efforts as students. Yet some of us still persist in regarding no system whatever in our daily work,

consequently, are frequently absent from the foot-ball ground at the time for practice, get low grades on our studies, and are always tired.

Variety may be the "spice of life," but nearly every student will find his work made easier if he will give the same time each day to the same study, instead of just letting the time come as it may, for the brain like the hand, is subject to habit.

It cannot be otherwise than discouraging to the first foot-ball eleven for members of the second team to be continually saying. "I hav'nt time to play this evening."

The fact is, we will generally *save* time by playing, and as we need not expect our team to win match games without a great deal of practice, so those who are expected to give that practice should invariably be at their posts; and there is not the least doubt but that we shall have plenty of time if we only systematize our efforts.

Then again, unless we learn to be systematic while at college where things are *expected* to move in order; it will be extremely hard to exercise the great lesson after we enter the busy world, where our acts will have to be accomplished with great dispatch, (not blind haste), correctness, and forethought.

PERSONAL.

Rena G. Worth, '89 is visiting relatives in Oklahoma.

Maggie Hancock is at her home at Wentworth, N. C.

Clarence Field attends Prof. Weatherly's school in High Point.

Herbert Reynolds is teaching school at Russell Mills, Park Co., Indiana.

Jasper Thompson, '92, is Principal of a flourishing school at Liberty, N. C.

John Pannill is taking a course in Book-keeping at Poughkeepsie Business College, N. Y.

Estella Patton, who was at G. C. in '91, is at her home in Cedar Grove, Orange county.

Archie N. Bulla is Superintendent of a Knitting Factory in Randleman, Randolph county.

Marion Woodward finds employment with his uncle in a Pickling establishment, in Cincinnati.

Minnie Hollowell is a successful mantua maker in one of the leading millinery establishments in Goldsboro.

Charles Redding is putting the knowledge gained while here to practical use on his father's farm at Hoover Hill, Randolph Co.

Ed. C. Blair is experiencing for

the first time the duties of a school master. He may be found at Belvidere, Randolph county.

Oswin White, a student here in the early years of N. G. B. S. has a pleasant home on a farm near Franklin, Va.

In the early part of August last Ida Harris of Cane Creek, was married to Milton Lindley. Best wishes to you.

Joseph J. G. White of Virginia, whose name is found on the records of '85, is now a Telegraph operator in Chicago.

We learn that Jessica Johnson enjoys her work as teacher in the Mission School in Matamoras, Mexico. This is her second year there.

On the 31st of October Roella Barker was married to Mr. Dennis Parker, both of High Point. THE COLLEGIAN extends congratulations.

Mrs. N. L. Davis (*nee* Robbins) is now a clerk in the Pension department, Washington, and has been promoted twice since she went.

Thaddeus Fraley, a student here a few years ago, is now Telegraph operator in Franklinville, N. C. He is also a prominent member of his church and is held in high esteem by the citizens of that place.

The military guard, of which Douglas Settle is a member, has since his last visit home been sent to California.

Vertie Sharp, one of the graduates of the Preparatory class, last spring, is taking the Teacher's Course at the Normal and Industrial College, Greensboro.

Dicia Baker has at last, in deference to the wishes of her mother, given up her cherished hopes of becoming a physician and is now taking a course in Pharmacy in Vanderbilt University.

W. W. Tiller, here in '85 and '86, is now in the market business in Richmond, Virginia. He is quite successful in his line of work.

Eli Branson of Gilmer's Store, Guilford Co., died of asthma, on August 19th last. To his only child, Flora, who was also a student here, we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

Ellen White, here in '85, spent

the summer at Mountain Lake Park, Maryland. She is now teaching at the Friends' Church at Black Creek, Virginia.

Edna Farlow, '92, has just opened her second term's school at Maywood in Alamance Co.

Edna is excellently qualified for teaching and her influence is no doubt a potent factor for good in that community.

Jefferson Tapscott, enrolled here in '84, is now quite a prominent man in the community in which he lives—is a progressive farmer, Sunday School superintendent and Temperance worker at Stony Creek, Alamance Co.

Andrew C. Murrow, who was a student of N. G. B. S. during its first year, 1837, paid a short visit to his alma mater recently. Although more than three score and ten winters have passed over his head, he is still an active member in Friends' meeting at Centre; N. C., near which place he resides.

LOCALS.

—The dining room is now heated by a furnace.

—Great competition for half-backs places on foot ball team.

—The colors blue and silver have been adopted by the Webs.

—Our *Curator* to his diagonal: "Thank you for your room-mate, please."

—Impetuous Founders girl: "Give me *Lipardy* or give me the *Grave!*"

—Rev. Joseph Potts gave an instructive Bible Reading on faith at the College a few weeks ago.

—The light has been "turned on" in King Hall by the addition of two splendid lamps.

—Our foot ball team is now in hard training with the Grave as a constant reminder.

—We were favored recently with a visit from Miss Belle Hutton who is with the Odell Hardware Co.

—White and gold are the colors of the Phis. The combination is a very pretty one.

—W. H. Wheeler has just returned to school, having been detained by his trip to the World's fair.

—It has been decided that the loud reports heard in Archdale during study hour are caused by

Walter Grabs dropping Vernon Brown's shoes on the floor.

—Our interest in the cottage system does not abate. Prof. White has just completed a new well for the benefit of the girl's cottages west of Founders.

—Our Treasurer, being asked what improvement, in his mind, was most needed at the College moodily replied, "For Mrs. White to come home."

—The Web. entertainment was given on the evening of the 28th. It was greatly enjoyed by all, especially, Walter Grab's part. By general consent he "won the medal."

—Some of our boys, (in view of what they have had to undergo of late), now believe this sentence of Mrs. Woody: "Oratory does not consist in flowery sentences about Greece and Rome.

—One of the Archdale young men (whom the girls think fickle) makes the brag that he did not have to study his chemistry lesson the first half of the term, as he had already reached the *Nascent state*.

—Belle Cox, an old G. C. student, in order to make the last days of her trip to the White City the most enjoyable, stopped at the College a few days to renew old memories, scenes and acquaintances.

—David Sampson visited the College a few days ago.

—Ask Joe if he is not ready to admit that "dress makes the girl."

—The Winston District Convention of the Y. M. C. A., held at this place, accomplished much good.

—The lecture recently given by President Hobbs on "Discipline" was very instructive and much enjoyed by all the students.

—What Geological reason is there in the sinking of the north east corner of the dining room. Is it that Mrs. Blair sits there?

—Sons and daughters of Randolph, take courage! Your able representative, C. F. Tomlinson, will prepare an article for the COLLEGIAN on "Randolph as She is."

—Any one wishing *not* to look through a glass "darkly" should apply to Walt. Mendenhall, as all jobs in window washing are thankfully received and cheerfully carried out.

—Prof. White will introduce a new feature into the Commercial Department by the addition of a business practice. He will establish a bank and the other necessary conveniences for conducting the work on a strictly practical basis. We think this a good addition to the already superior advantages of that department.

EXCHANGES.

One sixteenth of the students in American colleges are studying for the ministry.—*Ex.*

President Cleveland's cabinet with but two exceptions is composed of college graduates. All but one are members of the Presbyterian church.—*Ex.*

First Boy—I don't like Cæsar.

Second Boy—Why?

First Boy—Too much Gaul.—*Ex.*

Promptly every week comes the *Silver and Gold* from the University of Colorado. Its exchange department is always short and spicy. The contributed matter however continues to be principally of local interest.

It is a pleasure to welcome *The Wellesley Magazine*. It is among our best exchanges, and its literary character is high. Read the October number and you will be benefited.

From the *Tar Heel* which reaches us weekly, we learn of the latest athletic sports in North Carolina.

In the Indiana State contest one of the orators gave one look at his audience and then fainted. We always thought a Hoosier audience was a tough looking set, and now we are satisfied. Hereafter the Indiana orators will be

blindfolded before attempting to speak.—*Ex.*

The November *Phoenixian* contains an instructive article on "Expression in Oratory." The main points brought out are, that oratory is an accomplishment that is greatly aided by a lively imagination and a good physical development; and that it can be greatly improved in a person by paying rigid attention to articulation, gesture and correct language; also if you wish effect, suit your oration to the occasion and the audience.

His head was jambed into the sand,
His arms were broken in twain;
Three ribs were snapped, four teeth were gone,
He ne'er would walk again.

His lips moved slow, I stopped to hear
The whispers they let fall;
His voice was weak, but this I heard,
"Old man, who got the ball!"—*Ex.*

The October number of the *Wake Forest Student* comes out in a new covering. "Penikese" is the subject of an article giving a history of the Summer School held there by Agassiz. Also a description of the writer's visit to that island. He speaks of the site of the great master's laboratory as now holding only the crumbling stone foundation. Fire and time have done much to disfigure the buildings in which was held the forerunner of summer schools of science in America. Would that greater care had been taken for its preservation.

We are glad to note an increased number of College exchanges upon the table. We welcome every magazine that arrives for we recognize the fact that in each we discover the life of the institution which it represents, and are in a certain sense brought in touch with one another.

THE Y. M. C. A. DIST. CONVENTION.

The Annual Convention of the Winston District of the Y. M. C. A. was held with us October 20, 21 and 22.

The program was as follows:

OPENING SESSION—FRIDAY NIGHT.

7:30 to 8:00 P. M.—Praise Service,
Conducted by Prof. J. H. Smith, Winston.
8:00 to 8:30 P. M.—Address of Welcome,
H. A. White, Pres. of Y. M. C. A.
Response—Prof. Geo. F. Wills, of Oak Ridge.
8:30 to 9:15—Address: "Christian Heroism in Young Men."—Rev. S. B. Turrentine, Winston.

SATURDAY MORNING.

9:00 to 9:30 A. M.—Bible Reading,
Prof. Haviland, Guilford College.
9:30 to 10:00 A. M.—Brief Reports from Associations.
10:00 to 10:30 A. M.—Paper: "Business Methods Necessary to Success." J. M. Rogers, Winston.
10:30 to 11:00 A. M.—Paper: "Suggested Lines of Social Work." Walter T. Spaugh, Salem.
11:00 to 11:30 A. M.—Paper: "How Shall we Reach our Fellow Students for Christ?"
T. Gilbert Pearson, Guilford College.
11:30 to 12:00 A. M.—"Delegated Personal Work,"
L. A. Coulter, State Secretary.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

2:00 to 2:30 P. M.—Promise Service,
A. B. Paul, Winston-Salem.
2:30 to 3:00 P. M.—Paper: "Religious Meetings: Kinds, Conduct and Results Desired."
J. B. Whitaker, Jr., Winston.

3:00 to 3:45 P. M.—College Symposium.

"The Greatest Need of Our Work."

Oak Ridge, W. R. Lowdermilk

Elon College, T. F. Lawrence.

Guilford College, J. P. Parker

Thompson School, F. T. Cox.

Davis School, D. C. Bradwell.

3:45 to 4:00 P. M.—Paper: "How Can We Reach and Influence the Boys?"

Alfred B. Paul, Winston.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

7:00 to 7:30 P. M.—Song Service. Prof. J. H. Smith.

8:00 to 8:30 P. M.—"The Work in North Carolina,"

L. A. Coulter.

8:30 to 9:15 P. M.—Address: "The Christian Student

—His Life—His Power."

Prof. L. L. Hobbs, Pres. Guilford College.

SUNDAY MEETINGS.

8:00 A. M.—Consecration Meeting for Delegates and Students.

4:00 P. M.—Men's Gospel Meeting.

2:30 P. M.—Ladies' Meeting.

7:30 P. M.—Praise Service.

8:00 P. M.—Closing Service: "Bible Study for Personal Growth and Practical Work," Prof. Geo. S. Wills, Oak Ridge. Short Addresses.

All the sessions of the Convention were held in the Y. M. C. A. Hall. Much interest was manifested even at the opening and increased with each succeeding session. The weather had been very pleasant up to Friday evening, when it began to rain and continued with scarcely an intermission until Monday morning after the delegates had gone. Despite the unfavorable weather, the sessions were well attended by the students as well as the people from the neighborhood.

The address by Rev. S. B. Turrentine, of Winston, on Friday night was both eloquent and inspiring. We regret that more could not hear him. Personal

work was a subject much dwelt upon throughout the meetings. State Secretary L. A. Coulter's address Saturday morning on "Delegated Personal Work," gave to all his hearers a clear idea as to the motives prompting such work; and how to successfully engage in this great service for the Master. This was one of the most important features of the entire exercise. The Symposium on Saturday morning emphasized the fact that more consecrated personal work was the prime need of our Associations. The address by President L. L. Hobbs on Saturday night was of such a touching character that it called forth our very best feelings, and even as he spoke new resolutions formed themselves in our minds that by Higher help we would live more like the ideal in his subject, "The Christian Student—His Life—His Power." At the Gospel Meeting for Men Sunday afternoon and again at night, seven men took a stand for Christ. Excellent music added to the spirit throughout, and the Song Services which were splendidly conducted by Prof. J. H. Smith, of Winston, were very inspiring.

At the opening of the Conference, "Showers of Blessings" was sung, and at the closing session as all the delegates and Association men clasped hands and standing in a circle sung that good

old farewell hymn, "Blest be the Tie," every one felt that prayers had been answered and that God had indeed showered blessings abundantly on Guilford College during the Convention.

ATHLETICS.

GUILFORD VS. CHARLOTTE.

Guilford played her first game of foot-ball, Saturday, Nov. 4th, with the Charlotte team, and was defeated by a score of 12 to 10.

The teams lined up on the Charlotte Athletic grounds, as follows:

<i>Guilford.</i>		<i>Charlotte.</i>
Wheeler	Center	Orr
Winslow	R. G.	Dowd
Brown	L. G.	Daniels
Armfield	R. T.	Brenizer
Haviland	L. T.	Kuester
Ragsdale	R. E.	Webb
Hauser	L. E.	Hutcheson
Worth	Q. B.	McFadden
Jordan	R. H. B.	Charles
Williams	L. H. B.	Adams
Grave	F. B.	Thompson.

Charlotte gets the toss up, and at 4:15 makes a rush carrying the ball around the right end for 7 yards. On the fourth down the ball is fumbled and goes to Guilford who in turn loses it on last down. Charlotte by a series of end runs makes touch-down and kicks goal. Time 8 minutes. Score Charlotte 6, Guilford 0.

Guilford takes ball, makes a few yards by end runs and loses the ball. Charlotte does likewise,

Guilford works hard, makes a few yards and the first-half was called. Score Charlotte 6, Guilford 0.

SECOND HALF.

Guilford charges with a V which goes 6 yards, several center and tackle rushes follow, Grave makes touch down. Failed to kick goal. Time 7 minutes. Score Charlotte 6, Guilford 4.

Charlotte advances with an end run making 6 yards. Two 12 yd. end runs follow. Adams runs 25 yards and makes touch down. Kicked goal. Score Charlotte 12, Guilford 4.

Guilford advances with a V, ploughs through Charlotte's line for 18 yards. Bucks center 4 yds. Grave bucks R. T. for 14 yds. One center and two more tackle rushes put the ball in touch-down. Armfield kicks goal. Time 10 minutes. Score Charlotte 12, Guilford 10.

Charlotte takes the ball, bucks center and loses 2 yards. Makes an end run and loses 15 yards, loses 2 yards by run. Drops ball and loses 10 yards. Tries a center and loses 1 yard. Kicks 25 yards which is neatly caught by Worth. Guilford now bucks the center and tackle four times making in all 23 yards. Game is called. Score, Charlotte 12, Guilford 10.

The teams were well matched, and the playing was fairly good. Two twenty-five minutes halves

were played. Charlotte positively refusing to play a longer time than this.

Thompson and McFadden played the Charlotte game, while Armfield and Wheeler were the star players of Guilford; they never failing to break Charlotte's line whenever a rush was made. It was quite clear to all that Charlotte was unwilling to test the endurance of our college boys as every means possible was used on the grounds to kill time and delay the game. Guilford played rapidly, sometimes rushing before the Charlotte men had barely reached their positions.

Far from being discouraged by the result of the game, Captain Grave immediately challenged Captain Adams of the Charlotte team for a game with 45 minute halves, to be played anywhere and at any time during the season but received for an answer this

reply, "Charlotte can't play Guilford a game of 45 minute halves." Wayan of Charlotte was umpire. A. Mendenhall of Greensboro, Referee.

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THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

VOL. VI.

DECEMBER, 1893.

No. 5.

NEREUS MENDENHALL.

While still in his home at Florence he had a little foretaste of the spirit which soon threw the north and south into battle array. His home training, his christian profession and his intense love of liberty all combined in making him a strong abolitionist.

In his father's home he received his earliest lessons in succoring oppressed and assisting struggling human beings. While still a young man he had been threatened with the lash for attempting to befriend a harmless negro man, who was about to be whipped in the streets of his native town.

Though scoffed at and despised by certain of his own associates for advocating the sacred principles of justice and human brotherhood, he never swerved from the truth nor attempted to conceal his honest convictions.

He was a subscriber to anti-slavery papers, though every such was a marked man in those days. From religious principle he was

opposed to all wars and owing to his strong anti-slavery sentiments decidedly out of sympathy with his own section in the civil war.

Upon the very eve of the fray he had sent for several copies of Helper's incendiary document, "The Impending Crisis," and had distributed them amongst certain of his friends who were like minded with himself. Somehow the rumor of this action came to the ears of the powers that then were, and the culprit was summoned to appear before the bar of justice in the town of Greensboro. He had many warm personal friends even amongst those whose political faith differed from his own, and some of them unwilling to have him suffer, and knowing the quickest way to silence the matter, sent word to his wife to "collect those books and burn them." This the Dr. would never have done himself, but it was doubtless the simplest way through the difficulty. She hurried from house to house collecting the books, driving

several miles before all the scattered documents were again at the starting point. These with those still undisposed of she quietly tore open and heaped upon the blazing fire in the sitting-room. "What is thee doing that for?" her husband queried. "Because ——— sent me word that it *must* be done and *I intend to do it*." He said no more but regretfully watched the funeral pyre until it had consumed the whole. After it had all burned down and gone up in smoke, a tiny scrap of paper burned to ashes but clinging together dropped at his feet, upon which the printing was still easily read, "Poor South Carolina," (something not now remembered) "is her night cap," (and something else,) "her day dream." He seemed to enjoy that scrap a great deal and often referred to it, as all he had the opportunity of reading of his "Helper."

When arraigned before the loyal bar in Greensboro, the scene must have been ridiculous in the extreme, nothing whatever could be made of the case. Instead of replying to the questions of the pert lawyers he would ask, "Is that a lawful question?" When asked where the books were, he answered, "my wife burned them." The case was dismissed.

With such opinions and always an open avowal of them it seems wonderful that he should have

escaped almost entirely the scrutiny of the recruiting officers and the espionage of the government.

As the war cloud thickened many of his friends left the state and sought for themselves and their families a place of safety in the "far west," several of those who had been interested in the Boarding School being of that number. The school, however, filled rapidly, many young men sought its shelter not only as a means of obtaining an education but as a place of refuge from the argus-eyed monster which seized both young and old and consigned them to the army.

Nereus Mendenhall was himself still of suitable age for the service, and many of the pupils were in the vigor of young manhood. There was no law protecting them or the Institution, nothing save the arm of the Almighty. It is most remarkable that so many should have remained unmolested only six miles from one of the Confederate centres, with numerous "hunters" and recruiting officers all around them. Only one young man was ever disturbed while at the school, and he had volunteered before entering. Once only was Nereus Mendenhall approached upon the subject, though he went freely about the country as duty or business called him, expressing his opinion decidedly to both "Unionist" and "Secessionist."

An officer was delegated to warn him to muster. After finding Dr. Mendenhall he hung sheepishly about, evidently afraid to tell his business. Finally summoning courage he said, "Mr. Mendenhall, I have come to warn you to muster at ——." "It makes no difference to me where it is to be, I shall not come," he said, with all his indignation for the cause concentrating itself in his look and voice, which so scared the man that he went away without telling him *when* it was to be, which of course was not a legal "warning." No notice however was ever taken of the episode, and he went on his way unchallenged, thereafter.

After the war had been in progress for a time, but before the blockade was complete, he was urged by his brother-in-law, Dr. Nathan Hill, with whom he had been much associated, to leave the South, and with himself seek a home in the West. Nereus Mendenhall had serious objections to rearing his family in the midst of slave territory. The prospects for worldly advancement and the accumulation of wealth should he go West were promising, and the escape from the immediate effects of the war for himself and family most enticing.

On the other hand the school was full and there was no one to take his place should he leave.

The need was great that the school should be preserved. However the household goods were packed in boxes and home-made trunks and carried to the station at Jamestown and the family ready to leave on the morrow. The conviction grew stronger that it was the will of the Lord for him to remain at New Garden and stand by the school, come what might. He was obedient to the holy vision and after assuring himself that such a course would meet the approval of his wife, ordered the boxes brought back and himself went again to the old school room. Jonathan and Elisabeth Cox were in charge of the boarding department. The school never closed, and though sometimes the prospect looked rather gloomy, and many things to which all were accustomed were unattainable, all were mercifully provided for. Tuition as well as board was paid in flour and meal and meat, homespun cloth, sorghum—anything which could be used in the family—and there was always an abundance and to spare, as many a poor deserter and bushwhacker found to his own satisfaction. The school barn was a large ramshackle building, and it became a kind of rendezvous for the hunted human beings who preferred this life to the ranks. There "Aunt Lizzie," of blessed memory, and Oriana Mendenhall

furnished much provisions for the hungry men, who could be seen creeping to the friendly shelter late in the evening and who were gone before day break.

One such slept for several nights in the house, which process created great wonderment amongst the children.

In the first place the two elder daughters, after retiring, were desired to leave their room with no reason assigned and were not allowed upon succeeding nights to occupy it, still the bed was to be made in the morning; and it was noticed that late in the evening the window opening towards the woods was raised. Soon a man was discovered creeping stealthily up and by and by, in reward to patient investigation the identity was discovered. What child could resist trying to find out?

Owing to an extensive acquaintance in the North and West Dr. Mendenhall was enabled to assist many through the lines. Frequently he would be aroused in the dead of night by some acquaintance or former pupil seeking assistance on the "under ground railroad."

By and by news would be received that these were safely over. One only was lost in the attempt. Zeno Dixon, an estimable young man, who had lately been in school, was overtaken on the

banks of the Chowan river and shot while attempting to swim over. This was a great sorrow to his friend and teacher who followed each one with the greatest solicitude.

During this period he bound to himself in lasting friendship very many of the young men who were his pupils. Through the somewhat stern disciplinarian and exacting teacher they recognized the unswerving loyalty to truth and righteousness, and penetrated to the loving, sympathetic soul. These, both in his own denomination and out of it, have ever remained deeply attached to him and have been followed by his kindest interest.

Several of the Friends were conscripted and carried to the army, who refused to fight or perform any military duty whatever. These were punished in various ways and thrown into Castle Thunder, at Richmond.

Various attempts were made to secure their release. Dr. Mendenhall was sent by the Friends to intercede with the Confederate government in their behalf. This was a perilous undertaking, but it was performed in the same dauntless spirit in which every known duty was done.

With his dear friend, John B. Crenshaw, of Richmond, he visited the Friends in their jail—encouraging them. Together

they sought the release of the prisoners, appealing in person to Jefferson Davis, who treated them most courteously, but had no power to grant their request.

These were times to make men's hearts quail, and to *stand* having done all that could be done, was heroic. He never shrank from avowing himself a *Quaker*, and whenever he heard that sect abused or misrepresented he did not hesitate to maintain the principles which it professed, on the street, in the railway trains, anywhere and everywhere he would show the incompatibility of all war with the Spirit and teachings of Christ.

During those years he was very active in the business of the Yearly Meeting, serving as clerk, and as an efficient member of the Meetings for Sufferings, now the Representative Meeting. In addition to these things and the regular daily requirements of the school room, he carried on his own private study most diligently, studying Latin, Greek, German, Hebrew, Science and Philosophy.

Neander's Life of Christ was an almost constant companion and from it he gained much assistance in the solution of some questions which had long vexed him.

The awful atrocities committed by the children of Israel in the name of the Lord, and recorded

in the Holy Scriptures, seemed to him incompatible with any conception of God of which he was capable. *Progression* was the key which let in the light and these things ceased to trouble him. He also found much help in Whittier's poems. "He has travelled over the very same ground," he would frequently say.

"The Shadow and the Light" was particularly helpful, and these lines were often on his lips.

"Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed Thou know'st,
Wide as our need Thy favors fall.
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop, seen or unseen, o'er the heads of all."

During the years at New Garden two more daughters were born and aside from all his other duties he took time to teach his children himself. Sometimes they recited in classes with the young men, and sometimes by themselves at home.

Never was any allowance made for lessons poorly learned, because they were girls. Never was the slightest remark or intimation that they should not learn just as much and make as much use of their knowledge as if they had been boys. This at a time when Vassar and Wellesley and Smith and Bryn Mawr were unthought of, and long before Cornell even had opened her doors to women.

At the close of the war after harboring deserters and bushwhackers, and visiting sick and

dying—escaped yankee prisoners—who had made their way into the community, he allowed two Confederate soldiers to make his home their place of refuge during the disbanding of the Southern and the occupation of the country by the Northern army. One came all the way from Richmond with much treasure and one tarried while all his earthly possessions, in the form of a large cotton factory were consumed by the torch of the northern soldiers.

During the chaotic times following the close of the civil war he assisted teachers from the North in establishing schools for the colored people.

In 1867 his connection with the Boarding School was severed and he removed to his farm on Deep River, one mile from the Meeting, from which he had never removed his membership.

For a time he took charge of the Monthly Meeting school at that place, which under the enthusiastic management of Ezra Meader, had attained considerable note. Here many young people received instruction and were stimulated to pursue their studies elsewhere, and from that school teachers have gone out to widely different localities. His constant encouragement of the Literary Club which the pupils formed, is regarded as an important factor in the development of

the taste for literature and mental cultivation which still characterizes nearly every member. Thus, though severed from the wider influence which, as Principal of the Boarding School he had exerted, by doing what his hands found to do in the quiet community in which his lot was cast, he kindled a love for learning in the minds of the boys and girls about him which has already illumined not a few.

Though doing little with the farm as such, he still improved certain portions of the land, making side hill ditches, underdrains and along the banks of the creek dikes to prevent overflow. "The Oaks" became a delightful home, where the daughters studied, read and assisted their mother. There was little outside society, but plenty of entertainment in the way of housekeeping and reading, the home being supplied with the best periodicals, ranging from the delightful *Children's Hour* for the little folks to *Littell's Living Age* for the eldest.

After a time Dr. Mendenhall again turned his attention to civil engineering, being employed upon surveys in South Carolina, also upon the construction of the line extending from Greensboro to Winston. Any reference to this period of his life would be incomplete without the mention of his dear friend, R. P. Atkinson, chief engineer on the Winston road.

He was a man of rare endowments, possessing an unlimited amount of jollity--sweet-spirited, fresh, enjoyable fun. They never wearied of each other's company and the seasons spent together at "The Oaks" were greatly enjoyed by the whole family. Several years were thus spent. In 1870 he and D. F. Caldwell were elected to represent Guilford County in a Convention to change or amend the Constitution, should the people demand the change, but while they elected representatives to do the work they decided by another vote that the work was not needed, so the Convention never met.

Though an out and out Abolitionist before the war, and a strong Union man during the four years struggle, soon after its close he allied himself with the Democratic party in the State. The corruption and oppression of carpet-bag rule was so intolerable to one who had always stood for the rights of the oppressed that affiliation with it was to him impossible.

He was twice elected to represent his county in the Legislature, and was at one time Democratic candidate for State Superintendent of Public Instruction. The following sentence, penned since his death by his comrade, Jesse R. Wharton, of Greensboro, County Superintendent of Public Schools,

describes his attitude when a candidate:

"When a candidate for public office he scorned the ways of the political trimmer and delivered his real sentiments whether they were in accord with the views of the voters or not. He seemed to be utterly indifferent to the vote of a man whose judgment he was unable to convince.

"He cared nothing for office as a means of self advancement, but only as a means of advancing what he conceived to be the best interests of his country."

He regarded a campaign as an opportunity of speaking to the people and stating before them the truth as he saw it, and allowed his name to stand on the ticket several times with small thought of election.

His independent attitude and the adherence to principles which were not popular, rendered him unsuitable for a party candidate at such times as ours.

He was an earnest advocate of the temperance cause, lecturing frequently upon that subject and throwing all of his personal influence upon the side of total abstinence. Because he hoped more from local option laws than national prohibition he never allied himself with the prohibition party.

When it became necessary for our state to erect a new building for the care of the insane, Dr.

Mendenhall was appointed by the legislature as one of the Board of Directors. He was very active in all the duties and responsibilities which this imposed, in selecting plans, material for buildings, letting the contracts, &c., &c.

In 1876, learning of a vacancy in the Penn Charter school of Philadelphia, he applied for the situation. For several years he had been desirous of spending some time "in or about Philadelphia," and this seemed just the opportunity desired. The elder children had returned home from their sojourn at the Howland School, upon the shore of the beautiful Cayuga lake in New York, and as Oriana Mendenhall was loth to break up and leave her home in the south unless another was fixed upon elsewhere, it was decided that the family should remain for the time at least at "The Oaks."

The years spent at the Penn Charter were very pleasant in many ways; old friendships were renewed and new ones formed. The advantages afforded by the city for study were eagerly embraced. After two years spent there he was offered a situation at Haverford College, which was accepted. His summers were spent at home, and during most of the time one or another member of the family was either with him or near by, one daughter

spending a year at Dr. Harts-horne's school in Germantown, another the succeeding year studying painting in an Art school in the city, and still another spending several months in the vicinity, his wife also making him quite a lengthy visit. The work at Haverford was confining, as in addition to the duties as Superintendent he did a full amount of work in the classroom, which so wore upon him that at the close of two years he came home utterly prostrated.

Again he had recourse to civil engineering, which had twice before brought renewed health and strength, and did not fail in its good offices the third time. At this time he found occupation on the Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Railroad.

His interest in public education and the service he rendered it in his State and County is thus described by his friend above quoted:

"Dr Mendenhall was not merely a scholar of wide and varied attainments, he was not simply a profound student, he was these and even more. He was an intelligent earnest and zealous lover of humanity. He made his extensive learning subservient to the cause of humanity, and his sympathies were as far reaching as the human race. Believing that true educa-

tion was the great lever to lift up his fellow man to higher and nobler views of life he was always a steady and ardent friend of universal education. Although at times discouraged at the slow progress of public school education under our present system he never despaired. As a political economist he believed that it was cheaper, and as a moral economist, that it was far better to educate than to punish.

More than forty years ago he was selected as one of the Board of Examiners of Public School Teachers and was always its chairman.

When the law was enacted creating the present system of public school management he was chosen its chairman, and never missed a meeting when not prevented by sickness. Punctuality with him was one of the cardinal virtues."

During the last few years the kindness and unfailing courtesy of his fellow members upon the County Board were a great stimulant to him to press over feeble health and other hindering circumstances and be present at their meetings. And when he wrote resigning his place about one year ago, and received, instead of acquiescence, an earnest protest against the withdrawal, he said it was "a satisfaction to know how he was regarded by his fellow-members."

In — he was taken by his brother Junius Mendenhall, of Minneapolis, on quite an extended trip through Florida, Cuba, Yucatan and Mexico.

The memory of their journeyings must have afforded him more pleasure than the actual experiences, as he was quite unwell most of the time. However, he never wearied of telling the strange adventures and different surroundings into which they were constantly thrown. Especially was he delighted with the visit to Izmal in Yucatan. The Mexican railway was full of interest for him, and the City of Mexico with its Aztec relics and its historic surroundings was always an interesting subject.

The home life changed rapidly within these few years. Three of the daughters were married, the fourth at Wellesley College, and the youngest at Guilford. So long as the mother was well all went well, but her health began to show signs of giving way. She who had always been well, full of life and fun, with the elasticity and gayety of her girlhood still about her, always knowing just what should be done and how to do it, quietly allowed the lines to slip from her fingers and before any of the family could realize it, least of all her husband, herself needed the care she had always bestowed upon others.

Then the light in the old home went out and it became necessary for other arrangements to be made. By this time four of the daughters were at Guilford College. The husbands of two of them and the fourth daughter herself being in the Faculty, the fifth a student in the College. In order to be near them Dr. Mendenhall bought a comfortable cottage near King Hall and early in 1890 moved into it.

Its nearness to the College gave him free access to its constantly increasing library and also made it possible for him frequently to lecture to the students as well as attend the lectures of others given there. All this was much appreciated by both parties.

When his health permitted his attendance upon the First-day school held in King Hall was un-failing, and his remarks during the time for review will long be remembered by both students and Faculty.

On the 1st of 8th month, 1890, Oriana Mendenhall died suddenly of what was pronounced to be pulmonary apoplexy. Dr. Mendenhall was away from home at the time. The shock which fell entirely unlooked for upon the daughters had been suggested to him, both by his wife's general condition and from the fact that a few days before she had handed him her little hymn book which

she always kept with her Bible, and had pointed to the hymn, "I would not live away; I ask not to stay," desiring him to read it. "I thought then that she did not expect to live long," he said.

Her death broke the home up; he had no heart to keep house ever any more, though at different times the house was open and some of the family were there.

He spent his time, mostly, either with his sister Judith, in Greensboro, or at the home of his eldest daughter, wife of Lyndon Hobbs, this being sufficiently near his cottage, "Arcadia," for him to take his meals with them and then retire to his retreat to read and study.

This he seemed to enjoy greatly and all last winter, through the ice and snow, made his three trips daily and was better in health than he had been for years.

His room was warm and comfortable and his books near by; there it was his delight to welcome such of the students as pleased to call upon him for information or otherwise. Especially did he prize the friendship of the girls who visited him and walked with him. He never wearied in answering their questions or giving them such assistance as they desired.

For several years his health had been gradually failing, his appetite growing less and less. Still

his mental vigor was so great and his spiritual vision so clear that it did not seem possible that the end could be very near. After spending a comfortable winter, with the warm spring time came a renewal of his bodily ailment and corresponding loss of appetite. For some time he had been anxious to visit the Blue Ridge Mission and as soon as he was able to do so in the summer, he went up there and spent a month very pleasantly under the kind care of those in charge.

He was greatly impressed with the pressing need of religious teaching in the mountain districts and with the great work being accomplished through this Mission, as his utterances in Yearly Meeting plainly testified. On his return home it was very evident that his general condition was not improved. He attended most of the sessions of the Yearly Meeting and spoke with much of his old time vigor and distinctness. On First day he was poorly and did not attend the Meeting any more, but remained at the home of his sister Minerva, in Jamestown.

He had gone over there with the intention of remaining for a time and though able to be about some he was never well enough to return to Guilford College.

For several years he had been subject to occasional attacks of

severe pain and after one of these he never rallied sufficiently to leave his bed for any length of time. Gradually he grew weaker in body, though his mind remained as active as ever, and he spent much time reading. During these last weeks he read the New Testament through once, the Book of Mark three times, all of Virgil, besides much else in the way of articles in the *Contemporary*, *Nineteenth Century*, &c. On a stand by his bed were his Greek Testament and his Bible. During the last year he studied Tennyson's poetry with much interest, greatly enjoying almost all of it.

He would sift a poem through and through and pounce upon an obscure passage and ask for an explanation. "He always finds the lines which nobody knows anything about," exclaimed the President of Guilford College after such a call from the Doctor. "The Vision of Sin" puzzled him and he made it puzzle other people as well. Tennyson's poems was one of the few books he carried or had brought to Jamestown.

His interest in the religious questions of the day was unabated. For himself he had for years been at rest. After weary seasons of doubt and conflict, when he simply clung to his faith in the goodness of God he had come to believe with Browning,

"God is in His Heaven; all's right in the world." He was a Friend, not because he had been born one, not because George Fox preached or the learned Barclay defended the doctrines of the Society, but because after studying almost all philosophies and all religions and constant and devout study of the Bible, he came to the very conclusions which the early Friends proclaimed.

His opposition to many of the theories promulgated in these days was not the antagonism of ignorance or mere tradition, but the deliberate opinion of one who had studied the matter thoroughly and knew it not only from the standpoint of a Friend, but from that of a scientist and philosopher. As an evidence that this is true take this passage from his Alumni Address at Haverford :

"It seems to me that there is no real difference between the Practical Reason of Kant, The Feeling of Jacobi and the Faith of George Fox. In the ultimate they all appeal to the voice, why may it not be said the voice of God in the Soul. Hence, too, arises the assertion of Immortality and the Sense of Duty. Innate or connate, primitive or derived, there they are, springing up from the deepest fountains of the soul, and for all practical purposes we need carry them no farther back, and in my opinion we can carry

them no farther back; for just so sure as we have a spiritual part the Great Father of Spirits is in some sort of contact or communication with that and is really nearer to the Spirits of each one of us than we in any sense can be to each other except as we, united among ourselves, become one with Him as Christ was one."

The following was prepared by him during his last year of life as his creed, and is given as his own expression of the faith which he held:

MEA PHILOSOPHIA VEL THEOLOGIA, IN NUCE.

- I. Man is a progressive being.
- II. Though, in large degree, an animal—ruled by externals (the objective) in his actuality, or as an entelechy—he is Godlike.
- III. Man then is *potentially* Godlike.
- IV. As man's will is, so is he.
- V. Hence, as he yields to or wills the Godlike, so he becomes.
- VI. The full manifestation of God or the Godlike, to and in Humanity, was and is, by, in and through the Christ (historical and spiritual).
- VII. The Spirit guides into all truth.
- VIII. This guiding is not completed, this day or next, this year or next, this century or next, but goes on *progressively*, by and through the Spirit, as it has guided, is now guiding and will guide the individual and the human race—this guidance pertaining to Art, Science, Literature, matters civil, political, domestic, religious—to everything good belonging to life.
- IX. Hence to WILL the WILL, or

to WILL to do the WILL of the Christ, as manifested in and by the Spirit, is *progressively* to become Godlike.

As has been before mentioned his study of the Bible was unremitting. He read the Old and the New Testament in their original tongues and translated for himself. He studied Luthur's translation in the German and was familiar with the commentaries and criticisms of the past and present.

He read eagerly the results of the investigations of modern scholarship and while he recognized that much of the extraneous fabric which has accumulated about the truths of the Bible was being shaken and must fall, he rejoiced that the foundation of God stands sure, and often said "The religious world is being driven to the platform upon which the early Friends took their stand. Their doctrine concerning the Scriptures is impregnable." It was with regret he heard any one attack the "Higher Criticism," being sure that in reality they did not understand what they were fighting.

Toward the middle of October he began to decline more rapidly and found reading too much of an effort. Some time before he had expressed himself as having no fear of death, and as he knew that the time of separation was drawing near he said to one of his

children, "I want you to be as cheerful as possible and cultivate the belief in the goodness of God."

He spoke little, being too weak to articulate distinctly, but always said that he was not suffering. While consciousness remained he said over and over, "All's well!" "All's well!" "All right!" "All right!" After a restless night he fell asleep at dawn and slept a deep sleep from which he could not be roused, until sunset.

In the firelight in the house in which he was born, with his eldest sister and eldest daughter watching by his bedside, he quietly breathed his last.

"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark,
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark "

"For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place,
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar."

His day's work had been done in the day and when the summons came he was ready. For him Eternal Life had long ago begun, and he had been living in Heavenly Places with Christ Jesus. He entered upon the larger life and power of that spiritual kingdom of God, which he often pointed out as beginning now and here, on the 29th of 10th month, 1893, that being the anniversary of his wedding day just forty-two years before.

THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

GUILFORD COLLEGE.—HOW IT BECAME A COLLEGE.

The change of "New Garden Boarding School," the name under which a charter was originally obtained from the legislature, to a College, was a natural one, being the outgrowth of a long period of gradual development and prosperity.

As a High School, New Garden had occupied a place in the front rank among the schools in the state; and its growth during the last decade of its history as a school, was in all respects gratifying to its managers and friends. This is shown in part by a comparison of the number of pupils in attendance from year to year in that period, and also by the marked improvement in equipments, and the addition of instructors. The number in attendance in 1877 was sixty-five; the next year eighty; the following ninety-six; the next year ninety-nine; in 1884 one hundred and twenty-two; in 1885 one hundred and thirty-seven; the next year one hundred and forty-four; the following one hundred and sixty-four.

In 1878 there was one building only, which, with all its furniture, was time worn—the school having been carried on during the war with little opportunity or means to repair or replenish. Through

the liberality of Friends in Baltimore and other Yearly Meetings, and the donation to the school by North Carolina Yearly Meeting, in 1888 there were three large, well-arranged and well-furnished buildings. The course of study had, throughout the school's history, been an extensive one. In addition to the fundamental branches, in which most careful and thorough instruction was given, Latin, Greek, and the higher mathematics were taught with a degree of accuracy which won for the school a wide reputation. The demands for higher education, which grew from year to year upon the hands of those in charge, the commodious, well-equipped buildings, and the central and highly favorable location, naturally led to the establishment on the foundation laid by our forefathers of a college, which should offer an extended and carefully prepared course of study both to young men and to young women; a college which while holding fast to that which is good in the old, should ever be ready to incorporate the fruits of the latest investigations into its courses of study and methods of instruction and discipline.

When, therefore, it was under

consideration to extend the course of study, add new buildings, and increase the teaching force of the original school, it seemed only just to our pupils and to the public to apply to the legislature for a charter under the name of Guilford College, with authority to confer degrees.

THE FARM.

An object of no small interest and influence is the college farm. To the school and community it is a continuous object lesson full of instruction and new inspiration. To the boy who is a prospective farmer, it is a practical lesson, showing how a sterile and thirsty land may be turned into productive fields and made to come under the law of increasing returns. To all it is a forcible illustration of the principles of culture.

To the old student there is no place in which improvement seems more marked than on the farm, which a dozen years ago was in most part old sage field cut up with red gullies and covered with a growth of cedar, pine and persimmon, and supporting through the winter two or three milk cows which encouraged their appetites in a change of diet offered between a bunch of mouldy hay thrown onto the mud and green twigs abundant in the woods, with an *occasional relish* supplied by a few hand-fulls of meal, each

giving milk in quantities from a pint to a quart—varying directly with the temperature of the weather.

Following the improvement of the school buildings, the trustees turned their attention more to the cultivation of the farm. The year in which New Garden Boarding School became Guilford College marks an important epoch in the history of the farm. It was at this time that David Petty began to widen the little irregular truck patches into broader fields, and redeem the old sage fields and cedar thickets to tillable lands; taking up bushes and trees by the roots, filling up gullies and controlling the surface water in new-made ditches. At this time and in this way was laid the foundation of the present farm.

By surface ditches and clover roots barren hill sides have been made productive; by ditching and the use of tiling wet ponds have been turned into rich bottom lands. By deep plowing the raising of grasses, rotation of crops and the skillful use of fertilizer hauled from the stalls of the dairy barn, the whole farm has been worked up to a condition of productiveness truly encouraging.

The policy to bring up the farm and the cattle together has been carried out and now some forty well-kept Jerseys feed at their stalls in the model barn, supply-

ing the college tables with an abundance of rich milk and choice butter, while farmer Henry packs the mow with rank clover and fills the silo with heavy corn from what was once only gully-washed fields.

SOCIAL LIFE AT FOUNDERS'.

We, of the College, are so accustomed to think of Social Life as limited in place, to King Hall and in time, to Saturday evenings, that we are apt to disregard the fact that the every-day life of common-place Founder's has any social side. Social with some of us has come to mean only this: best clothes, best looks, and best behavior. Yet life in this old time-worn Hall has many pleasing features, which, if not appreciated by its inmates now, will one day be to them very sweet and sacred memories.

On the first floor of Founder's is situated the parlor, the Matron's parlor, dining room, etc. These are no unimportant factors in the social life of the house; for the meals are always pleasant events and something to which one can look forward. This is in an especial sense true of supper, the lightest meal of all, when the day's work is done and care is laid aside. Then, too, in the parlor, committees meet and various other little gatherings take place. Here

are received friends from a distance, sometimes from home.

On the second and third floors are the girls' rooms, together with those of the lady teachers. This fact of itself is but an index of the feeling of sisterhood and of mutual helpfulness existing between the two.

What makes our social life so enjoyable is the almost utter absence of formality. Every one has the privilege of following her own inclination along this line.

Even for calling there seems to be no set rules. Girls drop into one's room at all odd times, sometimes on business, often for pleasure, to study a problem together or to borrow a curler, to tell a great piece of news perhaps or merely to say good-night.

There is no point of strong centralization, but at leisure times usually the little company may be seen uniformly scattered throughout the rooms. The rule is two or three in a room, but occasionally when excitement is running high, over the foot-ball team's success for instance, quite a crowd of animated girls may be found in one room, standing and seated, all in different attitudes and all trying to talk at once. A general feeling of regard and good-will toward all prevails, and the formation of sets is rare and happily of short duration.

Of late informal teas in the

girl's room from 9:30 till 10 in the evening have not been infrequent. Whether or no' they have ever been prolonged beyond that hour this "deponent saith not." It has happened that some have even issued "At Home" cards, the hours 10-12 P. M. appearing only on those belonging to the Seniors.

Every Monday evening the girls call on the Governess in a body. They sit around in almost every available place with the genial hostess standing in the midst, all together unconsciously forming a pleasant picture. Each gives a quotation whose author the others guess, while the Governess makes little discourses on various subjects, designed for our special benefit and improvement.

Friday evening is taken up with the Society meeting, so the habit of visiting Sunday evenings is growing. It is then that in groups of twos usually, conversation falls into a serious vein, confidences are exchanged, and we come to know each other better than before. The rest and quiet of another Sabbath have had their effect on minds too often restless and disturbed.

An account of our social life would be a description of the thousand and one little incidents, which, though insignificant in themselves, go to make up the pleasantness of life. To the uninitiated this may give no definite

idea, for it must be experienced to be fully understood. But to many scattered daughters of a common Alma Mater, these words will recall former days. And it is hoped that their hearts will be warmed anew with something of the old feeling of friendliness and comradeship which they had for their companions when sheltered beneath the protecting roof of old Founders'.

LIFE AT ARCHDALE HALL.

To get a proper idea of life in and around Archdale Hall, one must bear in mind that the building is fitted especially for boys. Here they are gathered from various sections, each individual representing some distinguishing trait of humanity, so that they form a little world of their own.

The building can accommodate nearly fifty students, two being generally placed in a room. The appearance of the rooms themselves depends upon those occupying them, some presenting models of neatness and cleanliness, while others show unmistakable evidence that *boys* are the occupants. Indeed, the leading characteristic of Archdale life can be most graphically expressed by the word *boy* itself, with all that the term signifies.

Among the inmates there seems to be a general understanding to

have a good time; and such a motley crowd of youths are never in want of a new joke, a current phrase, a newly invented song, or a promiscuous yell to keep up spirits, while an occasional blending of voices in the college yell serves to sustain true patriotism for the institution.

On the whole, the boys in Archdale form a happy and mutually helpful family, in which each member soon learns to feel a common interest. Any one who has never lived within its walls can form a true conception of real, everyday life connected with the building. Every one in the Hall is in easy reach of the others. Hence it is that visiting forms a prominent feature. Especially at night, after twenty minutes to ten, when study-hour closes, the fellows delight in going from room to room or in gathering in small circles around the fires of some popular school-mate to discuss the thousand-and-one subjects always at hand.

But play and fun are by no means the chief objects of pursuit in this quarter. Archdale might appropriately be compared to a bee-hive, in which the drones are not wanting. Suffice it to say that this department of the institution is by no means a monastery. When you are at Rome you must do as Romans do; and when in Archdale you must simply identi-

fy yourself with the surroundings, ever remembering that he who will work can work even though the stillness of death does not reign about him.

In connection with this building we must not ignore the highly important part played by the governor and his assistant, the former rooming on the first, and the latter on the second floor. True, their presence is not always agreeable to some of the boys, for example: when the latter are called in to talk confidentially on some discovered plot, or kindred subjects which arise only at such places. But apart from such little affairs, the relation between the governors and those governed is of the most pleasant nature.

Objections may be urged against this method of placing boys together by themselves in a measure. It cannot be denied that a youth coming into such a crowd of forty or fifty more of his kind is subject to evil influences. On the other hand, the good element likewise shows itself and wields an overbalancing power. The firm, upright boy, by thus daily going in and out among his fellows, is exerting an influence which could scarcely be effected under any other circumstances. If the boys *are* lively and even prankish, we must bear with them, for the good is somewhere in them and needs to be cultivated. Not only does

the Christian sentiment, supported by the boys themselves, keep down hazing and such practices, but it is all the time working in a deeper channel; and to those well acquainted with the college, that secret force is showing marked results among the boys and young men who come to Guilford for instruction.

THE COTTAGE SYSTEM.

Owing to the inefficiency of the public schools in most parts of our State many of the girls were not receiving a thorough education in the rudimentary branches. The parents were unable to pay the expense in higher schools and colleges. To meet the needs of these the Trustees of Guilford College in 1889 had a cottage built where the girls could board themselves, bringing their provisions from home and doing their own work.

This was the establishing of the Cottage System.

The demand for more room for girls and the same advantage for boys induced the Trustees to have other cottages built, two for girls and two for boys, conveniently and suitably located, so that the girls could be under the supervision of the Governess and Matron and the boys under the Governor and Treasurer. Each cottage is furnished with bedsteads and straw beds, tables,

chairs, cook stove and utensils and warming stove. Other necessary articles are to be brought by the pupils.

This puts the expense within the reach of any boy or girl who is energetic and has physical ability. They usually make the cost of living in the cottage at from \$20 to \$25 per term of five months; this includes cottage rent and fire wood, which is \$5 per term. Provisions cost them from \$2.50 to \$4.00 per month, according to the kind of diet and economy in its use. These students have equal advantages in the school room with others and have made very satisfactory advancement. Some of these have thus finished the College course and are now engaged successfully in teaching and other business.

No doubt all who have had this opportunity are better citizens for having had the advantage of more education than they could obtain in the public schools, and enjoying for a time the associations of College life. Those who help themselves are calculated to be of more use to those about them for this discipline. This term there have been twenty-one girls and seventeen boys living in the cottages and doing good work in school.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

In the way of Societies, Guilford

College is well equipped, there being at this time four organizations of this character, some account of which we will endeavor to give in the order of their ages.

The "John Bright Literary Society," which was organized in 1874 under the name of "New Garden Literary Society" was the first association of the kind after the opening of the school under Prof. George Heartley as principal. It then had a large membership of both boys and girls. Its meetings have usually been held every other week, on Seventh day evening, alternating with lectures given by the Faculty.

This Society, affording an unlimited amount of amusement as well as instruction, continued to stand alone until 1884, when the young men of the institution, being fired with a zeal for greater opportunities for development in debate and oratory, decided to organize a "Debating Society" which should meet every Sixth day evening.

They took for their ideal Demosthenes and christened the organization the "Demosthetic Society." This increased so rapidly in numbers that it became necessary to divide it and organize two societies, one assuming the name of "Websterian Society," the other taking the name of the "Henry Clay Society."

Under date of Feb. 13th, 1885, in the first book of minutes of said Societies the following records are made:

WEBSTERIAN.

"Some of the boys of New Garden B. S. being desirous of forming a Debating Society, met in the Collection Room at King Hall, Friday night, Feb. 13th, 1885, for that purpose. Joe. M. Heartley called the house to order. Wm. F. Overman was chosen to act as President. The President then made a few remarks setting forth the plan of work and the need of action.

Augustine Blair was chosen to act as Secretary.

By vote of Society it was determined to draft a Constitution and By-Laws. Thereupon the President appointed R. C. Root, Lucius Ward and Joe. M. Hartley for that purpose."

The first signers to this Constitution were Wm. F. Overman, L. C. Van Noppen, R. C. Root, A. E. Cole, Joe. M. Heartley, E. G. Davis, T. R. Bray, A. N. Blair, Chipman Stuart.

HENRY CLAY SOCIETY.

"Believing it will be to the best interests of the students of New Garden B. S. that another Debating Society be organized several of the young men met in Room

No. 6, King Hall, for that purpose.

The meeting was called to order by Wm. T. Parker, who moved that W. F. Wilson act as President *pro. tem.* J. H. Jessup was chosen Secretary.

President Wilson then stated the purpose of the meeting.

On motion a Committee consisting of W. T. Parker, E. M. Cole and W. F. Wilson were appointed to draft and present to next meeting a code of By-Laws.

The first signers of this Constitution were Wm. T. Parker, E. M. Cole, W. F. Wilson, J. M. Dixon, C. N. Cox, J. M. Lee, W. H. Long, J. H. Jessup, Wm. Pearson.

The youngest member of the quartett is the Philagorean Society composed entirely of young women and organized April 24th, 1885, under the name of "Cicada."

The first officers of the "Cicada" were F. Ida Vail, President; Minnie Copeland, Secretary; Hetty Overman, Treasurer, and Anna Bundy, Marshal.

The first Committees were as follows:

Executive Committee.—Cora Copeland, Ida Lindley and Mary Hockett.

Committee on Constitution.—Rena Worth, Mary Reynolds and Mary Cox.

Committee on Finance.—Lola Coffin, Hattie Mendenhall and Ruth Blair.

There seems to have been a steady growth in strength and members until the young women concluded the name "Cicada" was no longer appropriate, and on Sep. 3rd, 1887, Dicie Baker, Genevieve Mendenhall and Achsa Cox were appointed to select a new name better suited to the changed condition. The name "Philagorean," meaning "Love of public speaking," was reported and accepted by the Society.

These Societies have been remarkably successful, both materially and intellectually. They have all manifested good judgment in the substantial yet appropriate furnishings of their Halls. Also in the collection of valuable books for their Libraries.

The prizes offered for the greatest improvement in debate and for oratorical excellence have been an incentive to immediate and persistent effort.

Their determination to place upon their walls the portraits of none but great and good characters will, in itself, be a means of cultivation.

Each Society gives an entertainment during the year. These are occasions looked forward to with much interest by the public as well as former members of the Societies.

The Websterian, Henry Clay and Philagorean Societies have assumed the entire charge of edit-

ing the COLLEGIAN, the work being impartially divided among them.

It is the source of no small degree of satisfaction that co-education and co-labor are equally successful and pleasant.

Perhaps in no single line of the various means of culture offered the young men and women of Guilford College is there greater incentive to original investigation than in the Literary Societies.

Here it is that iron sharpeneth iron. The interplay of thought and the laudable rivalry in productions is a wonderful stimulus to *do* and *be* one's best.

Old thoughts are presented in a more attractive dress, and new lines of investigation set on foot that might, otherwise, never have occurred to the mind.

All of this is accomplished by way of recreation with a degree of exultation that sends the blood more vigorously through the veins and forms one of the brightest pages in the students life.

OUR Y. M. C. A.

Guilford has always been a place where christian influences were strong and where a christian character passed for what it really was, but any organized effort (except probably a prayer meeting) among the students themselves for christian work among other students was foreign to us until Mr. Mott

touched us on one of his visits in 1889.

Since that date we have always had a strong Young Men's Christian Association, and through its influence there have been several great religious awakenings at the college that have brought many young men and women to the place where they were willing to let the power of God change them from death unto life. In 1891 we found that we needed a building which we could call our own, so we immediately began to raise money to erect one. A \$4,000 Hall now stands upon the college campus as a result of this effort, the lower story of which affords ample space for the regular meetings of the association, while the upper story has been provided with the beginning of what we wish to make a good gymnasium. As in most other college associations we have our monthly business meetings, weekly prayer meetings, Bible classes, &c. The influence of these weekly meetings and the Bible classes can in no wise be estimated by any one as yet, but it is very plain that if they were to be plucked out by the roots from the regular routine of college work, the whole tendency of our institution would be changed.

It had been our desire for a number of years to send some representatives to a summer con-

ference, but not until this past season has the association realized an opportunity to do so. Two of our members attended the World's Conference of Young Men, at Northfield, Mass., this summer, and brought back with them new inspiration and new plans of work to apply to the association, and we feel as though we shall gladly send several delegates to the summer school which is to convene at Knoxville, Tenn., next June, if possible.

THE Y. W. C. T. U.

A righteous hatred against the liquor traffic burst into a mighty conflagration at Hillsboro, Ohio, twenty years ago, and the saloon found arrayed against itself a concourse of women with faces "set like a flint."

Nations have cought up the ignitable spirit until the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is not only a significant name but a power. It is an army, perfectly organized, with a solid front, and recruits in training. The Young Women's Christian Temperance Union is only another name for these unfailing recruits.

Soon after North Carolina's women were organized, the authorities set about bringing her girls together. The first union was formed at Guilford College and since its organization in 1884 has never disbanded.

Manifold has been the teaching of the Guilford "Y's." While they have directed their energies chiefly against the liquor curse other lines of reform have crept in, until now the organization stands as an expression of the philanthropic status of Guilford's young women. It stands also as an expression of their desires for practical lives—well rounded, spiritual, mental and physical lives.

From our own state, numbers of girls have come and allied themselves with the Y. W. C. T. U. Some perhaps came in with folded hands, and keeping them clasped have received no benefit, but the association has not failed in the development of those who have entered the work in earnest.

The great majority of members gone out have proved themselves strong, and have been of inestimable service, and churches and communities where they have labored have just cause to be thankful for such a training school as the Guilford "Y's."

THE LIBRARY."

The most frequented place of the institution is the library and reading room. Adjoining the assembly room in King Hall, it is easily accessible to all students during school hours. At other times the girls and boys each have their respective hours to use this room. Containing between two

and three thousand volumes, and receiving additions from year to year, the library offers excellent advantages. Its carefully selected books of reference form a collection probably unsurpassed in the state, and are indispensable to the students in history and literature, in which branches the topical method is extensively used. Care is taken to furnish the scholars with abundant matter for practical purposes. Books of science, poetry, prose writings and biography, together with fiction, travel, religious works, journals, and a variety of other reading matter, including the best newspapers and periodicals, both secular and religious, form plentiful material for study and miscellaneous readings. Special effort is made to procure only material of an elevating character, and the librarian is careful to make this department the means of the greatest possible good.

OUR MUSEUM.

Upon Prof. Joseph Moore's return from an extended tour to the Sandwich Islands in 1875, he at once set about the work of building a cabinet of Natural History for the school. From the numerous collections made during his travels a goodly number were selected and placed in cabinets. To this nucleus were soon added other collections and in a few

years he was the possessor of a comparatively good working cabinet. In 1885 when old King Hall was burned the specimens were nearly all destroyed. When King Hall was re-built a room in the north-west corner on the first floor was arranged with cases to hold collections. The energetic collector at once began to rebuild the cabinet and when he was called to Earlham College, Ind., a short while afterwards, the collection was again in good condition. Having lost its greatest friend and supporter the museum grew but slowly until within the last two or three years when the work has again been taken up by those interested in its welfare.

The museum now contains one of the best College collections in North Carolina. Among other departments might be named, a large number of Indian relics; over one hundred mounted birds and animals; several thousand minerals and fossils; and the largest scientific collection of bird-eggs in the South.

We are always glad to receive contributions of specimens from the friends of the College.

OUTLOOK.

After an existence of five years as a college, Guilford may fairly be said to have gained a secure foot-hold in the State; and the

thoroughness and breadth of her instruction—a characteristic of the school from its foundation—the superior advantages in equipments, Libraries, Museum of Natural History, and the rank taken by her alumni in the various professions and fields of usefulness have fully shown the wisdom of the managers of the institution in changing the school into a college.

The rapid development of the various departments of study, the zeal of instructors and pupils, and the gradual increase of attendance have combined in pointing to a useful future. The growth of the Library has been most marked, and there now may be found the most valuable books in the various fields of human learning.

The additions made to the Museum of Natural History, a good foundation for which had

previously been laid, have rendered this part of Guilford's equipments among the best in the State, and are having a most beneficial effect on the instruction in Science, and form an object of much interest to all who visit the College. Like improvements have shown themselves in other departments, and altogether foreshow what may be expected in the work of the College as the years pass by.

The large endowment both in real estate forming one of the best dairy farms in North Carolina, and in special funds, guarantee a permanency of foundation, and give confidence to the entire work of the College: and indicate the interest which is being taken by friends of higher education, who are willing to give money by way of endowment either in scholarships or in buildings.

STUDENT LIFE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

It is very evident that the educational institutions of high rank have done their most effective work after years of growth. No matter how munificent the gifts or how wisely used, age alone can give that stability and calm dignity which is so large an element in general culture.

Notwithstanding the above, it

s a satisfaction, especially to a student of this institution, to know that despite its youth Chicago University, by the large sum spent on the erection and equipment of commodious buildings, the careful selection of men of profound learning from both America and Europe to constitute the faculty, and the outline of its purpose, to-

gether with the high grade of work already accomplished, has won for itself a reputation which otherwise would have required years of faithful service to obtain.

This may be better understood when it is known that this year the Science department has access for the first time to a Physical Laboratory costing two hundred thousand dollars, a Chemical Laboratory costing the same, and a Museum valued at one hundred thousand dollars—all built by the generosity of wealthy friends of the institution. As to the selection of instructors some idea may be had when it is understood that in the present faculty are such men as Thomas J. Lawrence and Richard Green Mouton, of Cambridge University, England; Hermann Edward von Holst, of Freiburg, Germany; Oscar Bolza, of Poland; Albert A. Michelson, late of France, and other specialists from Europe—along with a great number of distinguished American educators. Great credit is due President Harper in his tireless effort to bring to Chicago such men and women as those who constitute the present faculty.

If large and well equipped halls, an endowment of 5,000,000 dollars, a well selected faculty of over one hundred and fifty members, nine of whom are ex-college presidents, are the requisites for a good university, then this one is

prepared for work. If intellect and devotion and enthusiasm and money can win, then the University of Chicago will succeed.

It is a law of this institution that the Autumn quarter shall always begin on the 1st of October, and I might add the Winter quarter on 1st January, the Spring quarter on 1st of April, and the Summer quarter on 1st of July. As the 1st of October this year was on Sabbath, the only exercises of that day were of a religious character. Early in the morning of the 2d the writer found himself upon the University grounds—everything was bustle and hurry. Express load after load of trunks were being taken to the various dormitories. Upon every hand were new students trying to acquaint themselves with their new surroundings. As I found Foster, Kelly and Beecher Halls, from the character of the noises within I easily guessed I was in the "Woman's Quadrangle." Going to Cobb Hall—the main building of the University—I thought I would at once matriculate, get classified, and then go to work. Cobb Hall was literally full of students. Many were hurrying in and out—meeting old friends and forming new acquaintances—in just the manner we have all seen to a greater or less degree. But not all were active with enthusiasm. All new students, not

graduates, were required to take entrance examinations, which were held the week preceding—but not one of the more than two hundred who attempted to pass them knew whether he had been successful or not. Here was a state of intense suspense. Young men and women who had been waiting for days, were here at this time, for at nine o'clock the bulletin boards were to announce the results. When the announcement came at least nine out of ten had been successful. The remaining ten per cent. quickly and sadly withdrew. Then it was that the real rush—first to the Examiner, second to the Register, and third to the various Deans, began. For hours I waited my turn, and still it did not come, nor did it come that day. At four p.m. a reception, with refreshments, was given to the new students. The christian influence in the University exerted itself in a telling way upon the students as they entered the institution for the first time. At eight o'clock the Walker Museum was dedicated in connection with the Autumn Convocation. The exercises were held in the large room on the first floor of the museum. This room is 50x120 feet, the superstructure being supported by eight massive pillars.

The most noted speaker upon this occasion was Prof. Henry Drummond, of Glasgow. As I

listened to the great Scotchman I wished again and again that all the young people of Guilford could hear him. If it were not out of the province of this article, I should like, even now, to tell you how he emphasized the fact that the greatest treasure of life was very near to us all, if we will only reach for it in the right direction.

Upon the following day I entered upon my regular work, thus becoming a student again. Nearly all my time is spent in Walker Museum. Each department in the University has its own library situated in the hall devoted to that especial subject. Thus the Library of Geology, and its kindred branches, is in the museum; of Physics, is in Ryerson laboratory; of Chemistry, in Kent laboratory; of English, in Cobb Hall, &c. In addition to twelve or more special libraries, there is one general library on the campus. All students have access to any library. Neither books, magazines or papers can be taken from any except the general library. The various departments having not only their separate libraries and lecture rooms, but many of them being in separate halls, has a tendency to restrict the commingling of students. Student life in a university of this character is very different from what it is in the ordinary college. That universal acquaintanceship among students, so valu-

ed in our smaller school, is not found in a large university. The christian associations, especially those of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. are a common meeting ground for students from all departments. The young men hold a prayer meeting every sixth day evening from 6.45 to 7.30 o'clock. A joint prayer meeting of young women and young men is held every Sabbath evening at the same hour. The Christian Union—a joint organization of faculty, students and all christian workers—holds a religious service each Sabbath evening at 7.30.

Of the various clubs and societies—not religious in their character—the most important are those organized for literary work. Each department in the University has its club and its seminary, where the faculty and advanced students meet for the discussion of important topics in that department. In the Club the discussions are of an informal character; but in the Seminary topics are presented only by written papers.

There are various political clubs in the University, but as yet I have had no time that I could devote to such organizations. I have attended one meeting of the Prohibition club, of which my roommate is the honored President.

The sentiment of the institution is opposed to Fraternities, hence their absence.

Inasmuch as the University is located in one of the prohibition districts of Chicago, there has recently been formed a society known as "The Protective League," the object of which is to help maintain the prohibition laws in this portion of the city. I should call the work of such a club practical, and for such duties I shall always try to have time that may be given.

Let me answer here in a general way some questions which I have been asked by some of my former students. One was like this: Is the study of higher mathematics necessary to an advanced course in Natural Sciences. To this I should say, *yes*. If not absolutely necessary it is very important. Let me illustrate: even in the first term's work in Mineralogy we have frequently used principles demonstrated in Plane and Spherical Trigonometry and Analytical Geometry.

I have been asked if there are any examinations here. This is known as a progressive institution but its rate of progress has not taken it beyond the custom of written examinations. The year, as I have said is divided into four quarters of three months each; the quarters are divided into two terms of six weeks each. At the end of every term written examinations are given. Those at the end of the quarter being much

longer than the mid-quarter ones. In addition to these regular examinations, all applicants for a degree, except that of Bachelor's must pass what are known as special examinations. Every examination must be written on a certain kind of tablet—purchased by the student for that purpose.

The amount of work taken is somewhat optional with the student, unless he should choose more than three recitations per day of regular advanced work, then some of the instructors will assist him in selecting a smaller amount.

Three studies mean three full hour recitations per day for five days at least in the week, and more if you have laboratory work, and it means any number of hours, all you have, of diligent study in preparation for the recitations.

No recitation is ever "made up" if you miss a class from any cause, that lecture or "quiz" is gone and you are the loser. If a student absents himself a certain number of times from his class, he will be required to take another study, known as a minor, no matter how well he may pass in his final examination.

As to expenses: There is first a Matriculation fee of five dollars, this fee is paid but once. Tuition for undergraduates is \$30.00, and for graduates \$40.00 per quarter, or \$90.00 and \$120.00 per year, of

nine months. Furnished rooms in the dormitories cost \$30.00 to \$45.00 per quarter. Good table board can be procured from three and a half to four dollars per week. The total expense for one year, of nine months need not much exceed \$400.00, provided one does not spend too much for incidentals. In the above estimate no allowance is made for the cost of books.

All the accommodations about the University are arranged with a view to make it easy for the student to pursue his line of study to the best advantage. However, to my mind, the halls, laboratories and libraries, are not the most potent factors for good among the influential agencies of the University. But rather in the daily association of the pupil with his teacher, who in his department is a master, will the greatest good be found. Permit me to say, I believe that the inspiration instilled is of more value than the information received. So much does this institution believe in the good derived by the student from an intimate association with instructors, that it holds, as one of its policies, that the number of teachers shall be sufficiently large to make the formation of small classes possible. Receptions given by various members of the faculty to certain classes is another means chosen to reach the same end. One

among the most pleasant of these receptions was one given to graduate students by Prof. Alice Freeman Palmer, ex-president of Wellsley College.

Not only does the student in the University have the privilege of feeling each day that his life is being shaped by the influence of his instructor, but in addition to this he has many opportunities to hear other masters; those who have won distinction in almost every vocation of life. I venture to say that no young man who listened to Prof. Drummond though he may have heard only a few of these half score lectures and addresses given by the distinguished philosopher, will ever be able to withdraw himself entirely from the influence they must have exerted upon him. The better side of one's life can but be strengthened, by coming under the personal power, though it be only for a short time, of such characters as Joseph Cook of Boston, Rev. Lowey of London, Rev. McNeal of Scotland, Lady Henry Sommerset of England, Wm. T. Stead, editor of the *Review of Reviews*, Paul Du Chaille, the great African explorer, and other noted men and women to whom the students have had the opportunity of listening within the past

few weeks. I believe that these outside influences as they may be called, are no small factors in the formative influence of the University. Is it not an education in itself to be in the company of those persons who think great thoughts and perform noble deeds as though it were their nature thus to do?

Such lives furnish us with a tangible ideal. They become our models in action. They are a strength to our weakness. They are so filled with all that is the best in life, that their every action becomes a manifestation of real manhood. At such feet we willingly sit and eagerly learn. It is the way of being taught of which Pres. Mills speaks in the last *Phoenixian*, when telling the story of the physician and his pupil, "A great part of our education which endures and which moulds us is derived in just this way."

After all, I know of no more important truth for young men and women to learn than the one which lifts their thoughts, even in a busy city, above the plane of personal gratification and worldly pleasure. And I know no place better adapted to learn this lesson than in a great University.

E. C. PERISHO.

University of Chicago.

GLIMPSES OF STANFORD LELAND, JR., UNIVERSITY.

The appropriateness of the foregoing title is more apparent to the writer than to the reader, unless the reader has had the good fortune to see the institution for himself. In the latter case he would readily agree with me in saying no adequate idea of the University can be given within the limits of this article. My impression is no one can appreciate this institution properly until he has seen it with his own eyes. Nor will one view suffice. As a lover of art must stand now here, now there, and again change his point of view in order to enjoy the beauty of a great painting or a master-piece of art, so must one do who would see the harmonious blending of the beautiful in art with the beautiful in nature so noticeable in Stanford University and its surroundings. After the visitor has viewed the scene from various points on the broad campus or from favorable positions in the famous Santa Clara valley, he should turn to the South and climb the foothills of the Santa Cruz Range in the rear of the University. Standing under a group of live oaks which abound on the foothills one sees before him a scene of beauty not easily forgot.

If more ambitious still, one may

ascend the mountains beyond and from beneath towering redwoods he may view, with one grand sweep of the eye, town and University, mountains and valleys, bay and ocean.

When one has viewed the finest gems of Moorish architecture placed in such a setting, he will readily admit no mere pen sketch can portray the beauty of the scene. And as he stands within the Quadrangle—the centre of attraction and of the University life—the beholder will be ready to exclaim, as George W. Cable recently did, "This is the finest symphony in architecture outside of the 'White City.'"

Stanford University is the product of Western energy, wealth and intelligence. The founders were identified with the early development of the great West. (I say founders because *Mrs.* Stanford has done much to insure the success of the University.) They comprehended more fully than many the future possibilities of the Pacific slope. They saw, too, the important part intelligence and skill must take in the development of this vast area with its no less vast resources. The founders also recognized the fact that there was ample room for an

institution of learning as broad in its lines of culture as the highest intelligence could devise, and as complete in its appointments as an abundance of wealth could supply.

Neither race, nor faith, nor sex debars one who is worthy from the privileges of the University. Tuition is free in every department. The only fees are those made to cover costs of materials used in the laboratory courses. And so far as the writer is aware, Stanford is the only University in the United States where all courses are purely elective. This leads to the free intermingling of all students and in consequence class rivalries and animosities are unknown.

The student may select his course from one or more of the following departments: Greek; Latin; Germanic Languages; Romance Languages; English Language and Literature; Ethics; Psychology; Education; History; Economics and Social Science; Law; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Botany; Geology; Zoology; Entomology; Physical Training; Drawing and Painting; Mining Engineering; Civil Engineering; Mechanical Engineering; Electrical Engineering; Military Science and Tactics. There are eighty professors and instructors to guide the student in wisdom's ways and prevent him forming habits of idleness.

My own brief experience leads me to believe the faculty are remarkably successful, as to the latter part at least.

Admission to the University may be gained as follows: By passing the regular entrance examination; on high school certificate and partial examination; on diplomas from colleges of good standing; or by entering as a special student, with or without examination as the faculty may direct. Special students cannot become candidates for degrees without first becoming regular students entitled to full class standing.

It is well for the student to decide on his course as far as possible before coming to the University. If this is done his "Major Professor"—the head professor of the department he proposes to enter—can easily arrange the minor subjects to suit the student's major subject. The major professor will also inform the student that a certain amount of work is expected of him before he will be recommended as worthy of a University degree. No student need hope to get a degree without this recommendation from his major professor.

After consulting with the head of his department, the student proceeds to the Registrar's office and enters on the cards given him the studies he proposes to

take during the year. The registration should be carefully done. No change can be made after the first week except by special permission—a formal petition therefor having been presented. No credit is given on studies not registered; and no student may register for less than thirteen or more than eighteen hours of recitation or lecture work per week, unless the University physician so recommends and the faculty approve of the recommendation.

One might suppose the elective system would enable some students to select easy courses and thus glide along with little effort at study. But every student is required to select some subject as his major study. The major professor can easily checkmate any tendency in that direction—if such a tendency exists. Remarkably little evidence of idleness is seen around the Quadrangle. Nearly every one seems to have caught the spirit of work—enthusiastic work—that pervades the University. From 8:15 A. M. until night there is a hum of activity through the halls, the arcades and the open court of Quadrangle.

Two-thirds of the eight hundred and eighty-four students now at Stanford are young men, yet one seldom sees or hears of conduct unbecoming a gentleman. The young ladies, as a matter of course, are most exemplary in all things.

Rules and regulations are unknown. The students are placed on their honor and they appear to be honorable enough to appreciate the fact and act accordingly. The general deportment of the student body speaks strongly in favor of the mode of governing here in force and no less strongly in favor of the students themselves.

The literary societies at Stanford appear to be prospering, yet they have not gained that prominence in the University life that such organizations merit.

Attendance at chapel exercises is not compulsory. A small number of students and professors attend regularly. The comparatively small attendance of students at chapel and at Sabbath school would seem to indicate the religious tone of the University is not up to the desired standard. This conclusion would be modified considerably after one attends the Sabbath morning service and the students' Sabbath evening prayer meeting. Both of these services are largely attended. The students' prayer meeting reminds one of the same service at Guilford College. The Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. also have organizations among the students. While all of the departments of the University are well equipped and well "manned," and some of them "womaned," yet the strongest departments seem to be Eng-

lish, Mathematics, Economics and Science. The Universities of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Edinburgh, Leipzig and Tübingen are represented in the faculty. Cornell supplies the largest number of professors of any one institution. The University of Michigan comes next.

It would hardly be proper to omit to mention athletics even in a hurried sketch of the University. Stanford claims to have the best foot ball team on the Pacific slope. Her athletes have won some of the most coveted prizes in field sports. The two large and thoroughly equipped gymnasiums—one for each sex—are worthy of special notice. They are in charge of competent directors who give class drills daily. Three full hours per week is the usual amount of work done in the gymnasiums. There are also numerous tennis courts, two running tracks, a base ball field and a foot ball oval. Certainly athletics do not go a begging at Stanford, but perhaps the "safety valve" idea should not be overlooked. However that may be, the beneficial effect of the physical training on the physique of the students should not be overlooked. Stanford's students are quite up to the average in that respect. Whether their fine physique is due to athletics or to the "G. C. of the P. C.", the reader may decide for himself. (I

will explain the mystic letters only. In Western vernacular they stand for "Glorious climate of the Pacific coast.")

If the reader will now accompany me on a rapid survey of the famous Palo Alto estate—the site of Stanford University—he will get some of the most attractive "glimpses" yet found. It should be stated before going further that the University Endowment consists in part of eighty nine thousand and four hundred acres of choice California land. The Palo Alto estate comprises eight thousand four hundred acres of the landed property.

On entering the University grounds from Palo Alto we go directly south through an extensive arboretum in which may be found every tree, shrub and plant that will grow in the latitude. Passing down the palm-lined avenue, one quarter of a mile from the entrance we catch a glimpse of the Stanford mausoleum on the right. This structure is built of polished granite in the Grecian style of architecture. Beyond the mausoleum is the Stanford mansion with its beautiful grounds—baronial like in extent and magnificence. About three-quarters of a mile from the entrance we pass on our right the museum which reminds one of the national capitol in its general appearance. Its bronze doors and marble ves-

tibule are strikingly beautiful. Many interesting and valuable articles are now being put in place. Among other relics of value is a mummy from the royal family of Rameses II. Passing on again another quarter of a mile we find ourselves amid grassy plats and blooming flowers. To our right (west) stands Roble (rô'ble) Hall, the young ladies' dormitory, capable of accommodating one hundred students. To the left we see the boys' dormitory which will accommodate three hundred and fifteen students.

In front of us stands the Quadrangle. Immediately in the rear of the latter are the shops, the electrical, the mechanical, and the engineering departments. Beyond the south-east corner of the Quadrangle are three rows of residences in which many of the professors reside. As a background to the University stand the foot hills and ranges of the Santa Cruz mountains. Entering the quadrangle we seem to have found the enchanted spot. Here is a paved

court of three and one-quarter acres in extent. Near the centre yet extending lengthwise—east to west—are right circular mounds filled with flowers and tropical plants. Around this court are twelve buildings of the quadrangle connected by a continuous open arcade. The buildings are made of buff sandstone, the roofs covered with red tile. In the style of architecture, you recognize the most charming features of the old Spanish Missions of California. Imagine, if you can, a combination of massive stone structures with one hundred and forty-two stone arches and one hundred and seventy-six Byzantine columns with grand entrances, flowers within, trees and grass and flowers without, mountains upon every horizon save one—imagine such a scene thronged with manly men and queenly women and you have some idea of the attractions of Leland Stanford Jr. University.

R. C. ROOT.

Leland Stanford Jr. University.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE ALUMNI IN '93.

Our Southern people have always prided themselves on their bravery, their hospitality and their culture. They have even despised that shrewdness which, combined with courage and energy, has made their northern brethren more prosperous. But strange as it may sound to your ears, Mr. President, I assert to-day, that while our material prosperity is far greater than our most hopeful citizens ever expected, higher education and higher culture has, for a number of years, made comparatively little progress. And without trespassing too far upon your patience, I mean to discuss the progress of our section in things material and things intellectual.

Coming to you as I do from central Carolina, from the historic county of Alamance, that sits even more exalted in this day from the arts of peace than she did once from the arts of war, where the music of the rippling waters mingles with the busy hum of spindles, and where the glad voices of nature unite in sweet accord with the songs of labor in telling the happiness and prosperity of men. From this earnest, thinking, working community, I lay a modest claim to some knowledge of the prosperity and progress of Caro-

lina and our native Southland. As I am, perhaps, more familiar with this industry than any other, I will begin the illustration of our material progress with cotton, both in its production and its manufacture.

Before the war our Southern leaders, whose integrity I shall never question, upheld the institution of slavery, maintaining that the production of our great staple was dependent upon the labor of the negro; and from honest hearts and sincere lips prophesied that breaking the shackles of the slave would bring desolation to our fair land, because our fields would no longer be white with cotton, but foul with weed and bramble. But we rejoice that many of these men have lived to realize their error, and to see that where they raised 4,000,000 bales of cotton before the war with slave labor, we now raise 8,000,000 with free and largely white labor; and we now estimate that under sufficient development the south can supply the world with this staple if there were not another cotton field on the globe. When the war closed our people were largely an agricultural people, dependent almost entirely upon this staple, cotton, for support; but since that time we

have not only doubled the production, but have made wonderful progress in its manufacture. South of the Ohio river, even so late as 1880, scarce 17,000,000 dollars were invested in cotton manufacturing. The census of 1890 showed three times as much, or \$53,000,000. 1880 showed a product of sixteen millions, 1890 of forty-one millions. In 1880 the south had 161 cotton mills; since that time many of these mills have doubled, quadrupled—yes, immensely increased their capacity, and to-day, as I stand before you, the hum of the spindle and the clatter of the loom is heard in 400 cotton mills south of Mason and Dixon's line, and happy am I that one-fourth of that number are within the boundaries of the Old North State. Some time since I heard from one of the worthy professors of this institution these words: "I don't think much of the manufacturing towns of North Carolina; they depend too much on tobacco." I am happy to tell him that the leading industry of North Carolina is not the manufacture of tobacco, but of cotton, and that the manufacture of cotton constitutes one-third the product of the state, and that next to the state of Georgia North Carolina was the first in the south to prove its success. In 1876 North Carolina had 33 cotton mills, in 1880 49; to-day she has over

100—averaging more than one to every county in the state; and we can say something that no other southern state can, and that is that the greater part of the cotton raised in the state is marketed and manufactured in her own borders. Nor is the prosperity of the south limited to this staple alone. Our mining interests have assumed vast proportions, and we now estimate that our mines of coal and iron contain a supply amply sufficient for the increasing demands of the civilized world. In 1860 we had 10,086 miles of railroad; in 1890 there were 44,466 miles under successful operation. And so, in the language of a distinguished American, "Every line of enterprise and industry indicate that the star of empire has changed its orbit, and is now moving in majesty and grace toward the Southern cross."

The recuperative energy and material prosperity of the south are the wonder of the world. The south, and not least among her States, North Carolina, has organized victory out of defeat, and has illustrated the sentiment that human virtue should be equal to human adversity. The problem that confronts us now must accomplish a far more difficult task, and that is to illustrate the sentiment that human virtue should be equal to human prosperity. All other problems are of easy solution

when we have mastered this one, and made our intelligence and our morality equal to our material prosperity. Our wealth may prove a greater enemy to us than our poverty, for our prosperity is more perilous than our adversity. Prosperity has destroyed many peoples before us. Indeed, the selfishness which nations have acquired and exhibited in the pursuit of wealth and luxury arising from its possession have destroyed those virtues which were fostered by adversity as the flame is fostered by the wind. The countless hosts of the orient could not conquer small but powerful Greece, but its conquered wealth wrought slowly but surely a greater destruction. The strong arm of the Roman soldier that had conquered the world, brought order to the barbaric tribes of the north, and protected commerce, so that the wealth of the west as well as of the east had been heaped upon his state, fell an easy victim to the spoil which he had taken. The splendor of Spain fell as an assassin's victim, pierced through by the gilded knife which her own hills held in sheath.

In this day of prosperity we may well ask ourselves, "How long shall the glory of our State remain unclouded?" In the light of experience there is but one answer, and that is, "Only so long as our moral and intellectual cul-

ture is in advance of those impulses that are engendered by material prosperity." But you ask, "Are not our educational forces still in the lead? Is the spirit of learning, of higher learning, losing caste in our midst?" I am no pessimist; I hope that we are advancing, but I fear very slowly. I fear that there is a spirit in the land that would tear down the Ideal, that esteems all as worthless that goes beyond the practical ends of money getting; that loudly proclaims culture a myth, kneels in adoration to wealth, and esteems no education that may not be used as a key to unlock different departments of business life. "Let us see. A man of business may go into any of our centres of trade, talk up an industrial enterprise for a few hours, a company is formed, stock is taken, and the new business is under way and prosperous in an incredibly short time. You can find men in almost any town who will unite in a new enterprise, whether it be cotton, tobacco, wood, iron or merchandise, but how different a matter to induce the same men to unite to build an academy, or to endow a college. What is the cry over North Carolina to-day? The colleges, with few exceptions, are complaining of lack of patronage, and *without* exception are retarded in their work for lack of money. It is

true that quite a number of new institutions have been established, but this is no reason why the old ones should suffer; but on the contrary, should only add to their prosperity. Why should educational institutions languish amid universal prosperity? There is one answer, and but one. It is that our young manhood is not cultivating its intellect so much as trying to get wealth. The youth is not listening to the great and learned of all ages who exhort to greater mental development, to higher culture, but to the words of his successful-business-man father who tells him that a college education may be a good thing, but not worth the time required to get it; that it will unfit him for business, and if he gets an education he will have to be a second rate lawyer, or preacher, or college professor, and that he will never have any money. Or it may be that that worthy father tells him he wants to make a little investment and will need the few hundred dollars that it will require to finish his education to put into the new enterprise. No wonder that many a young man is drudging along in a business for which he has little love or fitness, and finding out too late that he might have found a more agreeable life and greater success if he had only obtained a college education. I for one do not believe that a col-

lege education unfits a young man for a successful business career. On the contrary, I believe that it is of the greatest advantage to him. I think he can use it in many practical ways, and that it will give him broad and extended views, will help him to originate great things, and to *lead* where the mere man of business could barely hope to follow. Be this as it may, if we realize that the intellectual is more than the physical, the spiritual of greater import than the material, then we cannot fail to believe that there are greater pleasures in learning than in wealth, and that culture feasts upon beauty and richness of which the uncultivated can have no just conception.

As the power of wealth increases our intelligence must also increase; our development must come in the normal way.' "Make not haste to be rich" is an injunction which the nation and the individual may well look to now, not that prosperity is an evil, but from the fear that it may crowd out better things and deaden our higher sensibilities. Our culture must be greater than our prosperity in order that we may own our fields, our grain, our cotton, our factories, and our railroads; be their cultured masters and not their slaves. If this is the case then "wealth is the artist, and by its patronage men are encouraged to

paint, to build, and to adorn; a master mechanic, and inspires men to invent, to discover, to apply, to forge, and to fashion: a husbandman, and under its influence men rear the flocks, till the earth, and plant the vineyard, the field and the orchard: a manufacturer, and teaches men to card, to spin, to color, and to dress all useful fabrics: a merchant, and sends forth ships and fills warehouses with their returning cargoes gathered from every zone. It is the scholar's patron; sustains his leisure and rewards his labor; it builds the college and gathers the library. With Benjamin Franklin I would say to the alumni of Guilford, "Get money if you can get it honorably," but always with a view to promoting the highest interests of mankind. We often wonder at, and sometimes almost envy the success of many of our citizens in growing rich, and yet when we look back upon the life of some case that we might point out, what has it been? What has he done to purchase the wealth which surrounds him? He has given up physical comfort, social enjoyment, domestic happiness, literary culture and philanthropic enterprise, that he may win wealth. He has narrowed his life into one contracted channel. He has toiled, he has endured, he has encountered risks to save money, and what is it to him? He has

secluded himself from the delights of friendship, he has lived in ignorance of the great thoughts of great minds, he has given himself but little opportunity to enjoy the results of human progress, and he is disappointed in his own achievement, now that he has won. His life has given little and received less. How different with the man of culture!

We of this age have received much. We have come into great possessions. By the sweat of the brow generation has handed to generation increased material wealth, and into our lap is heaped the accumulated treasure. In pain and suffering the sons of men have carried the battle for right to the gates of death, and have poured out their lives for the gems of truth with which we are now enriched.

"Yes fruits there are that we enjoy,
The produce of bygone centuries toil,
The gifts remain, though time destroy
The giver, long ago death's spoil."

Selfishness may tell us that the world owes us something; owes us all we can get. The world owes us nothing, but we owe the world a great deal. What man can estimate the debt of the nations to the Hebrew law-giver, or compute the obligation of every one to the great apostle to the Gentiles? Which one of us is not indebted to the thinker and worker of every age, to Euclid, to Aristotle, to Gallilee, or Bacon? Who

could pay Watt for his invention, or Columbus for his discovery, or where is the man who can express his obligation to the Pilgrim Fathers or the signers of the Great Declaration? Many of these received no reward in their day, but endured reproach for the sake of truth, and

“ Truths that great hearts broke for, we
Breathe cheaply in the common air,”

The centuries have sown; ours is the golden harvest, and none have reaped more abundantly or enjoyed more fully than the college alumnus. We have received much, and we may be assured that much will be required at our hands.

Thus far we have suggested in general terms that the influence of the alumnus may be in establishing an ideal of broader culture and more expansive thought. I shall now attempt to mention briefly some of the ways in which he may at the same time advance the interests of his alma mater, and strike effective blows for the cause of popular education. How can he best succeed in counteracting that material, utilitarian spirit that is abroad in the land. He must, whether he choose or not be a leader in public thought and public action. He has one method by which to accomplish his purpose, and but one. That method is by raising universal ideals, and they can only be raised by promoting

the cause of intellectual and moral education. Public education has been a mighty factor in making us what we are as a nation to-day, but the systems of the present are inadequate to the need. The spirit that wars with the ideal wars upon the college whence springs the ideal in education and culture, and ultimately upon all systems of education, particularly public education. Hence his duty clearly is to help build up and strengthen, and render influential and powerful those institutions which create the ideal, which set the standard. In North Carolina the college men have done this work well. Look at her system of Graded schools, magnificent when compared to the State system of public education. In the cities and towns where these schools exist you will find that their most faithful supporters are the college alumni of the different institutions of our State. More than that, you will find that nearly all their teachers and superintendents come from the same class of men. The President of our University informs me that his most thoroughly and carefully prepared students come from the Graded schools of the towns. Here is seen a great principle in educational economy, that the greater the influence of the college, the greater is the interest in public education; and the more efficient

the system of public education, the more powerful and influential the college. The college or University is the capstone of educational systems, but strange as it may at first seem, there is no building without it. It is at once cornice and foundation. In this case the building process is different from all other systems. Life is imparted from the top downward, and the higher is the condition of the lower. Without the ideal, the crowning work in education, there is no work. There would have been no Olympic games had there been no prize, no honor to the winner. You may place prizes at some dizzy height. Many will assay to mount the ladder and secure them. The honor will be great to him who succeeds. Some succeed, others fail; but the example of those who do succeed will have its constant influence. Set the prize lower; it is of less importance, and fewer people assay to ascend to it, although the ladder reach to the skies. Even so it is with the ideal in education. If the alumnus desires to work through his college, he influences indirectly, yet none the less powerfully, the cause of public education. He helps directly, and at the same time reflects glory upon his alma mater if he engages directly in the work of public education, carrying with him into that work the inspiration to more

exhaustive effort, and a spirit for broader and higher culture that will, maybe years hence, but none the less surely, produce a hundred fold. And the same is true if he go into the world of business, into professional or literary life. Wherever he turns the spectral voice of Need cries to him to enter in and bless and beautify and adorn the life of that community.

There is another phase of the question that our alumni should look well to, and that is that intellectual education shall not outrun moral. If education is to continue to do the great work required of it by our modern civilization it must be distinctly spiritual in cast. It must be made the handmaid of Christianity or it will be impotent to roll back the tide of ignorance and iniquity that threatens our national life. In no other way shall the ideal and the spiritual be upheld.

The alumni and the alumni alone properly and really represent a college, its life, and the spirit of its culture. Whether we will or not, the college is judged by the men it graduates, the stand they take, and the influence they exert in the affairs of the world. Nor would we have it otherwise. We cannot accurately judge by its faculty, for that may represent the intellectual life and activity of twenty institutions of learning, whose rank is superior or whose

sphere is different from the institution of which they have charge. We would not judge by the modest Freshman, whose youthful genius is just budding into life; by the indifferent Sophomore, whose chief concern is that the sun of barely seventy shall shine upon his examination papers, nor by the Junior or Senior, who, after a residence of three or four years at college, begins to perceive that all knowledge will not die with him, yet cannot give up the idea that his presence is absolutely essential to the progress of his alma mater. When we make up our judgment, we do not consider these, but the finished product, as we may call him—the alumnus—not just as he comes forth from college walls and classic influences, but after a period of years, when the impressions and inspirations he received before he left those halls have had time to become a part of him, and to work in his life the perfected fruit of promise. These are they who recommend the college to world, and who do battle for it as its worthiest exponents and its most fearless champions. It often happens that the spiritual and intellectual tendencies of college life are falsified and condemned by an ignorant or presuming public; and the charge is ever heard that the athletic exercises necessary for the fullest development of the college man, and the broadest

college spirit, are absolutely pernicious, both *per se*, and by their demoralizing influence on the whole student body. It is the duty of the alumni, together with the trustees and faculty, to see to it that no abuses exist in either of these three departments of the college life, and having satisfied themselves that none exist, to stand between the college and the public and fearlessly proclaim the fact. In times of such a conflict the alumni of a powerful college are, indeed, as "arrows in the hand of a mighty man." "Happy is the college that hath its quiver full of them; they shall speak with the enemies in the gate." The graduates of the American colleges are their glory and their strength. They are their glory, so far as they show, by mental power, by varied acquirements and accomplished culture, what their alma mater has done for them, either by their unwelcome restraints and hard duties, or by those influences that were more genial in the remembrance. They are their strength, so far as they are distinctly conscious of the benefits which they derived from the college, and are forward to acknowledge them. The importance of the colleges, as organized centres of the most valuable species of power, cannot be estimated too extravagantly. The man who feels any obligation to act

upon his fellow men for their good can scarcely find a place in which his influence can be so extensively felt, with respect to the most important interests, as through a college that has a mature and established growth. Oxford and Cambridge are more powerful in England at this moment than the Lords, the Commons and the Queen together. As permanent and enduring institutions they are more lasting than dynasties, and have survived revolutions. If the alumni of the American colleges could but appreciate the dignity and duty of this trust, the country and mankind would have occasion to bless them, and they would have occasion to rejoice in their own beneficence.

Our own alma mater has done much for us. To her founders, her supporters, her faculty and student body we are great debtors. Debtors for practical knowledge as well as higher culture; for the pleasures of science and literature; for mental discipline, moral training and lofty ideals. Then how shall the alumnus show his gratitude? We have already spoken generally on that point. Just here it may be well to note how in several specific ways. First, he may show an appreciation of his training by a further study—in other words, by the post graduate course, either at this or some other college. One

of the greatest needs of this time is higher scholarship, thorough scholarship. Our country, in a very brief period of history, has produced many men of great native genius, but we have produced few great scholars, few leaders of human thought. In this respect the south has been very deficient, and our great men have lacked that higher education which they needed to do their work well. From a selfish standpoint nothing pays like a post graduate course, for in thought and in scholarship there is "plenty of room at the top."

A second duty is an interest in popular education. This we have noticed generally in our preceding remarks, but we may make it more specific. The college is not at variance with the public or the high school. Their interests are closely interwoven, and one of the chief reasons why there are not more men in college walls is because there are not enough well equipped primary and preparatory schools. I know a number of towns in North Carolina of two or three thousand inhabitants, with magnificent residences, spacious warehouses, immense factories and beautiful churches, that do not have a decent school house.

Is it at all to be wondered at that young men grow up in these towns without a desire for an education? The means now on foot

or the education of the masses, even in the towns, the centers of wealth, are far from adequate. What then, can we expect of the rural districts, with a school term of from four weeks to four months, the influence of the press limited, and the instructive elements which should come from the pulpit largely impaired by efforts to arouse emotion and excitement.

Rev. Jas. E. Ray says in one of his admirable articles, "We are in the presence of three great moral movements, education, temperance and missions." The most important of these three, and indeed the one which the others are based upon, is education—education in its broadest sense—of the heart, head and hand—just that education that the college should give and that college alumni should foster.

Again, we can help by encour-

aging boys and girls to go to college. Sometimes young men and women have earnestly desired an education, had higher aspiration, but have felt themselves deprived of it because they lacked money. In many cases these same boys and girls would overcome this obstacle and grow strong in the effort if some one would only tell them of their bright faculties, and of the grand possibilities that lie before them.

Fourth—By financial aid. As we grow in prosperity, if we do, it will increase our interests and her efficiency if we will remember her in the substantial way of dollars and cents.

Fifth—By meeting as often as possible at the closing exercises each year, and drawing fresh inspiration from the classic surroundings.

THE PHILAGOREAN ENTERTAINMENT.

The evening of Dec. the 2nd was a noted one for Guilford on account of the victory won by her boys on the foot ball grounds at Winston. But still more noted is it on account of the victory which the efforts of the girls accomplished over all preceding efforts to make our entertainment interesting and instructive.

Nothing was wrong with the weather and before eight o'clock the auditorium was nearly filled, and at eight o'clock the curtains were drawn, displaying the beautifully decorated stage. On the wall above the center of the stage a large flag, of white and gold, was diagonally suspended, while on either side the portraits of

Whittier and John Bright were draped in smaller flags of similar designs.

The dark red back-ground of the stage was festooned with daisy chains and upon the stage itself were white and yellow chrysanthemums.

The programme which was as follows,

PROGRAMME.

A Chapter from Samantha.....Cornelia Kersey.
The Armenians..Addie Wilson
A Farce—No Cure, No Pay.
Oration—Freedom's Marseillaise.....Ruth C. Blair.
Pot-Pourri.
A Chorus.

was admirably executed even to the minutest parts. The "Chapter from Samantha" was especially adapted to get the audience "in tune" to receive all that followed. Not only a great deal of skill was displayed in the performance of the farce but some one's good judgment was manifested in the selection of the different personages.

The Pot-Pourri was quite a novelty, treating on subjects from the insect world to the ideals of perfection in the eternal. The poetic characterization of each individual member of the Society

was very amusing and applicable. The last—and may we say crowning exercise of the evening?—will ever be remembered by our *young men* as one of the most pleasing sights which their eyes had the opportunity to behold while in Guilford Halls. The membership of the Society divided itself into two equal parts, which appeared on the stage from opposite ends, marching in single file to a "March" from the piano, towards each other, meeting only to curve again and repeat the performance which somehow ended with all standing in the form of a semi-circle, in which position they sung the "Chorus." Well might President Hobbs feel proud of "his girls," as representatives from Preps. to Senior were thus arranged and arrayed in white and gold dresses, closing the exercises which clearly proved that

"They would be hard to beat."

Nothing has been said of the second and fourth exercises on the programme because they will appear in the pages of the COLLEGIAN and may speak for themselves.

The Guilford Collegian.

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EDITORS:

J. P. PARKER, '93.
H. A. WHITE, '94.
ANNIE F. PETTY, '94.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

RUTH C. BLAIR, '94. Personals.
JOS. E. BLAIR, '96. Locals.
T. G. PEARSON, '97. Exchanges.

BUSINESS MANAGERS:

H. B. WORTH, '94.
J. O. RAGSDALE, '95.
MARY H. ARNOLD, '94.

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DECEMBER, 1893.

Just five years ago the GUILFORD COLLEGIAN made its first appearance in printed form, since which time it has been an exponent of the college life, growing we trust, with the institution.

Efforts have been expended to make this issue of more general interest than usual and in this way have the paper to celebrate its own fifth anniversary.

The article concerning the College is intended to give an insight into our college life, the different parts being written by persons whom we deemed most suitable for those various parts.

We are glad to give with this issue a portrait of the COLLEGIAN'S first Editor, Rob't Cromwell Root, '89. Since his connection with this journal was severed, he has held the important position of Principal of the High School at Bennettsville, S. C., and from 1891 till the close of our past Spring term was Treasurer of Guilford College. He resigned this position in order to again pursue a definite line of study, and has chosen Leland Stanford University as the institution in which to work.

We are also glad to be able to give a sketch of this University, from his own pen.

College journalism is a movement young in years, and in recalling the career of THE COLLEGIAN we find that only five summer's suns have melted the snows of as many winters since it was cradled in infancy, nourished and afterwards directed in its first steps by those who have long since entered the busy arena of practical life.

At each succeeding scholastic year the old order changes and the college journal undergoes the rough treatment of inexperienced hands; still it is in but the bloom of youth and the object of this article is to enumerate a few of the many influences the COLLEGIAN exerts.

That the purpose of a college paper is to bespeak the student life and the true merits of that institution of learning, is unquestionable. To this end the COLLEGIAN is dedicated, and in this capacity it contains definitely a four-fold influence.

(1.) As a constant outlet through which the productive capabilities of the students may be shown it is not surpassed by public entertainments.

(2.) As a source of mental training for those who are immediately connected with the paper it is unequalled. The successful managers receive beneficial business practice. The local, personal and exchange editors on whose efforts rest the main groundwork of a spicy COLLEGIAN, must be alive to the signs of the times in season and out of season, consequently must receive a great impetus to the growth in diligence of their perceptive powers; and the entire staff gains a slight insight into that element, the influence of which stands foremost in the formation of the literary life of this age.

(3.) As a stimulus through which means the memory of college days are represented in the minds of old students, thus acting as a bond between each other and the institution they love, the COLLEGIAN fulfills its duty.

(4.) As an index to advantages

and progressiveness of our college and also as a means by which we can observe the qualities and progress of other colleges its influence is obvious.

In view of these facts it behooves us to assert that a college and its journal should be "one and inseperable."

Soon after New Garden Boarding School became Guilford College the question, "Should we have a college paper?" was one which a few students began to think upon, and in September, 1888, the subject was brought before the John Bright Literary Society by Robert C. Root. The membership of this Society, which was then composed of the faculty and representatives of the student body, from Prep. to Senior, began to discuss the theme which R. C. Root (then a Senior) had spoken so strongly in favor of, decided that we *must* have a paper, elected chief officers and managers, and issued a prospectus of the GUILFORD COLLEGIAN in October.

In December of the same year (1888) the journal first appeared in printed form, with Robt. C. Root Editor-in-Chief and J. M. Lee Financial Manager.

Until 1891 the chief officers of the paper continued to be elected through the John Bright Society, and one assistant by each of the three debating Societies.

Before the close of the Spring term of that year, in consideration of the Society scheming and wrangling which the system of electing COLLEGIAN officers occasioned, many of the students determined to make a change. Thus the Staff of '91-'92 was elected as at present, with the exception that the Philagoreans had no Financial Manager. The young ladies, however, could not submit to this deficiency, so for '92-'93 each of the Debating Societies elected two Editors and one Financial Manager to represent them in the work of the COLLEGIAN.

Such a revolution in our Journal's management has not injured its growth, for we are confident it has kept pace with the development of our institution. Neither has it undermined our finances, for although in '89-'90 they were in a deplorable condition, they were soon brought into order, and by all appearances the paper will ever be self-sustaining.

From the very first of its existence it was intended to belong to faculty, alumni, students and friends of Guilford, acting as a circulating letter among them.

Some movement is obviously necessary at the College for our Y. M. C. A. to engage in, in order to secure more advancement in an *educational* line.

The moral improvement is enjoyed already by its members and the young gymnasium affords excellent opportunity to develop our physical being. Now the question comes how can we build up the third essential element of the model structure?

The hall, built especially for the purpose, is at our disposal. Since it was erected the reading room has been empty and the assembly room has rarely been used for educational purposes.

Is it not time we should arouse ourselves from this lethargy into which we have fallen? Remember the ceaseless efforts of those loyal alumni through whose instrumentality the most beautiful hall on the campus has been dedicated to Association work and let us see to it that we gain not the reputation of inactivity at this time when the goal is so near at hand.

If we cannot hope as yet to have a well stocked reading room, we surely can put forth some effort to have several lectures each term. If a series of lectures could be secured for next term from prominent men of the State, it would be a great benefit to the student body and possibly be of some financial aid to the Association; however, leaving the latter out of consideration altogether, it would be well worth our attention to consider the former.

In order to accomplish, this action should be taken now. The lecturers should all be engaged by first of Spring term, and season tickets be gotten out for sale. As it is in everything else, advertising will be the secret of our success.

This is no flighty air-castle, but can be made a reality if we only wake up to our advantages, and make the attempt to secure the purpose required, for "God helps those who help themselves."

Attention is an act of courtesy, and there are few people who take it in this sense. To be a good listener is something every one should cultivate. Aside from the facts of courtesy towards a person, there is much to be learned, by paying close attention when some one is talking. It is a sad fact that many of the students here do not realize this, and are constantly losing so many good and noble thoughts, whereby they might be enabled to live better lives by studying during the fifteen minutes of morning collection. This short time is intended to give them a start for the day, assist them in collecting their thoughts on their work and be ready to begin with a quiet and not a confused mind. They derive little benefit from this snatching way of studying, because whoever it may be and how often he may do it, he always feels a little conscience-

smitten. He knows it is not the right thing to do, and puts his book down under the desk and between occasional glances up to see if any one is looking, skims over some German verb, or a Latin sentence, or definitions in Trigonometry. It is the endeavor of those who conduct these morning collections to give the best thoughts from the best authors. Extracts from sermons, from good books and papers are read and commented on, thus giving food for many a thought. How often has it been seen that while the Bible was being read, students all over the collection room, studying their lesson or sharpening a pencil, or frequently annoying some fellow student by punching them in the back. Now, these things are not confined to the preparatory students, but rather to those in the college course. Seniors and Juniors alike are seen with their books open studying.

Ask yourself the question in all sincerity, "Am I doing right in setting this example for the younger ones to follow?" It may seem a little thing to do, but the influence of such acts remain with us and effects our lives in many ways we do not dream of. Remember, there is One who is ever seeing and who will judge by the motive rather than by the action. Is it not irreverence to God to deliberately turn your backs when His

words are being read. A word to the wise is sufficient, and we are sure that if all were to look at it in a true light that no more of this will be seen.

If the question, "What is the date of the birth of George Fox?" was put to the Quaker students in college, it is very doubtful that half a dozen of us could answer the question correctly. A still smaller number know anything concerning the early history of Friends or the circumstances and causes of their origin, or the principles which their earliest ministers endeavored to bring before the world.

Our salvation or condemnation is by *no means* hanging on the things mentioned above, yet would we not naturally be more zealous apostles for Christ in our own church, if we have in some degree been able to comprehend the severe trials and persecutions which the founders of it had to undergo? Many questions will have to be answered by us in future years, as by our fathers in the past, by people of the world and of other denominations, about this peculiar sect with whom we claim allegiance, and if we who ought to be-

come representative members of the society, are ignorant of the principles and doctrines which it has held in the past, or of its present activities and relations to the outside world, or in short are only nominal Quakers, we shall hinder the church in its mission as well as fail to set before the world some of the simplest yet strongest truths in the Bible.

There are some who think, however, that the mission of Friends has already been fulfilled and there now remains nothing for them to accomplish as a separate organization. The truth is their work will never be complete as long as Satan binds humanity to formality and worldliness.

Another thing which we as members of the church lack, is a deeper interest in its business affairs, which in the case of Friends is inseparable from its vitality. How many of us would know the least about acting as clerk of a monthly meeting, or how many of us can enjoy the simplicity of method in which the business in these meetings is executed? Very few indeed. The question is not to what church a person belongs, but what kind of a member is he in the church of his choice.

LOCALS.

—A meeting of the Trustees of the institution was held Nov. 28.

—Every one in a good humor since Thanksgiving.

—King Hall and Archdale have been undergoing slight repairs.

—"Os." says that he can't understand "Logerisms," &c.

—The entertainment given by the Phi's. was excellent.

—Davis school failed to score on Guilford's team.

—Walter Grabs again makes himself famous in the joint entertainment.

—Look out for the open pit in front of Founders, when you come charging around with stolen pies.

—Joseph Moore, LL. D., presented to the Cabinet a cast of an egg of the *Æpomis Maximus*.

—T. G. Pearson, '97 spoke before Winston's Y. M. C. A. on Sunday, Nov. 3, on the "Personality of Christ."

—Junior to dark eyed son of Fla.—"Have you read Lycidas?"

Brown—"Why no, I have not finished Cæsar yet."

—We were pleased to have Miss Berta Tomlinson with us a few days since. She has been assisting W. W. Mendenhall, '93 in a Mission school at Rural Hall, N. C.

—Campbell Young, '95 returned to school a few weeks ago. He expected to have entered sooner but was held in the employ of the Richardson & Farriss Drug Co.

—One of our Faculty so thoroughly *feels* that foot-ball is a brutal game, while asking one of the young men if he would play in the coming match, unconsciously says, "Will you enter the fight?"

—Three "breaks" made by members of foot-ball team while at Winston. 1st. Winslow, upon entering street car, suddenly notices that the electric light is "blown" out, attributes the phenomenon to "Æolus" and wishing to be helpful, closes doors and windows.

2nd. Moffitt confidentially enquires what the over-hanging straps in the car are for; upon receiving the reply—"To hang umbrellas in," immediately hangs on high his "eight ribber."

3rd. Brown shows his Quaker innocence of all war by exclaiming, "If yonder don't go a boy with a millinary suit on."

—President Hobbs greatly encouraged the students at collection a few mornings since, when in his pleasing style he expressed his satisfaction at the work done by them for the first half of the term. He predicts even better results for the remainder of the session.

—Henry has received the appellation of "Mediator."

—Potter can't succeed in going any higher in the musical scale than D-o-r-a-for-me.

—The Juniors promise to give us a "great long treat" on the evening of 22nd.

—Miss Minnie Williams, eleven year old, sister of H. S. Williams, '96, visited the College last week.

We are anxious for her to visit us again. All were greatly pleased by her well trained voice and pleasing manners.

—Besides the exercises held in King Hall on Thanksgiving day, a very spirited meeting was conducted in the Friends' Meeting House.

—Our Librarian recently received a copy of Studer's "Birds of America." The book is elegantly bound and contains colored cuts of all American birds.

—Mr. J. M. Hendrix, of Greensboro, recently donated an English Pheasant to the Cabinet. We count ourselves fortunate in receiving such a gift, as it is a beautiful and rare specimen.

—Quoted from the "Potpourri" by permission, "How came Hal. Potter and Will. Woodley in the turkey pen on Thanksgiving?"

We offer valuable reward to any one who can give a plausible answer.

—The burning of Sheriff Cook's home on the morning of 11th caused quite a sensation among us. It is really a sad loss and the family certainly need our sympathies.

—One of the chemistry students had lost his reputation in the class, and was about to give up in despair, but when the Prof. asked what the properties of blue vitrol were, he thinks that now his time to regain his reputation has come and triumphantly replies, "To put in the chicken trough for sick chickens."

—The Trustees of the College recently held a two days session here. Nearly all were present, and among other things of importance discussed, was the question of foot-ball, whether it should be allowed next year. The teams played a game for their special benefit, but what decision they came to remains to be seen and heard.

—Next to their own interests, the whole village of Guilford places those of the Blue Ridge Mission. The mission is established in Patrick county, Va. It is opening the way for much christian work, and promises to be a source of very great benefit to the people of that section. A collection is taken up monthly in our Sabbath School, besides many other contributions for the support of this work.

There was a social gathering in the Friends' Meeting House on Thanksgiving afternoon, consisting of those interested in the work of the mission. The afternoon was spent in preparing comfortables for the mission and the neighbors having a "good time together." Liberal contributions were made for the furtherance of the work.

—On the evening of Dec. 7th, we were favored with a most earnest talk on Home Missions, by Rev. R. W. Weaver. We wish he may visit us again soon, that he may impart to us another spiritual blessing.

—Teacher—Give a logical definition of a cow.

Billy, in Logic—Anything that will come when you say "sook."

FOOT BALL.—Most of the boys accompanied our foot-ball team to Oak Ridge on November 18th to witness the second game played off our own grounds.

It was evident that Guilford's men were the winners, but the game was never finished. Guilford made three touch-downs, however, while Oak Ridge only made one.

Again, on December 2nd, our team tried its metal on foreign grounds, and resulted in a score of 12 to 0 in favor of Guilford. This victory was won over Davis Military School at Winston and leaves Guilford in good spirits to

enter its winter quarters. Though this is our first year it is plain that our men will be "hard to head," by another season.

—A series of meetings, conducted by our friend Geo. Wood, was recently held in Friends' Church at the college, which were very beneficial to those who attended. His talks at Morning collections concerning his experience on the sea both as a sailor and captain as well as his practical talks on success in life were very interesting and instructive to the students. His lecture, "Why I am a Friend," delivered before a large audience on the evening of Dec. 16th, was highly appreciated. His pleasing and practical style has made for him many friends at the college and our good wishes go with him in his work.

—Saturday evening, Nov. 25, an entertainment was given under the auspices of both Y. W. C. T. U. and Y. M. C. A. Miss Isabella P. Woodley, Pres. of the Y's, welcomed an appreciative audience in an address which was full of thought. She briefly outlined the work of the Y's. and Y. M. C. A., then blended her remarks with the exercises which were to follow:

A FARCE—"The Albany depot" was then given. This play represented the scene in an average

American depot, and was acted with much tact. The conversation and habits, from the most cultured American to the illiterate foreigner were represented.

The Farce presented a strong point against the many social evils of our nation.

The music supplied by Miss Alderman was very entertaining.

The two organizations realized a neat sum from the proceeds.

—THANKSGIVING AT GUILFORD is the most enjoyable of all the year to the Guilford student, Commencement not excepted. Promptly at 9.30 a. m., an audience consisting of faculty, students and friends of the institution, assembled in King Hall, eager to celebrate Thanksgiving day.

The exercises were opened by hymn "Let the lower lights be burning." A selection was then read from Psalms, followed by a period of devotional silence. In his usually pleasing style Pres. Hobbs presented Mrs. M. C. Woody as speaker of the occasion.

The address of Mrs. Woody was highly entertaining, characterized by a striking originality, and possessing that indefinable quality which puts one to thinking. Her first sentence: "How swiftly the Thanksgiving days chase one another," caused the minds of her audience to revert to Thanksgiv-

ing at Guilford last year; and when she said: "Thanksgiving is not like it was last year," the audience was deeply impressed, for they realized that Guilford's sage and man of God, who had participated in the exercises the previous year had passed beyond.

Mrs. Woody impressed the fact that Thanksgiving is America's "home day." She grows eloquent in re-establishing the fact that our nation is based upon its homes. These facts being established, the truth of her statement: "Thanksgiving is a greater national holiday than the 4th of July," is realized. Not forgetful of the bright eyed children from the neighborhood, Mrs. Woody in glowing terms described an ideal Thanksgiving celebration, which necessarily involved a description of an ideal home. Thanksgiving was then dwelt upon at some length as a religious day. Mrs. Woody said: "The United States can never be regarded in any other way than as a religious nation so long as our president issues a proclamation for Thanksgiving." She compared our celebration of the day to the pass-over of the Israelites, and closed the address by offering prayer. "America" was then sung with spirit and the audience dismissed. But to the students Thanksgiving celebration was fairly begun. Much to the students' delight several of the

Faculty offered to accompany them on a nutting party. The offer was accepted and the company started (with scarcely no selfish "coupling,") in a good old fashioned way. After making a fruitless search for nuts the baskets are filled with persimmons and the merry company start for Founders' Hall, their steps and imaginations quickened by the thought of sitting down to another of Aunt Ann's famous Thanksgiving dinners. Just before the students file into dinner, the second eleven finds time to challenge the first team for a game of foot-ball to be played in the afternoon on College Athletic grounds, but much to their disappointment the challenge was not accepted.

The culminating point was reached when turkey dinner was announced. Both quality and quantity of the feast are described by simply stating that the students remained in the dining hall

a-l-o-n-g t-i-m-e. It was next announced that the Governess would visit Archdale, accompanied by the young ladies; also, that the young men were expected to return with them to Founders' Hall. This announcement was hailed with delight. At last!! the great curiosity of both girls and boys to visit each other's Hall was to be gratified. Governor Haviland, assisted by the young men, cordially received their guests, served refreshments, and returned with them to Founders' to be royally received, and as the boys say, "have their hearts touched through their appetites." Tea was announced, but too soon, after the ambrosia and other dainties, to be relished. A social was requested by the students, but not deemed best by the Governor and Governess. All then repaired to the regular Thursday night prayer meetings.

J. E. B.

EXCHANGES.

The *North Carolina University Magazine* for November contains a good deal of literary matter of interest to the general reader. The *Magazine* is gotten up in nice style and is among our best exchanges. A lengthy article, "Some Experiences at a German University," the second part of which appeared in the November number, give an account of the brutal manner in which fencing and dueling is carried on in some of the German Universities. It is shocking to the feelings of an American that such barbarous customs should be carried on by a civilized people. Yet the German people seem to regard it as but play when compared with some of our Athletic sports.

The Pen Chronicle is printed on good paper and has a neat exterior but the contents is disappointing to one who is not personally acquainted with the College surroundings. Scarcely any contributed matter is to be found in its columns, while page after page of local happenings are of but little interest to an outside reader.

On our table we note the November number of *The Wellesley Magazine*. It contains an instructive article on the "Progress of University Extension in America," as well as other articles well

worth one's careful reading. The *Wellesley Magazine* is in many respects a leading magazine of its kind and we are glad to welcome it among our exchanges.

We find in the November number of the *Davidson Monthly* quite a severe criticism on the COLLEGIAN, part of which we think applies very appropriately.

In regard, however, to the remark that "not a single production was written by the editors," we wish to say a few words.

The COLLEGIAN was never instituted simply for an outlet of a few intellects who might happen to have the management of it, but was intended for a medium in which pupils now at the college, alumni, faculty, and friends of the college, might have an opportunity to speak. As a general rule we think the editors of a college journal should confine themselves to the editorials, and we find the greater number of our best exchanges carrying out this plan.

We also infer from the criticism that the *Monthly* does not believe in short locals, which thing we do firmly believe in, for the shorter they are the more pointed, more interesting, and less monotonous they must be. It seldom injures an article of any kind to "boil it down." A few subjects, however, always claim considerable space in the local columns of a college

journal, but we can't comprehend why that something which is stated in a few lines should have any more of the "chopped off air" than something which covers a half column.

We do not wish to criticise the work of the Editors of the *Monthly*

for it is very interesting, but we would be as glad to read more from a greater number of Davidson students who are *not* members of the staff, as they would be to read more from our students who *are* on the staff of the COLLEGIAN.

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THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

VOL. VI.

JANUARY, 1894.

No. 6.

MARIE H. TAYLOR.

In imagination we can see
Thee in thy early German home,
Thy fair form running glad and free
About thy learned father's dome.

Thy blonde hair played with the breeze,
Thy eyes reflecting heaven's blue,
Acquainted with the flowers and trees
Which on your lonely hill top grew.

And soon in Gotha we behold
The gentle maiden older grown
Gathering truths more rich than gold
Which in Etruscan light first shown.

Then underneath Italian skies
Thou studied literature and art,
Becoming every day more wise,
Enlarging both thy brain and heart.

Happy, beautiful and fair,
In Gotha's chapel stands a bride
With orange blossoms in her hair,
A noble poet at her side.

Ah, noble girl, what lofty aim
Thy young ambition set for thee,

THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

Contented now to let thy name
Unto the world forgotten be.

Contented now to sink thy fame
In one who has enough renown;
To lay aside each early claim
And place on him the entire crown.

It is to thee, and such as thou,
Our humble tribute we would pay,
Our hills are glistening for you now
With many an unwoven wreath of bay.

Thy husband wore the poet's crown
Made from the laurels living green,
But few who give to him renown
Know aught of his most lovely queen.

The sovereign sits upon his throne
And waves his sceptre hour by hour,
The people honor him alone,
Nor think there is a hidden power.

THE VATICAN ART GALLERY.

The Vatican Palace, the largest in the world, is situated on a hill of the same name, in the north-western part of the city of Rome, on the right bank of the Tiber, and is connected with the cathedral of St. Peter. It is supposed to have been commenced in the time of Constantine, and was occupied by Charlemagne at his coronation. It also became the

residence of the Popes after their return from Avignon in 1377.

The whole covers an immense space, but is rather a collection of separate buildings than a single structure. The length is estimated at 1151 feet and the breadth at 767 feet. This vast building contains eight grand stair-cases, two hundred smaller ones, twenty courts, and 4422 apartments.

Among the most celebrated portions is the "Scala Regia," a magnificent flight of steps leading to the first floor, on which is the Sistine Chapel. This room is perhaps more widely known than any other one in the Palace, because the Cardinals meet here to elect the Pope, and here the most gorgeous ceremonies of the Romish Church are performed.

A beautiful marble screen extends across one end of the room, enclosing the space set apart for religious solemnities. The upper portion of the walls of this wonderful Chapel contains frescoes by the great Florentine masters of the fifteenth century. On one side are scenes from the life of Moses; and over against them, scenes from the life of Christ; so that the old law is confronted by the new.

The frescoes are arranged in the following manner: over the altar, formerly was Moses in the bulrushes on one side, and Christ in the manger on the other.

These were destroyed however, and Michael Angelo was engaged seven years in painting the scene of the "Last Judgment" in their place. This painting is sixty feet long by thirty broad, and the Pope wished it to be painted in oil, but Michael Angelo refused to employ anything but fresco, saying that oil-painting was work for women, or for idle and lazy persons.

The painting is sublime in con-

ception and astonishing in execution, but beautiful, it never could have been, because of the rage, anxiety, anguish, and despair, together with the convulsive struggles of the condemned, which are so powerfully delineated. On the two walls, left and right, are represented first, Moses and Zipporah on their way to Egypt, and the Baptism of Christ; second, Moses killing the Egyptian, and the "Temptation of Christ;" third, Moses and the Israelites after the passage of the Red Sea, and the calling of the Apostles on the Lake Gennesaret; fourth, Moses giving the Law from the Mount, and Christ's sermon on the mount; fifth, The punishment of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram who aspired, uncalled, to the Priesthood, and the institution of the Christian Priesthood, Christ giving the keys to Peter; sixth, The Last Interview of Moses and Joshua, and The Last Supper. On the entrance wall are represented Michael bearing away the body of Moses, and the Resurrection of Christ.

The ceiling contains the most perfect work ever done by Michael Angelo. Here it is that his great spirit appears in its noblest dignity and highest purity. The central portion contains a series of large and small pictures representing the Creation and Fall of Man with their immediate consequences. The Creating Spirit is unveiled

before us in majestic flight, sweeping through the air, surrounded by genii, partly supported, partly borne along with him. The lower portion of the ceiling is occupied by prophets and sibyls in solemn contemplation, who represent the foretellers of the coming Christ, and are the largest figures in the whole work. There is also a number of family groups interspersed, representing the genealogy of the Virgin and are expressive of calm expectation.

The *Stanza* consists of three rooms decorated by Raffaello with frescoes, in the time Julius II. and Leo X.; for each of which he received 1200 ducats or 2400 dollars, I shall only speak of one of these rooms in particular, though all are full of interest.

The paintings in this room represent Science, Theology, Philosophy, Poetry, and Jurisprudence. On the entrance wall is a picture of a "Dispute upon the Sacrament," which is said to be the most beautiful representation of the Christian World in existence. In the upper part the heavenly hosts are presented—Christ between the Virgin and St. John the Baptist, together with many of the apostles, Adam, Abraham, and David. Below is an Altar surrounded by the Latin Fathers, Gregory, Jerome, Ambrose, and Augustine.

In the back-ground is Dante

and near him a Monk in black hood supposed to be Savonarola. On the left wall is Parnassus. Here we see Apollo surrounded by the Muses—on his right, Homer, Virgil, Dante.

Below is Sappho, supposed to be addressing Corinna, Petrarch, Propertius, and Anacreon; to the left of these are Pindas, Horace, Boccaccio and others.

Beneath these is Alexander placing the poems of Homer in the tomb of Achilles, and Augustus preventing the burning of Virgil's *Æneid*.

On another wall is the "School of Athens." The picture presents a portico at the top of a long flight of steps; on this portico and on the steps are arranged the fifty-two figures which constitute the picture. In the center, on the steps are Plato and Aristotle—Plato pointing to heaven and Aristotle to the earth; to the left of these is Socrates conversing with his pupils. Lying upon the steps is Diogenes; near by is Pythagoras, writing on his knee; Archimedes is drawing a geometrical figure upon the floor.

Zoroaster and Ptolemy, one with a terrestrial, the other with a celestial globe, are seen addressing Raffaello and his master Perugino. Augustus Hare says that the choice of the first of these subjects, "The Dispute upon the

Sacrament," to represent Theology, was an unparalleled piece of good fortune, for it is a composition without a rival in the history of painting, and we may also add without a name, for to call it lyric or epic is not enough unless we mean to compare it with the allegorical epic of Dante, which alone is worthy to rank with this marvelous production of the pencil of Raffaele."

The Picture Gallery of the Vatican consists of three rooms, all lined with red velvet, on which are hung about fifty pictures, every one of which is worthy to be considered a master-piece, but I shall mention only two, "The Transfiguration" by Raffaele, and "The Last Communion of St. Jerome" by Domenichino, which is second only to "The Transfiguration." The Transfiguration is said to be the grandest picture in the world. Scarcely finished when Raffaele died, it was hung over his bier as he lay in state in his painting room, and was carried in his funeral procession. It is not a historical, but a devotional picture. In the upper half of it, appears the radiant figure of the Savior, floating in mid-air, with arms outspread, garments of transparent light, and a glorified visage, upturned as if in rapture. On the right Moses and on the left Elijah, representing the Law and the Prophecies. The

three disciples lie on the ground terror-struck, dazzled. This is the spiritual life, above the earth, but not in heaven. Below is seen the earthly life, humanity struggling helplessly with pain, infirmity and death; the father bringing his epileptic son to the disciples for healing, who attempt in vain to cast out the evil spirit. The French, in 1797 carried the painting to Paris, but afterward restored it to the Vatican Gallery.

In the painting of "The Last Communion of St. Jerome," the aged saint, feeble, emaciated, dying—is borne in the arms of his disciple to the chapel of his monastery, and placed within the porch. A young priest supports him, and St. Paul, kneeling, kisses one of his hands. The saint fixes his eager eyes upon the countenance of the priest who is about to administer the sacrament. The eyes and attention of all are upon the dying saint, while four angels hovering above, look down upon the scene.

The Vatican collection of Antiquities is the finest in the world, and to describe it is utterly impossible, both because of the great numbers and because sculptures like paintings can not be pictured in words, it must be seen and studied to be appreciated. Here is the famous Apollo Belvidere.

Mrs. Siddons once said of it, "What a great idea it gives one

of God to think that He has created a human being, capable of fashioning so divine a form."

The Laocoon, a group consisting of a father and two sons in the coils of an immense serpent, formed out of a single block of marble, effects one very powerfully. Some one has truthfully said, it represents an immortal agony, with a strange calmness diffused through it, so that it resembles the vast rage of the sea, calm on account of its immensity; or the tumult of Niagara which does not seem to be tumult, because it keeps pouring on forever and ever. It is a type of human beings struggling with an inextricable trouble, and entangled in a complication from which they can not free themselves, and out of which heaven alone can help them.

The celebrated torso of Hercules, supposed to have been executed in the first century B.C., is the statue to which Michael

Angelo declared he owed his power of representing the human form, and in his blind old age he used to be led up to it, that he might pass his hands over it, and still enjoy through touch the grandeur of its muscles.

Many of the Roman busts have a most life-like aspect and striking individuality. Hawthorn says, "One recognizes them as faithful portraits, just as certainly as if the originals were standing by them."

In these Sculpture galleries one feels as if in the midst of a thousand wonders, with now and then a ray of their great beauty entering into his being, but that ray sufficient to make the blood tingle, and to produce an indescribable longing for greater capacity—just as when on a fine morning we would gladly fill the whole being with the invigorating oxygen of the air by which we are surrounded.

M. E. M.

ENVIRONMENT.

It has not been by theories of philosophers and legislators that political institutions have been founded, it has not been optional with nations as to what their various industries and occupations should be; nor has it been by accident that the greatest statesmen, scientists, poets and philanthropists have risen to eminence in their respective fields.

Not until we are acquainted with the environments of a nation or an individual, are we able to arrive at the causes which have contributed to the rise, growth and overthrow of the political institutions of the nations and to the building of the character of the individual.

If we look at the world of the past through the moral spectacles of the present, we are very apt to arrive at false conceptions of ancient moral conditions.

If we judge a person without considering the influences that have been brought to bear upon him—his surroundings and opportunities—we judge him falsely.

In studying the history of nations we are able to discover similar results in different ages, brought about by like operations and environments.

That these results have been greatly modified by the combined

effect of different forces, there is no doubt. Climate, soil and physical surroundings have unquestionably much influence upon the governments, as well as upon the industries of different countries.

It requires but a glance at the history of the world, to see that tropical regions have been, from time immemorial, the abodes of despotism.

In this we see kings, priests and lords, holding in their hands unlimited authority, and the people unresisting subjects and slaves. Very conspicuous examples of this are found in the ancient Egyptian civilization and the Assyrian and Roman Empires.

However far the people in the hot countries of the East, may have advanced in learning, poetry, philosophy and the arts, there has been no social and political advancement.

This cannot be due to accident. There under the heat of the tropical sun, with fertile soil, and an indefinite variety of fruits, there is no end to the means of subsistence provided for the inhabitants.

Their wants are few and easily gratified. A meal of rice or Indian corn, a draught of water, a cotton garment, and a dwelling of the simplest fashion, designed

for the admission of the air, rather than for protection against cold, are all he needs. ⁵⁰

Under such conditions population grows rapidly; hence follow cheap labor and a low and unimproved condition of society.

It has been shown that great heat is enervating alike to the minds and bodies of men, rendering them languid and disinclined to vigorous thought or action; and disposing them to be contented with their accustomed lot.

Temperate climes alone have been the centres of progress and the homes of freedom. This fact is the more remarkable when we consider that the earliest civilization arose in the hottest climates; here we would naturally look for progress in the social and political conditions of the people. But instead of progress we see that eastern society has never advanced from its primitive simplicity.

Let us take for example the Chinese, they are intelligent and enterprising, show great inventive genius, and are among the most industrious people in the world. Every inch of ground is cultivated with the greatest care; irrigation is wisely applied, and rare products of the earth—tea, silk and cotton—are raised in abundance.

The people are occupied in trade, manufactures and navigation. Why are they not a free and progressive people? In Eur-

ope they would long ago have obtained freedom. In Asia they are as slaves. The cause of this is apparent. Superstition and a repressive eastern government are theirs, both of which are potent factors in the destruction of liberty.

The social causes contribute to the same result. There is no middle class of people, society is composed of magistrates and learned men on one side, and millions of industrious and wealth producing people, who never grow rich, on the other.

Again the climate, the soil, and the cheap food and clothing of these people of the East, have encouraged a large population. No other country in the world is so densely populated. Its hundreds of millions swarm over earth and water, and are over-flowing into distant lands across the sea.

This latter cause alone would prevent that social development which insures freedom.

In colder climates the conditions are changed. Nature is less bountiful and men must labor harder, their wants are more numerous and more difficult to satisfy, their food, clothing and dwellings are necessarily more expensive.

The population is not so great, and the laboring man receives higher wages. Competition leads to advancement in the different branches of industry.

As the organization of man is

weakened, and his mind rendered less active by the heat of the tropics, so his strength, spirit and mental faculties are invigorated by a temperate climate, by constant labor and enterprise, and by the desire for social advancement.

These qualities arouse resistance to oppression and inspire men to the highest degree of civilization attainable.

The Greeks afforded a striking contrast to the nations of the East. They differed in their religion, their customs, and their governments.

Although descended from the Assyrian races of the East, the climate and other physical conditions of their new home, wrought essential changes in their character.

No longer exposed to the influences of eastern climes, they outgrew the superstitions and repressive customs of their fore-fathers, and, surrounded by sea and mountains and by the temperate and genial bounties of nature, they improved upon the earlier civilizations of the East and attained a degree of development, which far exceeded that previously reached by any nation.

Analogous to the influence of climate is that of the character of the soil and its cultivation. Farmers are settled here and there over the country and to supply the needs of a large agricultural com-

munity, towns spring up, in which merchants, mechanics, and manufacturers add to the independent and progressive element of society.

Thus an agricultural region is usually a free democracy. We note as examples, the ancient republics of Greece and Rome in their earlier stages, the more modern republic of Switzerland and the great agricultural democracy of the United States.

The political constitution of a country will generally be found to follow its social condition, the religion, the industry, the wealth, the arts and the self-respect of its people. Foremost among the moral environments which repress or favor liberty, is the national religion. A superstitious faith filling the worshippers with awe, assigning divine attributes to kings and priests, and debasing the people has ever been the potent ally and instrument of despotism.

Throughout Asia, in Egypt, in Turkey, in ancient Mexico and Peru, we find the grossest superstitions in religion and despotism in governments.

The Christian religion promotes the development of political liberty. Instead of depressing the human mind, it raises it to the contemplation of Divine truth and justice. Instead of inspiring a terror of its rulers, it holds them responsible to God for the righte-

ous government of his people.

History is full of illustrations of these opposite principles. On one side we observe despotism allied to Pagan superstitions accompanied by degradation of character; on the other, we see liberty flourishing in union with the best and noblest types of purity of life.

Such, being the influence of environments on nations, every individual must necessarily be effected to a greater or less degree by the conditions with which he is daily surrounded.

We see this fully illustrated in the writings of some of our American poets and authors. When we consider the early surroundings of Whittier, the condition of the nation at the time in which he wrote, his intimate association with that noble champion of freedom, William Lloyd Garrison, we do not wonder that his thoughts flow out in Ballads of rural life and colonial romance, in "Songs of Labor" and "Voices of Freedom."

What, but a New England winter, the dreary landscape, the falling of snow-flakes, and an evening around the log fire in the large old fashioned fireplace, could have inspired him to write the beautiful poem, "Snow Bound."

Another striking illustration is

found in the life and writings of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Living, as she did in her youth, near the borders of a slave holding state, her girlish imagination was influenced by the cruelty and injustice of which she heard, and some of which she saw. These were impressed upon her mind and she could not erase them. As a result of this, combined with her literary taste and environments, we have the familiar "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

As with these, so with many others, whose surroundings have influenced the current of their life work.

On the other hand, history furnishes not a few examples of those who, though circumstances have been adverse, have controlled them in such a manner as to compel them to minister to their service.

Milton, although blind to all outward phenomena, possessed the most vivid imagination conceivable.

As the inward sense is surrounded by pure thoughts and high aspirations, in like proportion will the outward life approach the "perfect form, the carved ideal."

RUTH BLAIR, '94.

STORY OF THE ARMENIANS.

Were it possible to glance backward over the History of all the ages and nations that have gone, or withdraw the misty veil from the uncertain future and behold the peoples that are *yet to be*, none could be found whose history is fraught with more interest than the Armenians, who are now brought so vividly before the eyes of Christendon, and especially before the American people.

Do you ask why the Armenians are of so much interest? The reasons are almost countless.

The location of their beautiful little table-land country, as it used to be, ere the foul hand of greed severed it and distributed it among its avaricious neighbors, is in Western Asia, nestled between Caucasus and Taurus Mountains and the Caspian, Black, and Mediterranean Seas. Its soil is very fertile, and produces an abundance of both temperate and tropical fruits, flowers and vegetables. Its mineral wealth is as yet undeveloped, consequently railroads and factories have not been introduced.

Within the boundaries of Armenia was the Birthplace of man; here was the Paradise where our Lord talked face to face with

Adam and Eve and drove them from the Garden of Eden, which was watered by the same four great rivers, two of which are the Euphrates and the Tigris, by which Armenia is well watered.

Here a second time we find "the cradle of Humanity"—when the Ark of Noah rested upon the bald crest of Mt. Ararat, which still stands a monument of Antediluvian ages with its hoary head of ice and snow, more than three miles above sea-level.

The Armenians have occupied the country around the Ararat since Old Testament times.

Even before Egypt or Chaldea, Armenia was a civilized country. Her people are a singularly interesting people, exceptional among Orientals because of their pure family life and the high position they accord their women. They have had neither slavery nor polygamy, though surrounded by nations guilty of both.

It is interesting to know that these were the first people, as a nation, to accept Christianity, which they did more than fifteen hundred years ago, and during all these years they have suffered untold torture and cruelties because of their faith, from the surrounding

Asiatic nations, first by the Persian Fireworshippers and later by the Turkish Moslems.

In 450 A. D. the king of Persia invaded their country to compel them to become Fireworshippers. He subdued them but failed to make them give up their religion.

Tradition says that one of the Priests, seeing their zeal remarked to the king, "These people cannot change their skin. They wear their Christianity not as a *garment* but like their own *flesh and blood*."

The history of the Armenians is one continued recital of defensive wars until Armenia, as Asiatic Poland, is divided up among its three neighbors, Russia, Persia and Turkey, Turkey taking the largest share.

This victory over the Armenians has only intensified the bitter hatred and cruelty of the Turks toward all Christians.

While England and Russia are quarreling over whose *duty* it is to protect them from Turkish tyranny, the poor Armenians are left without any protection.

The Sultan has closed their churches and schools and they are practically forbidden to educate their children.

Innocent men are imprisoned, tortured and massacred for no earthly cause. Christian women and girls are insulted, stolen and carried to Mohammedan harems. Wandering tribes of fanatical

Moslems, called Kurds, are hired by the Turkish government and furnished with the latest improved fire-arms, to quarter themselves upon the surrounding mountains and descend upon the Christian villages of the valleys and plunder, burn or commit any outrage their fiendish cupidity may suggest; while the Armenians are forbidden under heavy penalties to possess any arms for their own defense.

Says Prof. Bryce, who has traveled through Armenia since this terrible state of affairs has existed, "There is absolutely no security for life, honor or property."

But, as the years go by, the fire of persecution grows more and more severe—this year the furnace seems to be heated "seven times hotter" than ever before. Only this last summer a native Missionary gave the account of the death of a Christian young man, thirty-two years of age, who was seized by the Mohammedans. While one stood over him with poised dagger he was allowed this alternative: "if you accept the creed of Mohammedanism, you may live: if not, let me know quickly." The noble Christian would not deny his Lord and the dagger was thrust through his body, followed by other dagger-thrusts until the body was literally cut to pieces; then having cut off his right arm, they tied one end of a rope around

his neck and the other around the neck of a dead dog, and thus dragged the dog and Christian through the streets for more than a mile to the city gates where they were cast into a filthy pond outside the wall.

For fifteen years the Armenians have been asking help of Europe, but no aid has come. In their extremity they have stretched forth their hands to Christian America, imploring us to break the Turkish chain and let the captives free.

The following is an "Appeal from the Christians of Armenia to the Christians of America," signed by Armenian Christians of every denomination: "The Powers of Europe have promised us protection, but they are too busy arming against each other. We are thus driven to appeal to the conscience of christendom. Our demands are merely these:

(1.) That we may organize our own police and courts of justice, where Christians shall be on equal footing with Mohammedans. (2) That we may control a part of the resources of our country, to be spent on internal improvement, so that the taxes wrung from our poverty may not be spent in building palaces for pashas, and in buying cannon and erecting fortifications wherewith to keep us in subjection; and (3) That our Governor shall not be a Turk; if not an Armenian a European or an American."

They ask that our President shall use his influence with the Sultan in their behalf.

The Armenians now number about 5,000,000; 2,000 of these men, women and children are now in Turkish prisons.

They are an industrious people, mostly engaged in agriculture. Their implements are the most primitive kind, such as were used in Antedeluvian ages.

The women, noted not only for their beauty, but also for their purity, fidelity and industry, with machinery as ancient as the farmers' implements, make the most beautiful carpets the world knows. Their needle-work is also famous.

Marriages are generally arranged by the parents, and not unfrequently an Armenian girl of twelve or thirteen meets her affianced husband of twice or perhaps three times her own age, for the first time at the altar. From here she is immediately taken to the home of her husband's parents, where brother's, son's and grandson's, wives, mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law, all live in perfect harmony. Such is the deference the Armenians show to their elders.

They have many legends in which they delight. One that the Armenians firmly believe is told of one of their kings, Abgar, a contemporary of our Savior, who being afflicted with a disease re-

sembling leprosy, wrote that famous letter to Jesus asking to be healed, to which Jesus replied in a written promise to send, after his crucifixion, a disciple who would cure the king's malady. After the Savior's ascension the disciple Thomas is said to have sent Thaddeus, one of the Seventy, to Abgar.

Armenian folk-lore, too, is full of interest. An example is the conversation between Adam and Eve the day after they were driven from Paradise.

Adam said: "Yesterday you loved me, when I could lay the Garden of Eden at your feet. How do you regard me now when I am a beggar and an outcast?" Eve answered: "I love you just the same!"

Said Adam: "Your love makes me forget the loss of Paradise!" But the Old Serpent, hid behind a bush, chimed in, "She loves *you* because there is *nobody else!*"

Another legend says when Jesus walked through the fields every

flower and herb bowed to him except the tobacco plant, which stood boldly upright. Jesus cursed the haughty plant and condemned it to *everlasting* burning. The Armenian smokers say they are carrying out the malediction of Christ.

The Armenian Church is characterized by the simple dogmas and democratic spirit of the time of the Apostles. It regards the Apostles' Creed as containing everything that is necessary for orthodoxy. It regards all denominations of Christians as brethren, and treats them in a spirit of toleration even if they speak against the church through ignorance or hardness of heart.

They make the sign of the cross with *two fingers*, thus representing the two natures of Christ made one in His person. The history of the Armenian church is one long martyrdom.

"O speed the moment on
When Wrong shall cease, and Liberty and Love
And Truth and Right throughout the earth be known
As in their home above."

ADDIE WILSON, '96.

THE RUBICON SPRINGS AND THEIR SURROUNDINGS.

We had stopped ten days on the west shore of Lake Tahoe and had seen much of the higher ranges of the Sierra Mountains that lay to the westward, had enjoyed many rambles amid the grand primitive

forests, had hunted the beautiful snow plant far up the slopes to the snow-fields, had rowed and fished on the lake till heart and brain seemed full of the bright surroundings.

As the days passed parties had been going and returning from a new discovery in a wild region inaccessible until very recently, some twelve miles into the heart of the range, called Rubicon Springs, on account of the difficulty and danger undergone to reach it. Wonderful things were related by the return parties which stimulated others to go. One day a party of young ladies determined to make the trip on foot, rather a startling announcement, but they were equal to proposed. Taking two bright, active young men as escorts they started on the adventurous trip.

Next evening they returned like pilgrims from afar, each with a staff, weary and hungry, but full of enthusiasm and delight. Having been something of a footman in my time, and believing that my invalid companion needed and could make the trip up in the pure mountain air, we resolved to make the effort. My son was so fearful we might fall by the way, he determined to accompany us and take his seven year old boy, whom he reasoned could endure as much as either of us. Taking a moderate amount of lunch and a drinking cup at 8 a. m. we started on the trail up the mountain side among the grand old trees that had stood for centuries. Though imperceptible at first we began to ascend. At every turn the sur-

roundings became more interesting, the trees increased in size, and were growing in the small coves among the large boulders, where there was neither soil nor sand. Here and there trees six feet in diameter, and one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in height grew on the steep cliff, singly or in groups of ten to one hundred, and sometimes in small forests where no other form of vegetation could live. In more than one place, trees of the largest size grew out of crevices in the side of naked rock; in many places the roots of the great trees had lifted by their steady growth, masses of rock that would weigh more than a ton. As we climbed still higher the scene became wilder and grander, giant mountain tops and dizzy cliffs arose on every side; great boulders and broken rocks had been thrown about like footballs and whole mountain sides had been shivered, broken, and thrown into the narrow valleys by volcanic power.

At the end of three hours of slow but steady ascent we reached the summit of the great *divide*, the extreme south-west rim of the Salt Lake Basin; there under a large pine on the green grass of a small meadow we rested and partook of our lunch. Within twenty feet of where we sat, the water divided, part going in a branch of the American river to the Pacific,

and the other into the Great Salt Lake Basin, which has no outlet. We were near 9,000 feet above sea level, surrounded by extensive snow peaks to the south and vast rocky heights to the north. The cool breeze that was making solemn music among the pines, seemed to impart new vitality to our lungs and strength to our weary limbs; the deep blue cloudless sky seemed so pure that a little ideal imagination could have woven strange fancies of what might lay just beyond reach of the eye. It seemed so quiet, restful and still, we were loath to break the charm and move onward again.

We passed in the next mile, three lakes in the dividing gap. The first was covered with the leaves and blooms of water lilies, the second was a deep pool of open blue water, while the third was full of lilies and giant tula rush. Beyond the lakes we began to descend, being surrounded by scenery similiar to that seen in the ascent, until we arrived at the cut off, a narrow foot-path that leaves the trail and saves a mile of distance. Ten minutes' walk in the cut off brought us suddenly out of the scattering pines, upon scene so terribly grand and sublime that we were silent and dumb with awe. Spread out before us and far down beneath our feet was the Gorge of the Rubicon, and it seemed so vast and terrible

we instinctively refrained from looking downward. To the northwest as far as the eye could see was one wild scene of rocky desolation, or volcanic wreck and ruin, composed of huge mountains of granite that had been shivered to pieces and upheaved, vast caverns and gorges yawning in every direction, and towering cliffs which cast their shadows into the fearful abyss. To the southeast the scene was milder by being covered with snow that sparkled in the mid-day sun like burnished silver, and hid much that would have been as terrible as the other end of the gorge.

When our minds and hearts had relaxed from their intense emotions so that we could *think*, we essayed to make the descent into the abyss by climbing down that seemingly impassable barrier that lay before us. The only thing from which we could derive hope was the foot-path with foot prints in it, others had gone down and survived then so might we. That descent will be one of the events in life, never to be forgotten by one who makes it. The narrow path winds along the base of perpendicular cliffs, over and among great heaps of wreckage that has been thrown down from a thousand feet above. Sometimes a mass of stone appeared to block the way, but a sharp turn around a corner or through a great

rift, opened a way out, and onward we go over rolling stones, sliding or tumbling fragments that give way under our feet, sometimes coming suddenly upon a sitting posture on a mass of moving fragments that have started their perilous journey to the valley, sometimes struck on an aching toe by a sharp stone, and stopping look down, down, down, wondering if it is possible for us to reach that green line that marks the river below, till our heads begin to grow dizzy, and again moving on till at last we reach the trail again. With thankful hearts we trudge along the trail which winds serpent like among the still fearful surroundings, till weary and worn we reach the shelter of the tall pines and take a drink from the cool sparkling river on whose bank we lay down to rest, yes, possibly to rest as we have not rested for many a day.

We were disappointed in not finding the hotel among the trees by the river, so resumed our tramp up the valley. Though tired and hungry we still enjoyed the grand surroundings; the valley is five thousand feet below the summit where we took our mid-day lunch, and looking upward, just as wonderful a picture met the eye as when looking downward from the cliffs. A walk of half a mile brought us to a succession of charming and romantic falls that

were dashing rapidly among as wild a mass of fallen mountain wreckage as the most vivid imagination could picture. Every turn in the road, every time we rounded a huge boulder new and grander scenes of desolation burst upon our view, yea the whole was so wonderfully grand, so far ahead of anything seen before, we had to stop again, now that the upper end of the gorge had come into view, being overpowered with the sight; and we began to question whether or not we were gazing on a wonderful mirage. By this time we were getting so full of the startling and terrible, and so tired and hungry that we began to exclaim, Oh for the hotel!

In this state of mind we suddenly turned a sharp corner of some rocks and right before us were the hotel and springs. Never was rest more welcome, and never was our mind fuller of new revelations, for of all the wonderful displays of volcanic energy and desolation, that which surrounded us was the grandest which we had yet seen and indeed the grandest in the whole Sierra range.

The soda springs are natural fountains, flowing from under the mountain, whose water is nearly pure soda water and when sweetened is equal to any that is artificially made, and perfectly harmless.

The hotel is a large rustic building, surrounded by a number of

rustic cabins, all of which were built before a trail was opened, so all the material not found upon the grounds, had to be packed and carried on horses or men; hence the buildings are all very primitive, which makes the place now very popular. After getting rested here we never tired of climbing over the rocks, visiting the falls, watching the sunrise and sunset as they in turn lit up the dark cliffs on either side and sent back ever changing reflections from the snow. One afternoon a party went to Rock-bound Lake, two thousand feet above the valley, just below the snow fields. The ladies traveled on horses, the men on foot. It was a grand scramble up steep ascents, over loose stones and beneath ragged ledges, up, up, up, to the summit, then through a pass and just beyond was the beautiful sunlit lake about two hundred acres in area, with wild duck swimming in security, for few people visit that upland solitude. In the pass and in a small cove were about fifty large sugar pine trees, rugged, gnarled and hoary. All else was naked, dreary rock up to the snow line, thence upward and outward stretched the vast snow fields which had piled up for unknown centuries, filling valley and gorge to uncertain depths. Yes it is a grand and glorious sight to see boundless fields of unbroken snow, glittering

in the mid-summer sunlight, cold, silent, unchangeable.

Late in the afternoon we returned with ravenous appetites. Some of the party notwithstanding their weariness were ready to participate in a social and a regular mountain Hoedown till mid-night. There were twenty or thirty others at the springs, some of whom were natives of the wild regions of the Sierras.

There is a noted place some ten miles down the valley called Hell hole and is inaccessible by ordinary people, but adventurous hunters visit it occasionally. Its distinctive characteristic is the vast number of rattle-snakes that go there to winter in a cave. The hunters in speaking of them, speak of tens of thousands or carloads. Two hunters are reported to have gone there to kill enough to make a necklace of their rattles, but after they had killed about forty each the fearful stench which the enraged snakes emitted made them deadly sick and they had to retreat.

At the end of a few days we returned in a hack drawn by four horses to lake Tahoe, where a few more days were spent in rowing and fishing, varied by a steamer excursion around the lake, visiting all the bays, inlets, hotels, and fishing grounds, a distance of about one hundred miles.

We crossed the lake to the

eastern shore, there took the stage and returned once more to Carson City. Lake Tahoe is one of the beautiful, interesting, and romantic spots on earth, and is well worth seeing. Though six thousand two hundred feet above sea-level and surrounded by mount-

ains, ice is never formed on its waters even when the thermometer falls to twenty degrees below zero for it is supposed to reach down to the volcanic fire, being eighteen hundred feet deep.

ADDISON COFFIN.

A COLLEGE EDUCATION IN RELATION TO BUSINESS.

One young man may go to college while another, in every way his equal and in no way his superior, may go from the district or public school to the store and obtain a business start over him. He may not attain this always but often does, and appears to hold it permanently. But this applies to business of a material sort, such as banking, manufacturing, and the mercantile line. In pursuing purely professional callings like the law, medicine and the profession of teaching, the college bred man has the advantage all the way through.

There are certain business qualifications which are not artificially created. They are as much in-born as Shakespear's 'genius' or Cicero's power of oratory. The most illiterate man may possess them, while the most learned man may be ignorant of them.

Men who were destitute of

education, in the sense in which we use that term have gone to large cities with only a sixpence in their pockets, and have died millionaires. On the other hand, there are college graduates who die in poverty. Horace Greeley thought that at one time he could count many hundred graduates in the City of New York who could not earn a living. At any rate, it is not assuming too much to say that a great many college educated men cannot turn their faculties to successful business. Yet, it need not be said that college equipment is the cause of their failure, for college men do succeed in business. But the young man fresh from college is apt to encounter at least one disadvantage. During the four maturest years of his life he has been shut out from contact with the busy, active world. His thoughts are separate from worldly, practical things. He

could not well pursue his studies if they were not. Horace Greely said that "of all horned cattle in a newspaper office the college graduate is the worst." Greely knew every part of the office, and, while he did not despise education, he had but little sympathy and patience with those who thought they knew more than himself and yet were ignorant of those principles and requisits which make a man successful in the printing office.

I would not, in the least, discourage the pursuing of a college education, but would recommend that students examine themselves and see what their natural inclinations are and ascertain what their calling in the world is and educate themselves accordingly.

The subject of health ought by all means to be considered in deciding on a profession. Many men owe their power to live in health and comfort to following an out of door profession, while they might win greater wealth and fame in some large town at the expense of health.

It is not surprising that the young college graduate frequently should have some conceit over his advantage and estimate it too highly. This is only the human nature which all possess in a greater or less degree, and which should be overcome by true education. It was the possession of

this that annoyed Horace Greely when he saw the college student trying his hand in the newspaper office. But this will certainly wear away to the one who is clear sighted and teachable, and Bacon's words, "Knowledge is power," will be realized in his experience.

The influence of education will certainly be felt to some extent in whatever calling, and what it gives to the press will certainly filter down in many ways so that the minds of the people gather untold riches from many streams, which when traced back, will be found to spring from some great fountain of learning. Thus the young man of to-day who does not go to college need not, as those of former years, remain slightly educated. The multiplication of books, magazines, libraries, reading clubs, and a higher grade of public and preparatory schools, put within the reach of almost any energetic and studious mind a culture almost if not quite as broad and liberal as the college course of earlier days. On the other hand, it must be a very dull mind that can escape education. Therefore while going to college has its claims, and is in many cases necessary and an advantage to be coveted, the not going is nowhere near so great a deprivation as it once was.

It is important that we note the

distinction between knowledge and education. Knowledge represents the valuable facts with which the memory is stored. Education, as the word is defined means "a leading out" of the mental faculties. As has been frequently said, we cannot lead a horse out of a stable until there is first a horse in the stable, neither can we lead out the mental faculties if they are not there.

The world itself is a university. Travel and contact with men and things and a collision with different nations and struggles to get on in the world are in themselves educators of the highest degree. The period in which Stephenson was working in a coal pit, and the time in which Lincoln was breaking the western frontier, spending

his time in splitting rails, sailing a flat boat, practicing law in rude primitive neighborhoods, etc, were a part of their college and were better for them than a college diploma is for multitudes of bright young men. Knowledge and education, theory and practice, should go hand in hand. The one is just as essential to a successful business life as the other. In taking an inventory of a man, the main question is not, how many degrees has he taken? and from what has he graduated? but what kind of a man is he? How much is there in him? What can he do in the fields of labor? It matters not whether he came from mansion or cottage or log hut,

W. J. THOMPSON, '92.

The Guilford Collegian.

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H. A. WHITE, '94.
ANNIE F. PETTY, '94.

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RUTH C. BLAIR, '94. Personals.
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JANUARY, 1894.

We trust that the new students who have come among us this term came with a determination to grasp every opportunity that may open, through which they can make themselves and others better. And may it not be a determination similar to so many New Year resolutions, whose feet are cut off when they are scarcely able to stand alone, but such as will find its sequel in lives yet unknown.

Guilford students now have for the first time the advantage of an Art department. Miss Lilian Hill,

a most accomplished instructor, who has studied for several years in the Cincinnati and Chicago schools of art, has charge of the department and all who wish to cultivate their faculties for this work will certainly find the advantages just as good in this as in any other part of our work.

The studio will be situated on the third floor of Founders' Hall.

Our nation's history records the facts of but very few years that have left the solution of such perplexing problems to their successors as has the last to its. But although the North and West are chafing under the load of thousands of unemployed workmen and the scourge of storm and fever have pinned the crape around the strong arm of the South, and although a financial panic has effected every state in the Union, yet our institutions of learning continue to flourish. We hope this bespeaks an awakened interest in the higher nature of man, and for this interest, if for no other, we should hail the New Year as a happy one, and greet our fellow man with the gladness that inspires the things eternal.

Do we as students of an institution which offers equal advantages to both sexes realize that the opportunities here offered for social

development are being disregarded to a great extent? Year after year we have been deteriorating till during the last only a few of our pupils made use of the Saturday evenings which were set apart for times of general enjoyment. Now at the beginning of another term is an appropriate time to kill the old but dying custom, and install a system that will be a means to the end which we wish to reach. The students alone are responsible for the present condition of our "Socials," and they alone can start the revolution for better ones.

It is only the few who can read character of their schoolmates or become acquainted with them just by sight; indeed we may stamp

a person as devilish or frivolous by only seeing their actions, but seldom can we discern the deeper streams of existence without some personal contact. In an institution like ours it should be the privilege of every student to gain inspiration from the life of every other by association with them, yet unless there is a change made in the medium through which this result must come, or in what we term our "Socials," we will still continue to see the terms of school begin and close and some of our school mates pass from our memory without finding out their real worth, or having that real worth to make us better.

PERSONALS.

Charlie Thompson is in school at Westtown, Pa.

Mamie Arnold is at the Normal School, Greensboro.

Minnie Bulla is teaching school in Randolph county.

Bert Field is an assistant in a coal office in Greensboro.

Elma Hoskins is teaching school near Summerfield, Guilford Co.

Maggie Hockett is teaching at Marlboro, Randolph county.

Sallie Cook attends the State Normal and Industrial School in Greensboro.

James M. Diffie, a student of N. G. B. S., is now superintendent of the Southern Oil Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Lillian Hill, here in '91 and '92, is teaching at Pisgah, Randolph county.

Mattie Tilden (*nee* Robins) who was here in '78, has a pleasant home in Greensboro, N. C.

On the 23d of November last, Arch. N. Bulla was married to Miss Dora Julian, of Randleman.

Frank Benbow and Elisha Stanford, both of the class of '91, are studying law at the University.

Martha J. Henley, '92, is in Pennsylvania with her brother Penn, who has charge of a dairy farm.

Carrie Ballinger is taking a Kindergarten course in Mrs. Blakely's Training School in Indianapolis.

Dave Blair is engaged in his second year's work as assistant principal in the Winston Graded Schools.

Lizzie Coltrane is spending her time quite pleasantly at the home of her uncle, near Rich Square, Northampton county.

Tishia Johnson, (*nee* Jackson,) who was a student of the N. G. B. S. in the early '50's, has a pleasant home in Jamestown, Guilford Co.

Lizzie Henley was called home from Pennsylvania on the death of her father; she is now teaching at New Salem, Guilford county.

Wm. E. White is meeting with much success as agent for the Domestic Sewing Machine Co. He is located in Waynesville, N. C.

On the 26th of November, 1893, there was added to the family of Wm. Alfred and Roxie Dixon

White a second son. We wish for the two boys and two girls equal advantages and a merry life.

We regret very much that Annie Webster is not with us this term. She remains at her home in Sweepsonville, Alamance Co.

Frank Anderson, of High Point, is clerking for Robt. A. Wheeler, a commission merchant in Washington, D. C.

Arka Wilson is engaged in her third year's work as teacher at Spring Church, Alamance county. She is giving entire satisfaction as a teacher.

Anna Moore, who is remembered with much pleasure by those who knew her when here, is now one of the leading members of the Senior class at Earlham College, Indiana.

W. Stacy Round was a member of the first graduating class of the new college in Portland, Oregon. He is now quite successful in business.

Arthur and Fred. Douglas are in business in Bennettsville, S. C. They are progressive young men and rank among the best citizens of the place.

Nettie Horney has gone to live with her relatives in Jamestown, Ohio. We learn that she is in school and pleased with her new situation.

Catherine Brown, (*nee* Copeland,) who was a student of N. G. B. S. in its early days, has an interesting family and a pleasant home in Lasker, Northampton county.

Since Cleveland and his followers hold the reigns of National power the services of Will. Ragan are no longer required in the post office at High Point, and he has taken up the new occupation of school teaching. He may be found at Springfield, Guilford Co.

William Jessup, a student of N. G. B. S., has an interest in a large

lumber mill and in a loving family at Menola, N. C.

Mollie Winslow, (*nee* Cannon) who attended school here in the '70s, is now postmistress at Belvidere, N. C.

One of our representatives at Bryn Mawr, Cora White, has recently been summoned home on account of the serious illness of her mother. We hope for her mother's recovery and that she may be permitted to return to school.

LOCALS.

—Base Ball.

—"Lip" has returned.

—Archdale full and still they come.

—Base Ball talk has begun. A good team is in prospect.

—The Literary societies are manifesting their general interest.

—Miss Dora Bradshaw spent the holidays with Miss Isabella Woodley.

—The gymnasium will doubtless be a favorite resort during the winter months.

Is it possible that one of our students has become fascinated

with what *he* calls "Coperfield's Pickwick Papers"?

—Students have come in faster than expected. The dining hall scarcely accommodates those who have already arrived.

—The girls' gymnasium has been improved by the addition of traveling rings and a new mat. We hope to see many more improvements made soon.

—W. W. Mendenhall, '92, visited the college during vacation. He has returned to his school at Rural Hall, and will be assisted by Miss Mammie Jones, a former student of the institution.

—The Phantom party given in Founder's hall by Miss Cunningham and others during the holidays will long be remembered.

—Several of the faculty and students attended the annual Bible School Conference of the N. C. Y. M. of Friends held in Greensboro.

—S. A. Hodgkin and E. E. Gillespie attended the Junior exhibition. They have returned to Chapel Hill where they will finish this year.

—Prof. Grave visited several mines during the holidays in search of a collection of minerals. He secured several different specimens to be used in his Geology class.

—After an extended tour on the Pacific slope Addison Coffin has returned to Guilford to spend his usual winter vacation; and his course of lectures are looked to with much interest.

—W. T. Parker, who was a prominent character in student-life, during the days of old New Garden Boarding School, returned to his home in Baltimore after a pleasant stay of a few days at the college.

—We think that the Juniors wish to go on record as having taken the name of Rome in vain only twice during their whole exercises. These two times it was used as a mere reference—not in

a foolish attempt to inspire the audience, neither as a "starting point" to get inspiration.

During the Christmas holidays much work was accomplished in the interest of the Cabinet. Addison Coffin donated a valuable collection of fossils, pre-historic rocks and other specimens from the West.

Besides other gifts E. O. Reynolds, '92, made a nice contribution.

The Curator visited pre-historic quarries in the southern part of Davidson county and secured quite a collection.

—Vacation at Guilford is by no means an insignificant period to the students remaining at the College from term to term. It is the general verdict that the holidays spent during *this* Christmas vacation were more pleasant and profitable than those of any previous year.

—Farlow is quite a genius in the mechanical line, and on being called to aid in replacing a piece of stove pipe which had fallen, he first places one of the stove plates on the top of that part of the pipe which was still standing to keep the smoke from coming out.

—The regular reception given at the beginning of each term by the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. T.

U. to the new students, was held in the Association Hall on the evening of Jan. 13th. The evening was enjoyed by old as well as new students and all were drawn closer to each other, feeling that they could begin the new term better acquainted.

The addresses given by the representatives of each association were filled with cordial words of welcome. Through the whole the spirit of our Master seemed to pervade. Songs interspersed the exercises, after which various interesting games were played. The audience went away feeling that another true reception had been added to those of the past.

—Social gatherings, Phantom and Tacky parties follow each other in rapid succession, the 9th of January comes. Vacation has gone.

An attentive audience assembled on the evening of Dec. 22, to witness the exercises of the class of '95.

The Juniors took their seats promptly at 7.30 on the stage which was appropriately decorat-

ed by thé Soph's. Pres. Hobbs in a short, pointed address welcomed the audience, and introduced the class. The program was given in the following manner:

PROGRAM.

Oration.....	John C. Calhoun, J. O'Neal Ragsdale, Jamestown
Oration.....	Hypnotism, Henry Anna Clay Hackney, Guilford College
Oration.....	Capital Punishment Unjustifiable Ottis E. Mendenhall, Lexington.
Oration.....	Three Universities, Samuel H. Hodgins, Greensboro.
Oration.....	Louis Agassiz Cornelia Roberson, Guilford College.
Oration.....	The Public Highways, Vernon L. Brown, Aicher, Fla.
Oration.....	African Development, Walter H. Mendenhall, Lexington.
Oration.....	Charles Lamb, Gertrude Leslie Cunningham, Wilmington.
Oration.....	The Waldenses, Nasseem Sim'an, Mount Lebanon, Syria.
Oration.....	Vagabonds, Dora J. Bradshaw, Franklin, Va.
Oration.....	Forest Protection, G. Raymond Allen, Greensboro.

The custom of the Soph's. carrying pillows and Webster's Dictionary to Junior Exhibitions, we are glad to say was not put in practice or needed at this exhibition, for the orations were delivered in both a business like and an attractive style.

EXCHANGES.

On our table we find a copy of *The Sequoia* from Stanford University. It is a good magazine, yet not what we had expected to find from so large an institution. The motto is such a one as every co-educational college may readily adopt. "A generous education should be the birth-right of every man and woman in America." We hope to see the *Sequoia* greatly improve, which it doubtless will as it gathers strength by age.

The December number of the *Latin and High School Review* is a large number and contains numerous cuts. It is published on good paper and the contents are interesting. We gladly welcome its appearance.

Among our exchanges which have a modest and attractive cover is *The Nassau Literary Magazine*, published by the senior class of Princeton. Short, well written stories occupy considerable space. By a careful perusal of "Book Talk" much information may be obtained in a digested form of many of the latest books. Verse is given a generous space in its pages. "The Song of the River," in the December number is not without evidence of literary ability

The season just closed has been marked by a great activity in the

athletic field. Foot-ball has taken a prominent position and greater interest than ever has brought down upon its unlucky head reproaches of every description from the press of our land. Public sentiment in some places is so strong against the game that young "Phil Kings," upon going home for the holidays crowned with laurels and floundering in honor have found themselves actually shunned by their old acquaintances, and looked upon much in the same way as one gazes at the convicted perpetrator of a bloody crime.

There is no doubt but that by the present rules the players are allowed more liberty than is conducive to the maintenance of sound bones. We heartily applaud the sentiment of one of our exchanges in the statement, "Either wedge plays or foot-ball must go." An end play with good interference is more beautiful, requires more skill, is much less dangerous, and is far more entertaining to an audience than the wild, rushing heard of "long hair" in a confused throng where muscle and bones alike give way before an invincible V, and where "beef" is considered the greatest requisite for victory. Such as this is what is ruining the game and causing regulations to be passed prohibiting its being played at many of our colleges.

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MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA.

Were an eastern tourist pressed for time, to ask us what spot in California he should visit on a flying trip through the state, we would answer "Monterey; for there you will get the beauties of bay, hill slope and mountain scenery combined; there you will see crumbling adobe houses, relics of Spanish dominion; you can stand on historic ground, and live over again the scenes of the past."

The bay of Monterey was discovered by Europeans before Shakspeare wrote his plays, but long centuries elapsed before a permanent settlement was made on its shores, and then the pioneer was the dreamy, ease loving Spaniard who left the noble pines and the graceful live oaks standing, instead of felling them with the cheerful alacrity characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon.

The town faces the bay, and is backed by low hills whose gentle slopes are dotted with oaks and crowned by a growth of pines. A

gracious climate, a fertile soil, picturesque scenery combine to make it attractive, but there is a charm about it independent of all these, a glamour of romance, an after glow of heroic deeds.

As we walk along its rambling streets, laid out on the site of ancient foot paths, and by a people who were not in a hurry to get anywhere, we recall the saying of the historian Motley,— that the ghosts of men of a former generation peopled the market place and streets of the Hague (where he was then at work), and were more real to him than the figures of flesh and blood who passed before his outward vision.

We have no eyes for the smart architecture and fresh paint of modern Monterey, but we linger long before the old adobe buildings with tile roofs and walls two or three feet thick, or in the roofless ruins that once echoed to the mirth and gayety of a forgotten generation, or on the balconies

where the Spanish ladies sat to witness the bull fights in the plaza below.

We gaze and dream, until the sunshine about us seems the light of the past, and to stream upon the life of a former century.

The Franciscan power is at the height of its glory; the patient Indians are working in the fields of the mission fathers; the mounted *vacqueros* are watching the vast herds of cattle and horses which feed on the native grains and grasses.

One or two vessels from far off Boston which have come around the Horn are anchored in the bay, taking in cargoes of hides; and the business of this small seaport is conducted in a leisurely fashion as befits the time and place. The old church which stands on yonder knoll facing the sea, has a staff of ministering priests and a throng of devout worshipers.

But the tinkling bell we hear is not the signal for the elevation of the Host, and the still lower bending of the kneeling congregation. It is the sound of a modern street car, and we are rudely awakened from our dream of the past.

It is the last decade of the nineteenth century, the adobe houses are crumbling into dust, the flocks and herds have disappeared, there is not an Indian to be seen, and instead of the crowded church our

venerable priest stands at the entrance and informs us that we must pay ten cents each if we wish to see the interior.

The yard in front of the church doorway is paved with sections of whale's back bones, and the sight reminds us that Monterey was once a whaling station. Down yonder the beach, half way to the Chinese fishing village, we can see the furnaces crumbling to decay, the huge iron kettles, yellow with rust, and hogsheads so saturated with whale oil that they have withstood the rains of many years.

Here too are fragments of burned boats, those symbols of irrevocableness. And off yonder, at low tide, is to be seen the wreck of the vessel which carried Napoleon away from the island of Elba, brought by some strange fate to lay its ribs on this far western shore. Truly we seem to breathe "haunted air"; there are so many historical associations about this place.

Here is a rose tree, nearly fifty years old, covered with roses and proving, better than statistics can, that this is a land of perpetual summer.

It may have been a vigorous scion when Fremont walked these winding streets. We like to think of the Path-finder as he was then, in the prime of his young manhood, the idol of his men, his name al-

ready blown abroad upon the winds of fame. Here stands the old Custom House, where he first flung the stars and stripes to the breeze, there is the building in which he kept his prisoners, and yonder on a hill outside the town and commanding the harbor is his ruined fort.

On this same headland, but lower down than the fort, is a statue to Junipero Serra, the founder of the Catholic missions in California, who landed here June 3rd, 1770. This was erected in honor of his memory by Mrs. Leland Stanford, and represents the priest just stepping from a boat, and raising his hands in wonder and admiration at the scene before him.

As we walk the short distance which separates this statue from the fort above it, we marvel that around the same hillside should cluster memories and traditions of two such widely different men as Junipero Serra and John C. Fremont. One belonged to a former century, and represented its religious belief and that of other centuries back of it, in the misty past. Indeed, this Franciscan monk might have lived in the Middle Ages and been that Peter the Hermit whose zealous appeals for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre from the infidel, inspired the Crusades.

But the soldier and explorer

faced toward the future and toward progress; upon his brow shone the light of a new dawn. How different the ideals and incentives which prompted his toils and marches, from those which led the priest on foot all up and down this coast and over these hills!

And yet, if departed spirits do ever "revisit glimpses of the moon," and linger about the scenes of their earthly achievements, we can imagine that the immortal essence of each of these heroes might greet the other with "All hail." For, however widely different the motives that inspired their earthly efforts, they lived above self and time serving, they toiled for principles, and in all ages such are recognized as kindred spirits.

As we leave this sunny headland, with its back ground of pine forest, and its wide view of town and bay, we wonder if, ages hence, when its real history is forgotten, there will not be a myth extant which will confuse the two characters of Father Serra and General Fremont, and blend them together in one composite photograph,—that of a Knight Templar.

Half a mile from the town of Monterey is the hotel Del Monte, famous for its extensive and beautiful grounds. Imagine a level expanse of more than a hundred acres, fronting on the curving

beach, and extending inland to the first gentle slope of low hills. Nature clothed this with lofty pines and huge live oaks whose branches stretch outward and downward in long graceful curves. Landscape gardeners have preserved and enhanced its natural beauty. The trees cast their shadows upon smooth green turf; ivy covers their trunks and hangs in graceful festoons from their lower branches. Drives and walks, bordered with flowers, wind through the grove, sometimes emerging into the open sunshine, then twining again through an arch formed by the limbs of two live oaks into the vast shaded aisles.

Flowers bloom in narrow borders, in wide beds, in mounds, in single clusters; and so soon as a plant ceases to bloom it is replaced by another from the extensive conservatories. There are designs in color, here a compass, there a name, formed by minute foliage plants of various shades, kept carefully trimmed. Trees and shrubs from the tropics seem to thrive as well here as in their native air. The pine and palm need no longer lament that they are widely separated, as in Heine's poem.

The Arizona garden is composed of various kinds of cacti, some low and round, a fleshy green mass like a tub turned upside down, covered thickly with

forbidding prickles, others tall and stately like a column, and yet others branching out into many limbs covered with satiny yellow or red flowers.

Here is a bird house where rare birds are to be seen; there is an artificial lake, bordered with willows and palmettoes, with boats for the use of the guests. Here are tennis courts and croquet-grounds swings for the children and bins of clean white sand for the babies. A maze of cypress hedges, enclosing walks, bewilders one who has not the clue, and puzzled guests have been known to lose themselves in its winding labyrinths and remain helpless until sought and guided out again.

The hotel, with its imposing front and two long, widely extended wings, turns its back on the bay and looks towards the mountains, the nearer foot hills and the dim range stretching along the horizon, with summits of pale gold and valleys of tender amethyst, as ethereal as the landscape of a dream.

A mile to the north-east of the hotel grounds is a natural lake whose green waters are said to be colored with sulphur and borax. It is flanked by a line of sand-hills, dotted here and there with live oaks. One of these oaks is perhaps the largest of its kind in the world. Viewed from the sand

hill above, its foliage appears to be that of a small grove of trees standing close together. Standing beneath and looking around, one sees that all the huge, wide spreading branches which stretch from fifty to a hundred feet in every direction, spring from one central trunk. Each of these main branches would, with its smaller sub-branches, make a good sized tree, and there are upwards of fifty of them. The live oak is a slow growing tree. Perhaps this was a thrifty young shoot when the mound builders of the Mississippi valley were erecting their tumuli.

There are attractive roads leading from Monterey in various directions, the most famous being the Seventeen Mile Drive. This leads now through a primeval pine forest, now along the sea shore, past Moss Beach, Shell Beach and the Seal Rocks. It passes clusters of the wonderful cypress trees which are found nowhere else on the coast except here and at Point Labos, a few miles distant. The sight of their gnarled and twisted branches, suggesting centuries of struggle with sea-winds, their dark evergreen foliage outlined against a sky of intense blue, is something to be vividly remembered. Their loneliness, their marked individuality, might give them the name among trees which Jean Paul Richter bore

among German writers — *Der Einzige*, the Only. Another drive leads over the crest of hills that backs Monterey, down into Carmel valley, and to the old mission church, where, beneath the soil around the high altar, lie buried Junipero Serra and fifteen of the Spanish governors of California. This is one of the oldest churches, but it is rather disappointing, having been repaired and restored till now it is neither a good building nor a good ruin. The tiles have been replaced by modern shingles, new stones have mended the crumbling walls, and the whole, inside and out, has been painted. But some ruined abodes near by, forming two sides of a square and resembling enlarged barn-swallows' nests carry us back in thought to the life of the past century.

A few miles farther along the coast is Point Labos, a spot one should not fail to see. A lofty promontory stands out boldly into the sea, and through ravines and breaches worn in its cliffs, the tide advances gallantly to the attack. The surf breaks with a roar and the spray flies high into the air. Different effects have received names, such as the Natural Pump, the Chinese Sprinkler and the Devil's Wash-boiler. All over the top and down the sides of this promontory grow the wind-tortured and twisted cypress trees; here

and at the spot previously mentioned, and nowhere else. Perhaps trees have their loves, as well as people, and some secret affinity causes them to strike roots on these cliffs. What botanist or poet shall declare the mystery unto us? This spot is unique in lonely grandeur; it has no dwelling nor cultivated land near it. Here is virgin soil, waiting for poet or painter to make it famous.

Prose seems inadequate to describe it. Seated on a lofty pinnacle overlooking the scene, snatches of poetry descriptive of the sea in all ages and climes rushes to one's memory, from

"A king sat on a rocky brow
Which looked o'er sea-born Salamis,"

down to

"The breaking waves dashed high,
On a stern and rock bound coast,"

LOUIS COFFIN JONES.

THE HIGHER CHOICE.

In the volume of nature are portrayed the symbolized thoughts of the creator. The exquisite embodiment of divine idols in the infinite variety of scenes adorning her living pages, has interested and instructed the noblest and wisest men. Here the most skillful artist, the greatest poetic genius, and the most eminent divine have alike sought and received inspiration of their individual message.

Meaningless, to the superficial observer, are these marvelous pictures daily submitted to his gaze, but the reflective mind recognizes the divine in all, and sees "books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." Newton immortalized his name by demonstrating the uni-

versal application of a law which, with precision, governs alike the minutest portion of matter and the celestial orbs revolving with inconceivable rapidity through endless space.

From the living plant to the stalwart oak—from the smallest meadow brooklet to the resistless tide of the ocean, we are impressed with a distinguishing characteristic pervading all the works of nature, that of purpose or design; and although endless change is wrought in her domain by the play of inanimate forces, so harmonious and exact is the development of her constituents that her foot-stool may well become the resort of teachable man.

Since nature reveals clear evidences of purpose, we would

naturally expect in the mechanism of man, "who was created a little lower than the angels," a similar design and a more perfect fulfillment of his destiny. But while the development of nature bears a striking resemblance to that of man, yet there exists a marked and important distinction between an inanimate object and a rational being. The former has its purpose in life fore-ordained by the creative hand; while the latter has an alternative choice, and may select for his supreme end that which is high or low, virtuous or sensual, even approaching the perfection of his maker, or receding to a state of beastly degradation.

Since man possesses physical, mental and spiritual powers he requires a three-fold development in order that he may fill his place and serve aright his generation. He is enjoined by the moral law to perfect the "Holy Temple," designed and built with assiduous care by the divine artificer. While without a strong body he would be as helpless as Charon in a rotten boat, yet physical development alone is not sufficient. The cultivation of the mind at the neglect of the body is sinful and disastrous, for true is the ancient adage, "a sound mind requires a sound body." It is not in flesh and blood, nor the intricate and marvelous action of nerve and

brain tissue, but in the wholeness of body, mind and spirit symmetrically developed that man becomes his best. It is to his own interest as well as in obedience to the law of his being, that he should seek the attainment of this perfection in himself and neighbor, that they may be reciprocally beneficial to each other. They both have interests in common, and the more perfect the one the better is the other served.

Nature has endowed man with appetites and desires, any one of which, uncontrolled, may be detrimental and make his life a failure. History and our own observation reveal examples illustrating this sad truth, for men tell us more emphatically by their actions than by their words that the supreme object of their lives is to gratify their ambition for pleasure, wealth and worldly honor. Wealth has had its devotees by the thousands. We search for money slaves in our wealthier class; but those found there are only fortune's favorites. In the humbler walks of life are countless numbers whose alluring goal and adorable god is the "almighty dollar," but whom the beneficent wand of fortune has never rewarded. It is not the amount of money we possess, but the motive which prompted its accumulation, that shows the character of a man. Sad is the end of a life whose absorbing

purpose has been the acquisition of wealth, leaving behind it as deeds of benevolence no rays of light to perpetuate its memory; yet more gloomy if possible is that life which has been governed by worldly ambition. So fascinating is the pursuit and possession of power that one is never satisfied with what has been acquired, but will hazard all for the possibility of gaining more, forgetful that his laurels hang by ropes of sand and may on the morrow be lost forever. The reward of ambition doubtless gives temporary enjoyment, but like the viper in the fable, it is prone to sting those who warm it into life.

Look for a moment at the life work and end of the ambitious youth, who with ravishing hand subdues the hostile tribe of Macedonia, quells the rebellious Greeks, and with fresh laurels of victory crosses the Hellespont and becomes possessor of all Western Asia. None hope to withstand his invincible army. The strongholds of Babylon, the fortifications of Phœnicia, and the natural barriers of Egypt successively yield to this formidable commander. Onward his ambition leads him, until he is acknowledged conqueror of the world, and tradition says, weeps for nations to subdue. The next scene pictures young Alexander, not conquering but conquered by

exhausting debaucheries in which his life crowned with all ambition could bestow, expires as a flickering light, leaving the world no better by his having lived in it.

Similar was the career of Corsica's ambitious son. For a while the eagles of victory perched upon his banner, but soon he was defeated and driven an exile from his country to bewail his unsuccessful life and perish on St. Helena's lonely shore. Do we wonder at Hyder Ali's exclamation: "The state of a beggar is more delightful than my envied monarchy—awake he sees no conspirators—asleep he dreams of no assassins!"

We can but admire the power these men exhibited in the accomplishment of deeds the world calls great. We revere the same iron-clad determination in the life of Luther and many other martyrs of the cross, yet how different is the result of their lives! We would not condemn the power Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon possessed, for the crying need of the age is force—physical, mental and spiritual—but force becomes dangerous and disastrous when misdirected. If the power of these forcible characters had been expended in advancing some noble cause; if the thousands who perished in the useless crusades, the millions who fought and died in bloody strife, and the countless

number who have sacrificed their higher active principles for the gratification of lower appetites and passions, had only developed a personality brave and true to all that uplifts humanity, earth's remotest deserts ere this would have been supplanted by gardens of Eden.

Equally vain are the lives which exist for the pleasure and applause of the world. Like shadows they soon disappear, leaving no lasting monument to their memory. The life of greatest power is not necessarily one before which the world is made to tremble for oftentimes the truest greatness is that which is unseen. The silent forces of nature have been the most powerful. By the constant wearing of the noiseless water, the granite river bed becomes a yawning chasm; in breathless silence the tiny snow flakes deck the mountain peak; powerless they appear to be but soon their might is manifested in the devastating avalanche; excessive rainfall and disastrous floods are only the natural consequence of imperceptible evaporation.

In like manner, great reformations and benevolent institutions are simply the culmination of unobtrusive work for humanity. Whether or not we become potent factors in the busy arena of life will depend upon what we are. The world may rate us high, but

reputation is liable to vanish with the day. Character is the only true criterion of our life, and its quality brands our earthly career a failure or a success. He who would fulfill the object of his creation can only hope to succeed when his life is the embodiment of truthfulness, integrity, and goodness, supplemented by force of purpose which together form a character irresistible and of priceless worth. He may not wear the laurels of an Alexander, win the glory of a Napoleon, or accumulate the wealth of a Cræsus, and yet, as the buried forests of prehistoric ages are serving the generations of to-day, so will the deeds of such a life be perpetuated, until they shall be revealed in undimmed brilliancy to bless and help generations now unborn.

The great drama of life is not a fictitious romance but a stern reality. The characters upon the stage of action are what they have made themselves being the embodiment of their own ideals. From the same forest and earth is constructed the stately palace of a king and the humble cottage of a peasant. The black and lusterless charcoal possesses the same elements as the sparkling diamond.

At our own disposal is placed the material for the election of our ideal edifice. With himself as architect, each can construct a building of beautiful design, with

ceilings frescoed with virtuous acts, walls adorned with portraits of benevolence, floors carpeted with integrity and truth, and the whole illuminated by the "Son of Righteousness."

A more lasting monument we cannot erect. "If we work upon marble it will perish; if we work

upon brass time will efface it; if we rear temples they will crumble to dust," but if we build true and noble characters, if we fashion our lives after the similitude of the Divine, we erect an edifice of surpassing beauty, of universal praise, and of eternal duration.

E. E. GILLESPIE, '93.

THE SPECTROSCOPE.

One by one the strongholds of ignorance and superstition have fallen before the onward march of science.

As a rule such conquests are the result of long and laborious investigation, of a careful accumulation of facts and a deliberate evolution of theories. But at different times in the history of science some simple invention or brilliant discovery has unbarred in an instant the gates before which the most profound thinkers had sat long in vain.

The discovery that lightning is identical with electricity, the evolution of the printing press and the application of the spectroscope and astronomy, each solved long-vexed problems.

Before enumerating the achievements arrived at through the use of the latter instrument it may be

well to enquire into the history and causes of its origin and development.

As early as 1675 Sir Isaac Newton proved by experiment that white light—as that which proceeds from all the luminous heavenly bodies—is not simple but composed of light of different wave-lengths. This difference appears to us as a difference of color and is revealed only by passing the ray of light through some dispersing medium as a prism or grating.

The investigations of Newton have been followed by an apparently very gradual development in the science of Spectroscopy.

Three names are intimately associated with its history. They are Fraunhofer, Kirahoff and Bunsen.

It was in 1823 that Fraunhofer,

a German optician, observed and mapped out the dark lines of the solar spectrum, which bear his name.

In his further investigations by a comparative spectral analysis of sunlight and starlight he reached the conclusion that the dark lines are due to substances in the celestial bodies themselves and not to any influence of our own atmosphere.

It remained for the two German professors, Kirchoff and Bunson working in their laboratories at Heidelberg, to successfully attack the problem of the Fraunhofer lines, and a few years later by the use of an improved instrument they were enabled confidently to assert that these lines are due to substances, many of which are terrestrial, held in a state of luminous vapor owing to the intense heat of the light-producing bodies. This conclusion is the cornerstone of all recent investigations in sidereal spectroscopic analysis.

Since 1859 this science has been applied to the celestial bodies with the most gratifying results.

Problems which have vexed the scientific mind for centuries are now settled with as much certainty as if space were annihilated and the stellar vapors identified, carefully stowed away in the bottles and tubes of the laboratory.

The essential features of the modern spectroscope are three,

viz: The prism for analyzing the rays of light, the slit and callimator for purifying it, and the telescope for magnifying the spectrum produced.

As in the case of all inventions time has witnessed improvements both in the instrument itself and in the art of using it, and doubtless still greater conquests are reserved for the future.

The revelations of the spectroscope have been great in every branch of science to which it can properly be applied, but in its relations to the celestial bodies it comes more strictly under our observation.

It may be well to state however that at least four new kinds of terrestrial matter have been discovered through its agency, viz: the metals rubidium, coesium, thallium and inolium.

The spectra produced by all bodies may be divided as respects their source into three classes as follows:

1st. The continuous spectrum produced by an incandescent solid. In this all the colors of the rainbow appear complete from red to blue.

2nd. A gaseous body sufficiently heated to give off light reveals a spectrum in which instead of the prismatic colors one or more bright lines appears upon a dark back ground. This is styled the discontinuous spectrum.

3d. It has been found by experiment that any luminous gas is capable of absorbing rays of light the same wave-length as those which it emits. Hence if between an incandescent solid and the spectroscope be placed a glass vessel containing some vapor we may expect to find dark lines in the spectrum.

If the vapor is then heated to the point of luminosity instead of the dark lines we shall see bright ones. Thus it is evident that the rays of light stopped by the gas are of the same nature as those it emits. In this case the spectrum is *changed*.

It is by the application of these facts to astronomy that we are able to tell the composition of a body by its emitted light.

The celestial objects observed by the spectroscope may be perhaps divided into six leading classes.

1st. The sun on account of the favorable opportunities offered by it for observation has doubtless received a lion's share of attention.

It was Kirchoff who first conclusively proved by his spectroscope that the sun is an incandescent body surrounded by a vaporous atmosphere, the latter therefore producing the dark lines in the solar spectrum. This belief was in direct opposition to that of many of the leading astronomers of that day.

The total eclipse of the sun visible in India on the 18th of August, 1868, first revealed the possibilities of the spectroscope in explaining the phenomena connected therewith and most of the knowledge which we possess is regard to the chromosphere, prominences, faculæ, sun-spots, etc., must be attributed to this science.

2d. The spectroscope has revealed the composition and motions of the stars. As a result of its analysis we now have four classes of stars distinguished as to color, viz: *White* as sirius, *yellow* as our sun and copella, *red* as is the case with the great majority of the stars, e. g: Antarpes and Betelgense, and *blue* as Vega.

By the varying position of the spectral lines the motions of the stars can also be determined with comparative certainty.

3d. In the investigation of nebulæ great dependence has been placed upon the spectroscope. Not only has the composition of the nebulæ and star-clusters been established but the whole Nebular Hypothesis finds in the discoveries made through this instrument its chief support.

4th. In the observations of the moon and those planets which shine by reflected sunlight we are enabled to decide upon the presence and density of their atmosphere.

Hence from the lunar spectrum

we infer that that planet has no atmosphere, since no lines of "selective absorption" are shown.

Those planets which are still in a molten or partially gaseous state reveal their composition through the analyzed light.

5th. The spectroscope has proved a valuable agency in revealing the composition of comets, meteors, &c.

By a comparison of the spectra of comets with that of the vapors enclosed in meteors, an additional proof is given of their similarity of construction.

6th. A miscellaneous class of phenomena, not all celestial, to be sure, yet, scarcely to be regarded as entirely included under the term terrestrial, e. g.: Lightning, the Aurora Borealis, &c.

The evolution of the nebular theory, the discovery of the nature

of light, the development of a rigid and searching analysis of all matter, whether liquid, solid or gaseous—these are some of the points of the spectroscope; herein rests its fame.

To-day the astronomer, seated in his laboratory, tells us of masses of burning vapor billions of miles away, glowing through countless ages. He beholds mightier storms than have ever vexed our oceans, terrible eruptions by the side of which those of Mts. Etna and Vesuvius are as child's play; yet beauties transcending those of earth burst upon his gaze, and to his attuned ear the music of the spheres, as from age to age they sweep in majesty through their infinite orbits, seems to tell of liberty, harmonized by the reign of law.

H. H. WOODY, '90.

PROF. JOHN TYNDALL.

One of the greatest leaders in modern science has recently laid down his pen for the last time. The labors of Prof. Tyndall are at an end, and the papers and magazines now contain many sketches of the life and letters of this illustrious man. Noted for many years for his extensive investigations and discoveries, his death has caused a shade of sad-

ness far and wide. For forty years he has been closely connected with the Royal Institution of Great Britain, and his great activity has given to scientific study a wonderful impetus.

In 1863, by the urgent request of many prominent persons, he visited America and lectured to large and enthusiastic audiences in Washington, Baltimore, Phila-

delphia, New York and elsewhere. A banquet was given him the evening before starting back to England, and in many other ways did the American people express to him their gratitude. The proceeds of his short lecture course in this country amounted to something over thirteen thousand dollars, which he gave to three of the leading institutions in America to advance scientific study. In a lengthy article in the February *Popular Science Monthly* the particulars of this visit are given.

One of the things which made Prof. Tyndall great was, he never stated a principle until he was thoroughly convinced that it was absolutely correct; when once established they were seldom shaken by subsequent observations. Trained as his mind always was, to believe only the things perceived by his senses, or proven to be infallible by unquestionable investigations, one might with reason almost expect to find his ideas of the universe coinciding with those of the materialist.

Nevertheless he seems to have been as far from this thought as he was from being a radical endorser of spiritualism.

Prof. Hibben, in the *North American Review*, of January, quoting from Tyndall says: "If you ask the materialist where is this matter of which we have been discoursing, who or what divided it into molecules, who or what impressed upon them this necessity of running into organic forms, he has no answer." On the other hand Tyndall held that religion is a sentiment, conceived not upon an intellectual basis but that it exists "only as an emotional side." He however was not conservative on either of these points, and believed that man has but begun the search into the great themes of life and eternity. I again refer to Prof. Hibben's quotation from Tyndall when in an address, after speaking of the ever changing and widely different views held by men on these subjects, he concludes by saying: "Here, however, I must quit a theme too great for me to handle, but which will be handled by the loftiest minds ages after you and I, like streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past."

T. G. P.

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FEBRUARY, 1894.

We are glad to announce in this issue the news that Guilford's Y. M. C. A. has finally secured a series of Lectures for this term.

It seems that the day has dawned when our association has seen the necessity of more educational advantages and has acted accordingly.

Now, boys, is the time to make this movement permanent. It depends on us. We must put enough vim into the Y. M. C. A. to hold it up to the top notch; and right here is our opportunity to put our shoulder to the wheel,

Will you do it? Advertise these lectures, talk about them whenever you can get some one to listen to you, and make the atmosphere around here so warm that even the road question shall have lost its invigorating influence.

As to the Lecturers we can say they are men of recognized ability and we may congratulate ourselves on securing them.

Again the time worn subject of college examination comes before us, and in the January number of *Swarthmore Phoenix* we find an entire page devoted to the enumeration of the many evils of the present style existing in American Colleges and also the advancement of a possible remedy.

After showing many of the disadvantages which a student is forced to undergo damaging to both body and mind, the writer makes a final summary in the form of a question which we think very expressive of the entire system. He says, "After all what is the good of this 'periodical uprooting to see how he is growing.'"

In many cases "the true object of study—knowledge for knowledge's sake" seems to be entirely ignored and professors not confident in themselves as such, subject their student to tests which are very excruciating on nerves and of no good under the sun.

For a possible remedy he adds

—"perhaps some system of note book inspection or carefully written summaries may *some day* be substituted," and we heartily agree with the *Phoenix* in the wish for a speedy reform.

Nothing great and lasting is accomplished without a due amount of well directed labor. The discovery of important scientific truths and other great steps of educational progress, are the result of long and patient labor. Kepler toiled seventeen years in establishing three astronomical laws which can be stated in less than a hundred words. Demosthenes spent three months in his subterranean study working on one oration. Virgil devoted eleven years toward the production of the "*Æneid*," and then pronounced it imperfect. In every line of work perseverance and concentration of effort are essential to success. The farmer need not expect a bountiful harvest until he has applied stroke after stroke toward that end. The business man must keep a constant eye on his affairs. The inventor may spend more than one sleepless night ere he brings before the world an evidence of his genius. In fact, the persons that stick closest to their places are those that prove the greatest good to mankind. The "Jack of all trades

and master of none," who would show to the world the great extent of his knowledge, has need yet to learn the simple lesson that "the rolling stone gathers no moss."

Just so education is not the work of a day. There is no short cut road to knowledge. From the time the boy first enters the country school-house until graduation day at college his work is more or less that of the plodder. Hours at a time spent in trying to fathom some scientific truth; nights of hard study on mathematical problems; half a day taken up in writing a short introduction to a thesis; week after week devoted to Latin and Greek authors;—all this may not be so pleasant at the time, but it is the way in which hundreds have gone before. He who makes the higher choice of procuring an education must submit to the various requirements which that choice entails; he must never lag in applying his whole self to the work in hand until he has thoroughly mastered it. Not only is a habit of perseverance indispensable to him in his school-work, but such a habit, once formed at college, is likely to cling to him through life as a help toward building up a true manhood in himself. On the other hand, the boy who from time to time impatiently throws aside his books and papers because he cannot under-

stand a problem at first sight will in all probability flinch in the stern realities of after-life. Do not understand, however, that the student's work at school is simply book-learning and that he should devote himself exclusively to this. The highest cultivation of himself which his institution of learning affords should be his definite object for the time being, whatever be his plans for the future. To that purpose he must cling with unabated energy. The way may be long and at times tedious, but the summit can be gained by no other means.

"Our student body is upon a better basis than ever before."

"If there is society scheming there is also an open friendly feeling between the opposing factions."

Now we do not say but that the students have always been upon a firm footing, nor that a friendly spirit has not existed to a greater or less extent between the different societies of this institution; but it is very evident to the common observer that there is a plain, frank understanding between the students now in college, which those who were here several years ago could not feel. We do not wish to say that better men are in school—that any higher ideal of true manliness has

been reached—but that we have made this free feeling by not priding ourselves upon having every scheme secret, by plain speaking, by *openness*; in short, there is no need of speaking about the advisability of being *open*, or "flat out" in calling an unmanly trick an ungentlemanly one, whether a Prof. or one of the boys is involved on either side. Although we have heard much about, "don't express your opinion too freely, and, don't for any thing give *any* young man the idea that you think he is not a *perfect* gentleman." We believe there is no *real* danger involved, when both faculty and students are just as frank and flat as frank and flat can be. While if we follow the policy of *holding* our opinion, of keeping mum when we *know* who a fellow is or what he is, or saying "I don't believe" such and such, when we almost know that the wood or whatever else it might be, *was stolen*, or refuse to explain a scheme when there is some doubt in your fellow student's mind as to the straightness of said enterprise. If we follow this plan students especially are apt to drift into doubt—into forming opinions of their fellow students which do not put them in their true light. We can remember many instances when almost conclusive evidence was produced, upon a mere sup-

position, proving that some member of the opposite society had said or done something which was not quite right; after many months the *straight* of the matter happened to leak out, but too late to save the one implicated from many hard thoughts and words.

We think the better way is to be perfectly free with the whole student body, members of the opposing society not excepted.

We say what we do to encourage this open spirit which has done so much for us in the last year.

PERSONALS.

Anna Anderson is teaching a private school at Ararat.

Mary Sanders is teaching near Rich Square, Northampton Co.

Walter Parker is depot agent at Woodland, Northampton Co.

Thomas Winslow is engaged in teaching at Back Creek, in Randolph Co.

Ozella Outland is governess in the family of a gentleman living in Burks Co., Penn.

Roland Hayes, who left here in '91, is achieving success as a lawyer in Pittsboro.

Berta Tomlinson teaches in the Durham Graded school; she has charge of the sixth grade.

Cora Copeland finds employment as Stenographer for a lawyer in Chattanooga, Tenn.

Ed. Petty is now at the University, diving more deeply into the

fountain of knowledge than ever before.

John T. Benbow, class of '90, is pursuing a course of study at the University.

Bettie Marsh, *nee* Elder, a student here about the year of '56, has a pleasant country home near Trinity College, Randolph Co.

Elihu White, who as Revenue Collector for 4th District has resided in Raleigh for four years, has recently returned to his former home in Belvidere, Perquimans County.

Archie Sampson, once a student of G. C., is a professional and practical Electrician in Massachusetts. He has twenty-five men in his employ and has just completed his work on eighteen miles of Electric Railway in the Bay State.

On January 17th, Evangeline

Farlow was married to John Rush; both of these are former students of G. C. The COLLEGIAN extends congratulations and wishes them a happy life.

Lizzie Hare Holland, a student of N. G. B. S. some years ago, has recently sustained a great loss in the death of her husband, which occurred near the close of last year. Her home is near Suffolk, Virginia.

Another daughter of Guilford has been led to the hymenial altar. On Dec. 14th, '93, Lou Hedgcock was married to Emery Hamilton. The marriage ceremony, which was according to the order of Friends, took place at the residence of the bride's parents, near High Point.

Augustine W. Blair, Sr., one of the students of N. G. B. S. during the first year of its existence, '37-'38, emigrated to California in his early manhood, became a prominent lawyer and practiced in San Francisco for many years. He now resides in Los Angeles and is spending a quiet old age in that city.

On returning to G. C. after an absence of a few years, an old student invariably notes with

pleasure the many improvements made in and around the College. This was the case with Headin Hinson, who, in company with Joe M. Dixon, made a flying visit here during the holidays.

Mr. Hinson was a student of N. G. B. S. about the year '82; two years later he left this state, is now married and living in Kansas City, Mo.

A note enclosing subscription for the COLLEGIAN has just been received from R. D. Roberson, a former student and member of the COLLEGIAN staff.

He is now numbered among the students at Leland Stanford University. The COLLEGIAN extends its best wishes for his success.

Dr. Dare, a student of New Garden Boarding School during its early history, is now a retired physician in Bloomingdale, Ind.

On Jan. 3d, Nona Edgerton was married to J. T. Lashley, flagman on the Winston R. R.

The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Edgerton. The bride and groom left immediately for a visit among the relatives of the former in Goldsboro.

LOCALS.

—William Wheeler has entered school late again.

—The several tennis courts are being monopolized by *Amateurs*.

—Wanted—The *Daily Record* in the Library *in the morning*, and not in private hands.

—The Alamance ball team expects to play a match game with Guilford soon.

—The Athletic Association of Guilford will give another one of their entertainments this term.

—Members of the several societies are now required to support THE COLLEGIAN by subscribing for it

—Mrs. Davis, daughter of John Dundas, has moved into Prof. Blair's house and is now prepared to take boarders.

—The Juniors instead of taking light, heat and electricity this term will spend their time on the latter alone.

—On account of the overflow of Archdale, rooms have been fitted up elsewhere for the accommodation of some of the boys.

—Prof. White has taken even a deeper interest in Archdale Hall since the boys have made arrangements to keep things up square.

Says the Prof.—“I will do my part if the Vigilance Committee will do theirs.”

—Pres. Hobbs' remarks on chewing gum, a few mornings since, showed a side of our President's nature which the students were very glad to see.

—Emma Hammond was gladly welcomed back recently by the Senior Class. She will resume her studies and take her degree this spring.

—Richard Cox and Murry Grantham have charge of David White's house since the latter left to spend the winter at his old home, Belvidere, N. C.

—The friends of W. W. Mendenhall are glad to know he has gotten well again, and, since a few days visit at the college, has again returned to his school at Rural Hall.

—The Art Studio is rapidly being fitted up. No pains are being spared to make this department come up to the standard of which it is capable.

—Mrs. Abigail Mendenhall and her daughter-in-law Mrs. Samuel Mendenhall accompanied by her three bright eyed little maidens paid the college a visit recently.

We are always glad to welcome them.

—Get thy girl, young man, and patronize the course of lectures to be given by the Y. M. C. A. this term,

February 20th,

March 24th,

April 28th.

—It was accidentally found out some time since, that Prof. Davis has accepted an invitation to become a member of the Modern Language Association of America. We are proud to be able to hold an instructor who is so thoroughly proficient in all the languages.

—Attention of our readers is requested to be specially called to the Gum Roofing and Paint advertised in our columns; it is ready for use, easily applied and a very low price—reliable article. Nothing better for a new roof, or an old roof needing repairs. They will mail you a sample if you write them at once, and mention this paper.

—Prof. Woody's Topical Method in History is more than a success, if possible. This statement is proven every day. For instance—to the question asked by our Profess of Literature: "From what point in history does the Anglo-Saxon period of Literature date," came the answer, "The fall of Rome, 476." It can also be told who has been in his Ancient

History class, at Friday night debates.

One of the seniors who has lately attained to the dignity of "doing up her hair" has become so enamored with the occupation, that she seldom gets down to breakfast. Moral—Rise a little earlier, or make special arrangements for a second table.

An impetuous Soph. whose brother in former days cherished the habit of walking his spectacles over to breakfast and remaining in bed himself seems to harbor the same tendency toward absent mindedness; and recently for the benefit of the fair sex climbed a tree, pulled off his coat, cut the mistletoe, came down and left his much valued vestment dangling from the branches thereof. However we congratulate the young man on the recovery of his property.

—At a mass meeting of the young men of Archdale, held on 1st mo., resolutions were passed which have done away with "do as you please band," theoretical student honor and assumed dignity. It would be of interest to the old students to see these resolutions, but suffice to say, a vigilance committee sees that all misconduct, especially in the way of destruction of property, is reported to the student body, or to the proper authorities: that *all* un-

gentlemanly conduct shall not be countenanced by any student who is supposed to be any account.

Student's mass meetings similar to the one mentioned above, are held every second day evening, and are made the medium through which all the business pertaining to the government of Archdale is transacted.

—Miss Hill's reception given in Founder's hall a few evenings since every one enjoyed who was so fortunate as to be present.

Miss Hill received the company in the most pleasing manner, giving a lively description of the several branches of art, and ex-

plaining her plan of work for the ensuing year.

Some were glad to listen to the instructive conversation on this branch of culture, while others preferred to admire, as best they could, the sketches from life, the work in oil, water colors and beautiful designing, especially the china decoration; all of which together with the excellent light, rendered the stately old Founder's parlor very attractive. Our Art instructor manifests a degree of earnestness in her work which is hailed with delight as true western enterprise.

EXCHANGES.

An exchange says: "Recently the Smith college girls had a hare and hound chase in which fourteen girls ran thirteen miles. Now this is progressive, we say hurrah for the Smith girls!

There is no sensible reason why girls should remain cooped in the dormitories or gymnasium while boys have all the fresh air and fun to themselves. Go it for twenty miles next time, Misses Smith, and take all the girls with you.

The January number of nearly all our exchanges have been received. Among these several

new ones have found their way to our table. We are glad to welcome these, as we wish to increase our exchange list whenever practical. It is indeed a pleasure to review the literary products of students from all parts of the country, and the amount of reading matter which the Exchange editor has the privilege of looking over is not small.

The *Pacific Wave* is the surging title of a six paged journal with a rather pretty cover which came to us from the University of Washington. Its editors make a strong

appeal to the student body for their aid and co-operation in the upbuilding of their journal. This is nothing more than every College magazine should expect. Without the encouragement and "metallic sympathy" of the students themselves it would be difficult to maintain a flourishing periodical. We would suggest that an improvement might be made in the department of "Wavelets." Here we find pithy pickings, advertisement notices and locals mixed indiscriminately together. Sift these each to a separate head and you will greatly increase the attractiveness of this department.

The Carolinian from the South Carolina College in its new attractive dress reaches us. We are rejoiced to learn of their revival of interest and college spirit. To those who are endeavoring to subdue the feeling of restraint between teachers and scholars, and arouse the patriotism of students and friends, we extend a hand of congratulation. Hereafter the *Carolinian* will be issued as a bi-monthly.

The January *College Palladium*,

from Oskaloosa College, Iowa, contains a number of good editorials. We would especially call the attention of our readers to the one in which the qualities of a good leader are discussed. "Prejudice and personal desire," it says at one place, "must not so warp his judgment that in even trying positions he cannot render justice to all. He must be just." From another editorial we quote: "The *Palladium* was not established as an outlet for a few intellectuals who might happen to have the management, but was intended for a medium in which students, alumni and friends of our college might have an opportunity to speak." Notwithstanding this noble intention, nine of the twelve pages devoted to literary matter in the January number, are consumed by the editors.

Prof.—How would you punctuate this sentence? "Alice a beautiful girl is walking down Broadway."

Freshie—"I'd make a dash after Alice.—*Ex.*"

DIRECTORY.

JOHN BRIGHT LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—T. W. Costen.*Secretary*—Ruth C. Blair.

PHILAGOREAN LITERARY SOCIETY

President—Lelia Kirkman.*Secretary*—Sallie Stockard.

WEBSTERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—Sam Hodgkin.*Secretary*—Arthur Stanley.

HENRY CLAY LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—J. P. Parker.*Secretary*—J. O. Ragsdale.

Y. M. C. A.

President—J. P. Parker.*Recording Sec*—T. W. Costen.

Y. W. C. T. U.

President—Ruth C. Blair.*Secretary*—Addie Wilson.

WE ARE GETTING READY FOR THE

SPRING AND SUMMER TRADE.

Our buyer will visit the Northern markets in a few days, and as cash cuts a pretty large figure these days we hope to soon be able to give our customers some

EXTRA CHOICE GOODS AT LOW PRICES.

Watch the next number of the COLLEGIAN for our Spring announcement.

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THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

VOL. VI.

MARCH, 1894.

No. 8.

"WHERE ART THOU."

Not more emphatic then than now—
Though then it rang through Eden's shade
And pierc'd the soul that God first made—
The searching question, "Where art thou."

Though monarchs in thy halls may bow,
And millionaires thy board surround,
They cannot drive away or drown
The simple question, "Where art thou."

He who has the Book forsaken,
And calls himself an infidel,
Cannot but dread the fires of Hell,
When "It" shows him he's mistaken.

Often to the wretch descending,
"It" fans a hidden spark of life,
That kind'ling, burns in active strife,
The higher, nobler part, defending.

In short, whatever marks the brow,
Or tends to rack the human brain,
There's sure to be some joy or pain
Occasioned by a "Where art thou."

P.

DREXEL INSTITUTE OF ART, SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The articles on Leland Stanford, Jr., and Chicago Universities, which appeared in the December COLLEGIAN suggested a thought to me. This thought was that the readers of the COLLEGIAN would be interested in an Institution which in the "New Education" stands on an equality with the great Universities.

Like both of them it has lately been founded but has already proved that it is of inestimable value to the public. It has at present twenty-three hundred students and an institution which meets the needs of so many young people is worthy the attention of all who are interested in the progress of the day.

Drexel Institute, situated in West Philadelphia, corner Chestnut and Thirty-second streets, and about four squares from the University of Pennsylvania, was founded by A. J. Drexel, and dedicated Dec. 18, 1891.

Mr. Drexel had noted the tendency to introduce practical training into educational systems, and his early life having been surrounded and influenced by art, favored the establishment of an institution of this kind. He conferred with Geo. W. Childs in re-

gard to his project and also at every step while the plans were being carried forward. The friendship of Mr. Drexel and Mr. Childs brought before the public in their philanthropical works, is of not a little interest. Their hearty co-operation and personal regard for each other, express sentiments which belong only to noble souls and which is most pleasant to contemplate.

The Institute building is of cream-colored brick, four stories in height, and is wholly Italian in architecture. The Entrance hall at the Chestnut street door opens into a great court seventy feet square and the entire height of the building. In this are casts of famous works of sculpture—Venus of Melos from the original in the Louvre, Paris, occupies the center of the court. Around the walls are those of Apollo Belvidere, The Caryatid of the Erechtheion, The Apollo Sauroctonus, Micheal Angelo's The Madonna and Child, and others. Here are also displayed two articles of interest to people who are interested in curiosities because they are such; and those who see in them the civilization which produced them. A carpet found in a Mosque at

Damascus, having inscriptions in Arabic which the translation has proven to have been the property of a Sultan of the Ajurbides Dynasty at the beginning of the thirteenth century. This is valued at twenty thousand dollars. The other is a Persian rug of the fourteenth century.

From this Great Court opens the Library, Museum, and a lecture-room which seats three hundred and is used principally in the science classes. Between two flights of stairs at the north side of the Court, which lead to the floor above, a few steps descend to the Auditorium which has a seating capacity of fifteen hundred.

Wide corridors on the second and third floors surround this court and the class-rooms are entered from these. Art and taste have been used in finishing and furnishing these rooms. Many of them contain five or six colors in the finish, but all are so harmoniously blended that the effect is most pleasing and restful. The hours spent by the students in these class-rooms will leave a lasting and cheerful memory.

With this limited view of the building, the courses of study and the material equipments of some of them next claim attention.

A body of forty-five professors, instructors and lecturers have charge of the following departments:

Art Department,
Science Department,
Department of Mechanic Arts,
Technical Department,
Business Department,
Domestic Economy,
Physical Training,
Normal Training for Special Teachers,
Lecture and Evening Classes,
Library and Reading Room,
Museum.

The Art department consists of four courses: A Regular Course of four years. A Normal Course. One of Applied Arts—that of Decorative Painting, Wood-carving, Stained glass work, and Decorative Design. Also one of Mechanical and Architectural Drawing.

The Science department embraces Chemistry and Physics, several terms in each.

The designs that are created in the Mechanical and Architectural class are taken to the department of Mechanic Arts and here made into models. This may be in the wood-carving, pattern-making or machine constructive rooms. The latter is equipped at the cost of seventeen thousand dollars, and contains pieces of machinery which test even the thousandth of an inch.

This department of Mechanic Art also includes the Electrical laboratory. The instruction in electricity is suited to two classes of people. Those who are edu-

cated in higher mathematics and wish to study the technical phase of Electricity. Also those who have not the mathematical knowledge, but wish to understand electricity in order to make a practical use of it. The room devoted to the Electrical course is fitted with dynamos, storage jars and all necessities for electrical experiments. The wire which carries the electricity from the dynamos to the storage jars is so woven around the room that its length is more than two miles. The cost of these equipments was eighteen thousand dollars.

The Business department embraces a Commercial course and one of short-hand and type-writing.

Under Domestic Economy are classed the courses in Millinery, Dress-making, Cookery, and Household Economy. The Cookery and Household Economy are classed together and contain eight lines of work. The Cookery consists of a course of two terms, one of Invalid cookery, and a Normal course, for the preparation of those who desire to teach the subject. This class continues through the school year—from Oct. 1st to the middle of June. The instruction embraces: I, Theory and Practice of Cookery; II, Chemistry; III, Physiology; IV, Hygiene and Sanitation; V, Theory and History. Lectures by able men from

Jefferson Medical College and the University of Pennsylvania, and Pres. McAlister, are given on these subjects.

A well equipped Gymnasium and baths is intended principally for the students, tho' classes are formed in that department.

The Evening classes are a great feature of the Institute. There are thirteen hundred of the number of students enrolled, who are engaged during the day but who improve the opportunities open to them in these evening classes. The instruction is the same as the day-classes but the hours of each lesson are fewer, hence the terms are longer.

Series of Lectures on Art, Literature, History, Political Economy, and other subjects are given during the year. These are similar to the University Extension Lectures, except their connection with the Institute makes them more far-reaching in their influence. Lectures on General Subjects are often given, one on Music and Morals by Rev. Reginald Harveys of London, a few weeks ago was most enjoyable and instructive.

The Library contains eleven thousand volumes, seventeen hundred having been added since Sept. 1st. Many rare and valuable books are presented by Mr. Drexel's family and friends. The Reading-room contains one hundred

and fifty periodicals and this with the use of the library is open to the public upon compliance with the rules which govern the students. Persons are admitted to the alcoves for special study.

Another prominent feature of the Institute is the Library class which is the second in the United States, the other one at Albany, N. Y., has been organized five years. The instruction in this class embraces Library Economy, and cataloguing with lectures on English Literature, Bibliography, and History of Books and Printing. The Dewey Decimal System of cataloguing is used. This class numbers twenty-one members. Last year six completed the course and all now hold positions in public libraries.

In the reading-room are placed the cases which contain many curious and rare manuscripts, collected and presented by Geo. W. Childs. Among the original manuscripts may be seen Thackery's "Lecture on George III," the only complete manuscript of Thackery's in existence; "Chronicles of the Canongate," by Sir Walter Scott; "Our Mutual Friend" by Chas. Dickens; Autographs of Presidents of the United States; Manuscript of Pres. Grant's Address at the opening of the Centennial in 1776; Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter"; Irving's "Life of Washington," and Bryant's translation of the first book of the Iliad.

There are others too numerous to mention. Besides the original manuscripts may be seen Tom Moore's Family Bible. Andrew Johnson's account book, which he used when a tailor in Greenville, Tenn. Also a report of the Pennsylvania Hospital, published by Benjamin Franklin in 1754.

Since the close of Columbian Exposition many additions have been made to the previously well filled Museum of which no attempt at description can be made.

It was one of Mr. Drexel's chief pleasures to be in the building and watch the students arrive full of energy, life and hope, and trip thro' the great court to their classrooms in various parts of the building.

One thing is sadly missed by those students who have been in college, (and many colleges are represented here) and that is the absence of the collection once a day for chapel exercises. Here the classes meet at different hours, the students often having class-work but a few times each week, and this makes it impossible to have a common meeting, except when especially called together at a certain time, and even then comparatively few of the whole number can attend because of other duties. A few such collections have been called however, one composed of the faculty and students to the number of about

seven or eight hundred occurred on Monday, Jan. 14. Pres. MacAlister addressed the body. He spoke of the purpose of education not being to train the intellect alone, but to prepare the student for his ethical relations to society. The disposition to train the intellect prevailed in the past but of later years economic questions that relate to the welfare and happiness of those about us occupy a prominent place. The contact of every-day school life should prepare students for the affairs of life as they are. The tendency of the age is to bring men together into a common brotherhood of interests, and the solidarity of the race. The famine in Ireland and Russia called forth aid from the American people and now there is the same problem at our own door—there being fifty thousand out of employment in Philadelphia alone. Although students have few responsibilities in life as yet, this state of affairs appeals to their interest and calls

for a training in unselfishness. It is not the *amount* or *what* is given but the knowledge that the student does not live for self that is the ethical condition to be reached.

There is a committee composed of several members of the faculty and a student from each department whose duty is to give information and receive contributions. This committee co-operates with the Charity Organization of Philadelphia and spends its effort for the needy of West Philadelphia and especially in the vicinity of the Institute. The different departments find calls for aid which they are particularly fitted to give. The Dress-making department finds ample opportunity to sew for those who need clothing.

Educators who are familiar with the schools of Europe as well as America, pronounce Drexel Institute the best equipped and containing the finest educational advantages of any school in the world.

MATTIE D. WASHBURN, '94.

SOME THOUGHTS ON PAIDENTICS.

The closing annals of the nineteenth century are characterized by a spirit of progress and activity unparalleled in the previous history of the race. We are not content to follow in the beaten paths of our forefathers, as the isolated Chinese, but are cognizant of an inexhaustible realm of undiscovered truth inviting the exploration of every thoughtful student. Freedom of thought and press is materially affecting previously accepted views of industry, church and state.

As a result of this independent reserch, new light is being shed upon existing theories, beliefs and methods which is destined to wholly revolutionize their present character. Nowhere is this activity more vividly manifested than in the educational awakening so prevalent throughout, not only our own and adjoining states, but in all the civilized nations of the globe. The burning question of the day is educational reform. Men of the brightest intellects are consecrating their talents to the promotion of this most worthy cause, and the success which has attended their efforts is prophetic of still greater achievements.

It is reasonable to suppose that the experience of past educators

should be stepping-stones to better methods of instruction. The researches of our predecessors in law, medicine, philosophy, and religion have greatly enriched these respective sciences. Why has it not been equally true in respect to teaching? To the thoughtful observer the answer is evident. This avocation has been regarded as a calling which anybody could enter with little or no preparation—a work which persons could do when they found they were unqualified for anything else. The time has been, and at no distant day, when "he's only a school teacher" was in many of our communities an approbrious epithet. But that epoch has passed. The importance, dignity and sacredness of this calling are being felt, and winning for it that exalted position it has long and rightly deserved.

A large majority of our college graduates launch out upon this untried main poorly equipped. In view of this fact it behooves us to consider carefully the necessary preparation for a safe and prosperous voyage. We do not intend to cast any reflection upon the excellency of instruction given in our colleges and universities, nor to depreciate the individual capa-

bilities of their sons and daughters, but we do wish to emphasize the important truth that knowledge alone is not the essential requisite for the ideal educator.

The etymological significance of the word "educator" is worthy of mention. It is from the Latin, *educare*, which is a frequentative verb, and means a constant, persistent drawing out. This opposes the generally accepted opinion that the teacher is to be, as it were, a walking encyclopedia, an inexhaustible reservoir of knowledge, from which the minds of his pupils are to be filled. This derivation and a careful study of nature's method of instructing give us a new aspect of the subject. In the school of nature the pupil never learns any thing except by *self-activity*, nor is it possible for him to acquire knowledge in any other way. The teacher is only a guide to lead him in the right path, to endeavor to "realize into actuality the human rational potentialities" of the individual by stimulating him to self action. To do this properly involves a thorough understanding of the child. This brings us to the consideration, whether there is such a thing as a science by which this is to be accomplished.

From time immemorial, teaching has been recognized as an art. The practice of this art involves laws governed and determined by

a correlated science, and the efficiency of the teacher's labors will be in proportion to the conformity of his method to this science. He may, though we doubt it, be ignorant of all speculative knowledge and yet be a successful instructor, but if you will examine his method you will find that it is based unconsciously upon scientific principles. The unlearned cook prepares our food with no knowledge of the chemical process involved in the action of the yeast, nor can she intelligently explain the effect of the applied heat, yet this is no argument against the existence of these laws. The chemist can trace the various changes in every operation. The knowledge in the first instance is practical, in the latter speculative; the one is knowledge of an art, the other of a science. Its very existence implies a corresponding science. Therefore there is undeniably a science of education *in posse*. How long a time will elapse before it will be recognized as an actual science cannot be definitely determined. As yet it is quite fragmentary, though it is being rapidly augmented of recent years by valuable contributions of psychological deductions drawn from the inductive investigation of the behavior of the child mind.

This natural method of ascertaining the fundamental principles of the science of Pedagogics, is

being prosecuted with as great vigor and is attended with as flattering results as the investigation of any other branch of science. Schools are established for this specific purpose. The little child is placed under the daily supervision of a competent professor whose business it is to make a critical study of it from its earliest childhood. Home environment, food, clothing, and every mental step in the operation of the child's mind, are carefully noted. All these reports are to be compared, and from them are to be deduced additional educational principles to complete the growing science. This inductive study of the mind is the natural and common sense way of getting at the foundation of the great question confronting us. All knowledge takes its rise in the senses. From sensation the individual passes respectively to perception, and reasoning.

The stages of intellectual development in every person are the same. The mind of the profoundest philosopher requires knowledge exactly as does the little ragged boy in the log hut. The process is the same, the difference is only in the degree of action. From this psychological fact we wish to draw this one inference, that in order to teach intelligently and successfully one must know the child and the laws by which his mind naturally ascertains truth.

This brings us to the consideration of the greatest impediment to the advancement of education, viz: untrained instructors. The majority of our public school teachers are of one of two classes. They are either college graduates, overflowing with the acquisitions of a four years' course, totally ignorant of the science of the art which they endeavor to practice, whose ideal educator is he who can most fluently tell what is stored in the mind; or they are from a comparatively illiterate class who are deficient, not only in scientific training, but lack the qualifications which a collegiate education furnishes. While this is the status of affairs we cannot hope for a betterment of our educational condition, for it has been truly said, "as are the teachers, so are the schools."

What then must the teacher do to qualify himself for the faithful discharge of his most sacred office? It is not within the scope of this article to answer in detail this comprehensive question, but we will mention three things which will be suggestive to the seeker after the right way. First, he should know the subject which he is to teach. This implies not only a knowledge of it within itself, but in its relations to other branches, for as one language is intricately connected with others, thus rendering it impossible to know

but one tongue and know it well, just so is it essential to bring to bear upon the subject taught all the side-lights available. As a rule, however, teachers are not so deficient on this point as they are on some others, therefore we will not dwell upon this need but hasten on to the importance of the study of the history of teaching.

In every calling in life, which approaches a science, those who profess to follow it are supposed to know something of the lives and works of their predecessors in their respective fields of labor. The law student who is not well versed in Blackstone and Story, and is ignorant of the reports of the Supreme Court, would not be tolerated by the bar of any enlightened community. Who would think of employing a person to administer to the physical needs who had not by close application acquainted himself with the leading authorities on the subject of medicine, and who had not by study thoroughly mastered the intricate and marvelous mechanism of this holy microcosm.

The State comes in and prevents the imposition of quacks upon society. Even our religious denominations, with few exceptions, will not allow an individual to set himself up as a spiritual adviser, who is not divinely called, whose natural talents have received no cultivation, and who knows com-

paratively nothing of the experience of those who have preceded him.

This we say is nothing but just in each of these professions. It is a right which the state and religious bodies should rightfully reserve for the protection of their constituents, and for the ennobling and elevation of the respective avocations.

Turn now to our long list of teachers. How few of them know anything of the history of their calling, or of the achievements of their predecessors, although this profession has a most noble pedigree, and is a field of interesting and profitable research.

From the time of the miraculous advent of the greatest teacher the world has ever known, the line of succession contains the names of many illustrious reformers in education, whose contributions to the science of pedagogy have profoundly impressed the world. The reservoir of educational principles has been constantly augmented by the influx of rills, brooks, and rivers whose sources are found in the obscure annals of the past. Though many centuries have bedimmed the glory of Grecian philosophers, yet one of them lives to-day in the garb of the prevalent Socratic method of instruction. The turbulent period of the Reformation, was not void of ardent advocates of

learning. Among the zealous supporters of education were Luther, Melancthon and Erasmus. Each epoch has its champions. Time would fail us to speak in detail of Sturm and his graduated classical curriculum, Bacon and his inductive reasoning, Cornenius and his "Orbis Pictus," Locke and his psychological basis of education, Rousseau and his "Emile," Pestalozzi and his triumphs at Yverdon, and last but not least Frederick Frœbel, the father of the kindergarten.

This is only a partial list of those who have figured prominently in the educational circle. But to many who call themselves proficient teachers, these names of some of their most distinguished predecessors are "as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." How unwise to neglect the careful consideration of the life work of specialists, and go blindly on formulating methods after our own crude conception of ideal teaching, unaided by the experience of others. It is true, much of their work may be valueless, yet we can cull from the chaff the golden grain of wheat. As the storm-tossed mariner is warned by the wreck of a "star-crossed" bark, so we can steer clear of unseen obstacles by knowing even the mistakes of those preceding us.

The third requisite, is one to which we have already alluded,

but its paramount importance justifies a partial repetition. It is an acquaintance with the natural working of the mind. It is not necessary that a person should be a profound philosopher in order to acquire this knowledge, for it is within the reach of every one who is worthy of being an instructor. Very little book study is required. From the child, from nature, and from the action of your own mind can be deduced all the essential scientific principles. It is said a child learns more during the first three years of its life than in any subsequent part. If this be true, and psychologists confirm it, the method by which this vast amount of information is gained, must be the correct one, for by no system devised by man can such results be obtained. The whole secret is this, the child teaches itself. It is an explorer. It learns, reflects, verifies, repeats. The same method should be followed as it advances to higher stages of learning. If this truth could only be indelibly impressed upon the mind of every teacher, that the pupil never gains any knowledge except by *self-activity*, a great revolution would be wrought in our present system of conducting recitations.

Mr. Reinhart has so concisely and truthfully defined the teacher and his functions that we beg leave to quote his well chosen

words, "The teacher is the stimulator of the child's activities, the director of the child's unfolding powers, the superintendent of the learning process. To teach, therefore, is to assist one in learning, to present the occasions, to determine the extent and the degree of the child's activity."

In the teacher's hands is placed an organism, a bundle of physical, moral, and intellectual possibilities to be developed under his guidance. His work therefore is of a three-fold nature; but while he is to have at heart the moral and physical interests of the pupil, his paramount duty is the cultivation of the intellect. There is truth in the saying, "On earth there is nothing great but man; in man there is nothing great but mind." Hence the importance and sacredness of the educator's task. It is an erroneous idea, that he can faithfully discharge his duty without special preparation. His calling should be as distinctively professional as that of medicine or law, and should be protected by the State. The entrance to its pale, should be guarded by stringent examinations, not only on subject to be taught, but on ability and qualification for teaching.

That the teacher must gain all his knowledge of the art of teaching by practice is a fallacy. He has a science to master as does the physician, and as the latter

becomes more skilled by practice, so the teacher perfects his scientific knowledge by practical application. We seek for the competent to administer to our physical needs, yet we commit the training of the mind to those who do not even profess to know anything about it. Men need to be aroused to a sense of just appreciation of the importance of this thing we call teaching. Upon the people at large rest the responsibility of this work. If public sentiment wants better educators, it is in its power to secure them. Demand superior qualifications, throw around the profession the protecting hand of the law, let remuneration be governed by excellency of work performed, regardless of sex, and this will be an incentive to better equipment, and teaching as other professions will be characterized by the "survival of the fittest."

It is gratifying to see North Carolina, though noted for her conservative tendency, entering earnestly into this educational awakening. The teacher's course at Guilford College has, in a quiet and unassuming way, been doing its part in placing education upon a scientific basis. The Normal and Industrial School at Greensboro, and the chair of Philosophy and History of Education at the University are visible manifestations of her appreciation of the

need of better equipped instructors. Her investment is a good one, and if the signs of the times are shadows of coming events, she will be compensated by a dividend of skillful teachers,

whose benign influence in dispelling ignorance, forming character, and enthroning truth, shall be felt far beyond her own borders, and by generations yet unborn.

E. E. GILLESPIE, '93.

FISHING INDUSTRY OF CARTERET COUNTY.

Doubtless many think of the numerous advantages derived from the rivers, sounds and oceans only as a means by which commercial exchange is carried on; or as a power which drives the spindles of many mills. But as a resort to which thousands daily go, seeking sustenance, a different phase of their usefulness is apparent.

There is a class who seek to find in these waters what the farmer gains by cultivation of the soil—a living.

The beautiful mountains of Western North Carolina are rich in their various minerals. Eastern Carolina can boast of no cloud-kissed mountain peaks or yawning chasms; but she does point to you the beautiful, majestic and wonderful, rivers, sounds and oceans which rival in scenery and equal in wealth any mountains of the world.

The part to which I wish to

call your attention is a long strip of low, level land lying near the coast, attracting no particular notice from the student of Geography, occupying no notable place in history, yet this strip together with the stretch of "banks," protecting it from the waves of the Atlantic, designated as the county of Carteret, contains a population, owning less and owning more of God's free gifts to man, to-wit: land, water, and independence than any similar number of people dence in the United States.

Carteret is so located, being divided by sound bordered by ocean and rivers and intersected by navigable streams that, with a single exception, every farmer in the county, is within half a mile of a navigable river or body of water, hence every farmer is to an extent a fisherman and supplies his table at all seasons with the denizens of the deep or the bivalves which lie in a great store-

house that is opened twice each day by the ebb and flow of the tide.

In antebellum days fishing was not carried on to such a great extent, but was confined to a comparatively few people; the market for the fish was purely local and was easily overstocked.

The methods of catching were primitive and embraced only drag-net fishing, in which two men taking a "dugout" or canoe made from a cypress log, went to a suitable place. One man was put into the water near the shore taking the staff attached to one end of the net with him. The other pushed, or in local expression, "polled" the boat out and down the stream with the net, running out, forming a semi-circle. When the net's limit was reached the boat was pushed near enough to the shore for the second man to jump out, and meet the first, forming a circle with the net. This being done they proceeded then to pull in one end of the net till the "haul" was completed.

The second method was known as the seine fishing, followed only in the fall season, and for only one kind of fish, viz: the mullet or sucker. These were salted in large quantities and sent to the corn producing sections for which cereal they were exchanged.

These fisheries were established localities, selected because of the

fact that the shore was smooth and generally sloping to the channel. In such places as these the mullets which had been feeding in the rivers all summer, gathered in immense shoals, when the north winds of autumn began to blow. They were on their way to the sea to spawn.

About twenty men were engaged at each of these fisheries, and about three months of each year was devoted to the "voyage." Probably twenty days were devoted to arduous labor, the others were wasted lying in the sand—telling yarns, sleeping, smoking, cooking, and *waiting for the wind to change and the fish to come*. Truly a demoralizing business, but fortunately now rapidly passing away.

In or about the year 1875 a few parties in Beaufort and Morehead City began to pack fish in ice and ship them fresh to interior points in the State and meeting with success the demand was greater ultimately than the supply. "Necessity is the mother of invention" consequently the fishermen began to seek new methods to enlarge their catch. First they were more continuous in their labor. Night and day did they work, then instead of fishing six months like death they had all the seasons; and winter never became too cold as they learned to entrap and secure them without

standing waist deep in water as of yore.

The natural results were improvements, modifications, and new discoveries, in the fishing apparatus—the set-net, drift-net, purse seine, and the pound or dutch net followed each other in remarkably short periods. The latter was found to be so destructive to the young fish that a law prohibiting the use of them was soon passed.

New market places were found and soon New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other northern cities were occasionally “glutted” by the enormous quantities sent from these shores in connection with the usual supplies from nearer waters.

The high prices and constant demand for choice deep-sea fish incited our brave toilers who were sailors as well as fishermen. Lulled to sleep nightly as they were by the song of the wind tossed breakers almost beneath their windows and rocked in the arms of the deep by day they had no fear of the white capped waves and in their small open boats they ventured far out upon the boundless sea, bringing to market the blue fish, mackerel, bonito and pompano—fish almost unknown to their ancestors and whose home had been supposed confined to more northern regions.

Many of the most useful and

important discoveries and inventions of all nations and ages have been seemingly accidental, and especially has this been the case in the fish industry, in a moment without effort of hand or brain, a fact was developed which almost revolutionized the business, making mid-winter fishing most profitable.

Until 1889 it was generally supposed that fish migrated and when they left the sounds and rivers at the approach of cold weather the nets were put away until spring, but in the winter of that year, a pilot boat, while outside the bar a mile or two from shore, in search of arriving vessels was becalmed. The crew lazily basked in the warm sun and for hours impatiently waited for the evening breeze. Having tired of every means of past time at their command one of them laughingly remarked,—“I’m going to catch a fish” and taking hook and line in his hand baited it with a piece of meat from his lunch basket, and cast it overboard, immediately it was seized by a trout and pulling it in it was cast again and again. Soon the others were similarly engaged and when the day was far spent and the breeze, which they forgot to look for, had come they came into the harbor bringing a more valuable prize than a ship and informing the public of the fact that the fish that leave our harbors in

the fall only go far enough to sea to reach a depth of water not effected by the variations of temperature, and return to the rivers at the approach of spring. The congregation of these fish gave better opportunity for catching than when they were scattered in sounds and rivers; hence only a few weeks passed before boats could be counted by the score and hundreds of men were daily employed combining work and sport for the lines were kept taught and frequently the angler displayed two or three pound trout on a single line.

As the demand increased so the number of dealers, competition ran high and the cry of the huckster like that of the horse leache's daughter was "more, more." Although hundreds were fishing, (and a single man would frequent-

ly catch 150 or 200 lbs. per day.) The supply seemed inexhaustible and soon the drop net was tried. Heavy weights were fastened to the gill twine nets, buoys were fastened to the upper line and they were sunk to the ocean's depths far from land.

Result—The fisherman who in dragging his net had often toiled all the long night and caught nothing, hauling in his drop net would load his boat when only half through and calling some passer by would cut the net in twain and give to the neighbor enough to load his craft also.

Since 1889 the shipments have increased until those of one day in 1894 amounted to about ninety tons, or 1800 boxes of 100 pounds each.

H. L. POTTER, '98.

NORTHFIELD.

The summer school marks an important era in the history of education. We are coming to find out that idleness and mental stagnation for three months in the year are not essential elements of a liberal education; and though our intellectual activities need not take precisely the same line in the summer months as during the

school year, that a definite course of vacation study is of advantage in preventing that diffusion of energy which afflicts so many students in the fall term.

More than all others, what are known as the "Students' Summer Schools," conducted under the auspices of the college branch of the Young Men's Christian As-

sociation, have had a remarkable influence in American college life.

In the summer of 1886, in response to an invitation from D. L. Moody, two hundred and fifty-one students from eighty-nine colleges spent four weeks together at Mount Hermon, near Mr. Moody's Massachusetts home, in conference on the problems of the Christian life in our colleges. This was the beginning of the movement.

It has grown until two centers have become established in America, one at Northfield, Mass., and the other at Lake Geneva, Wis., where annual sessions are held; a number of conferences have been held in Europe; and a year ago last summer in Japan nearly five hundred college students came together, and took the motto, "Make Jesus King."

The World's Student Conference at Northfield is the type after which all others strive. Mr. Moody's home is there, and his genial, manly, intense personality pervades everything connected with the place. Here five hundred students from one hundred and twenty-five institutions in Europe and America meet for two weeks, every mid-summer, for Bible study and exchange of experience.

Everybody feels at home at Northfield. He cannot help it. It makes little difference what a man's motives may be in going,

once there he finds himself if not in sympathy and accord with the things that go on there at least very much interested.

The mornings and evenings are devoted to matters particularly religious: Bible classes, college conferences and prayer meetings are held, and such men as Henry Drummond, Arthur T. Pierson, A. J. Gordon, Merrill E. Yates, Robert E. Speer, and Mr. Moody himself, give inspiring addresses on subjects peculiarly suited to college students. As a rule these addresses impress one as packed with sound common-sense and the fruit of high character and wide experience.

The afternoons are wholly given over to athletics. Base-ball, tennis, basket-ball, and field sports are leading features.

In judging of the advantages to a college of representation at Northfield we must be guided largely by the net experience of the institutions which have sent delegates in the past.

The inter-collegiate tie is strengthened; when one meets men from a hundred colleges, hears them talk of their work and needs, he is drawn to them by common interest and sympathy, and at the same time is impressed by the extent and importance of the work in which he is a part. His vision is broadened; he ceases to look upon himself as working

alone in a peculiar field, and sees that he is but a co-worker with the mass of college christians in raising the standard of thought and life in the college world.

The development of associations in methods of work is an important effect. The experience of one association is likely to furnish helpful suggestions to another; the value of organized effort is clearly shown by the best workers, and consequently more thorough organization in the colleges has taken place. One sees what others are doing, and comes back to his own college, determined to make it a sharer in the onward movement.

Northfield trains individual workers. It not only furnishes inspiration, but it prepares men for definite christian work. The trouble with many students is, "I want to, but I don't know how." They show you how at Northfield. The great element in training is shown to be Bible study. They tell you that the Bible is the Christian's guide-book, his hand-book, the book whose teachings will prepare him for his life work. The importance of Bible study is continually emphasized, You are taught *how* to study your Bible, the best methods of study for practical results in your own life and the life of others. When you have thus learned to use your Bible, if you have public spirit,

you will lead your friends at the home college to look upon their Bibles as books designed for daily living, and not merely for reading Sunday School lessons out of.

A higher standard of Christian life and of morals is noticed in our colleges to-day, distinctly traceable to Northfield influence.

The teaching and character of the speakers tend to deepen the spiritual life of the students; the *reality* of religion is emphasized; the revival spirit is aroused; it becomes the burning desire of every man to see in his college a wide awakening to the living truths of the gospel.

The missionary influence of Northfield has been worked from the first. The Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions originated there; and the great "missionary uprising" of the present decade has been immeasurably helped by the spread of missionary ideas imbued at Northfield. Every one who goes there must come away a believer in missions.

You never think whether a man is Quaker or Baptist, Methodist or Episcopalian, there. Christian brotherhood is exalted; denominational differences are absolutely forgotten. Blessed two weeks!

Perhaps the most important influence of Northfield is its inspiration. New enthusiasm is infused into every one's life there. Some

have said that the inspiration does not last; that it is only a temporary thing; when one leaves the environment he leaves the spirit of it too. This may be in part true; we are not always, alas! on the mountains of inspiration, but who can deny that our lives are better for having been there? Who can say that though the cry of the soul may be, "Oh, that I might be always where I sometimes have been, and never where I sometimes am," the life is not nobler for the moments of uplifting?

Let us rather take the maxim of Phillips Brooks for a nobler life: "Count always the highest moments your truest moments. Believe that in the time when you were the greatest and most spiritual man, then you were the truest self."

Such times come to us at Northfield, and I am sure that as our thoughts and desires then are our truest and noblest ones, we cannot but feel at least touches of their influence in our after lives.

W. W. H.

The Guilford Collegian.

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H. A. WHITE, '94.
RUTH C. BLAIR, '94.

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ADDIE WILSON '96. Personals.
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MARCH, 1894.

For the first time in her history, Guilford will have a field-day this term. Though we cannot speak from experience, yet we believe that the results of such occasions and of the preparation for them will always have a beneficial effect upon any student body.

In them at least there are these four things experienced by contestants in such contests that make of them stronger individuals: systematic effort for a known purpose, a knowledge of what he *can* do when his best is brought to trial,

and above all a stronger and better developed physique.

Prof. Haviland is certainly due a vote of thanks from the students for taking such an active interest that would lead him to offer a medal to the one who surpasses in the greatest number of feats.

We can only hope that the students will take as much interest in working to win this medal as the Professor does in giving it; we have a few "Book-worms" to whom the winning of *this* prize would be of vastly more value than one that may be won by oratory or composition, and it will surely be a blessing if they would "go to play."

It is apparent that some of Guilford's students either will not or cannot realize that he who violates a law of his physical being in the desire to acquire mental power is guilty of a crime equal in proportion with the person who makes physical development his main purpose at the expense of mental growth.

In the general classification of duties, viz: to ourselves, to others, and to God, the lower is a condition to the higher and in order to secure the greatest good from existence, models of perfection both mentally and physically should be our goal in order to be of better benefit to others, which to a great extent include our duties

to God. Thus it is our highest perfection becomes to us a duty and its disregard accordingly a crime.

To the student this is probably more applicable than to any other class of people, for we are concerned chiefly with the growth of our powers, which involves the taking in of all elements conducive to that growth.

When we see students disregard the laws of health in order to accomplish more work mentally we exclaim "poor fool;" and on the other hand when we notice in others their chief ambition to be physical supremacy we say *fool of equal foolishness*. The purpose of this article is to add, if possible, a little more definiteness to that point between these two extremes from which the greatest benefit can proceed.

In the first instance refuge is probably taken behind the argument that it is a higher choice to prefer the acquirement of mental in preference to physical power. So it is to a certain extent. But when this line is crossed and the obeying of one active principle requires the corruption of the other, even if it is a lower principle, the law of limitation is trespassed upon and nature will furnish her own punishment, in the form of a peevish and discontented disposition, or perhaps physical wreck, which not only restricts our strug-

gle for perfection, but also throws an impediment in the path of progress of those about us. Hence the relation of health and physical training to the perfection of our powers is worth our most careful consideration.

In the second instance when athletic supremacy becomes the supreme end the student is in equally as bad a condition. Why? Because mental development suffers the consequences. Then and not till then does physical culture become a nuisance.

Thus we see if either transcends the other the student grows up one-sided and for smooth running one side of his make-up must be proped, and it makes very little difference which side it is.

For the highest perfection of our powers which is our reasonable duty to gain, proper regard should be given not only to cultivation of intellect and preservation of health, but also to the pursuit of physical training which alone can add strength of muscle, beauty in form and grace in motion—three potent elements of a model man.

From the words of Bacon, "Reading makes a full man, writing an exact man, and conversation a ready man," we would infer that the ability to *converse* well naturally ranks among the greatest accomplishments.

If carried on in the right manner there is no other social engagement from which so much benefit may be derived. Often in conversation, thoughts which before had only a vague existence in the mind assume a definite form and become chrystalized into a valuable bit of knowledge.

Some people make a mistake when they refuse to enter into a conversation with any except the wise and learned; because it often happens that persons whom we think to be ignorant, may, by a little sociability on our part, be drawn out, and they will be able to teach us something about their particular employment; by so doing we obtain a knowledge of things in general which we would not otherwise receive.

It would be impossible to mark out any fixed rules whereby to sustain a lively conversation. There is no doubt that some persons are naturally gifted in language and the art of easy conversation, but the most deficient may attain to some degree of proficiency by mental culture and practice. Patient continuance is after all the secret of the greater portion of success in any line.

No one can talk well or satisfactorily who has not a good store of definite information. The only way to obtain this is by extensive reading; in addition to a knowledge of the current news there

must be general information in regard to the affairs which are of most interest and value to all men and women.

Again it is evident that the most profitable conversation comes not from talking *to* but *with* people; not from being a monopolist, but by drawing all present into an enlivened and cheerful interchange of opinions. While there are few fine talkers we believe there are still fewer good listeners. How many can keep silent, while a conversation is going on, long enough to enter into the thought?

Oh! the weariness of listening to an endless tongue!

Another requisite for a good conversationalist is the ability to use the English language with correctness, elegance and facility. To do this necessitates the study of words. Daniel Webster was often seen absorbed in the study of the English Dictionary and by thus working in the mines of words he filled his storehouse with such valuable ones, that it has been said, "Every word of Webster weighs a pound."

One must also know how to speak his words to make them potent; either by drawling them out or speaking too rapidly they lose much of their force.

The habit of using slang phrases which is so universal among College students can not be too strongly condemned. The per-

son who is continually dealing out slang, not only wastes his time and advertises an empty head, but disgusts the refined ear.

We fear that we as students waste much of our time in worthless conversation, which instead of lifting us up to a higher plain

has a tendency to draw us down; and that the words of Cowper in his poem on "Conversation" too often prove true:

"Collect at evening what the day brought forth,
Compress the sum into its solid worth,
And if it weigh the importance of a fly,
The scales are false, or algebra a lie."

PERSONALS.

Annie V. Edgerton is now teaching at Hamptonville, N. C.

Nathan Deans, a student of '89, is now living in Oklahoma.

Cornelia Kersey is "housekeeping" for her father at Archdale, N. C.

Willie Hart is now a stenographer and type-writer in his uncle's office in Providence, R. I.

Mrs. Mattie Jones Holderby lives at Burlington, N. C. She is still engaged in her Master's service.

In February Mr. L. C. Van Noppen received his license to practice law. We bespeak for him success.

Will. Hammond visited the College the 3rd inst. He is engaged in driving a team for "Archdale Roller Mills."

Rhodema and Sue Hinshaw are

with their brother Willard in his bachelor home in Eureka, Kan. Willard was a student here in the "70's."

Miss Lorena Reynolds, governess in '84-'5, is now a recorded minister in the Society of Friends, and seems devoted to her chosen work.

L. B. Williams, U. S. mail agent between Washington, D. C., and Charlotte, N. C., spent a night last week with his brother at G. C.

Mrs. Sue Tomlinson attended the W. C. T. U. meeting Feb. 22, and Girls' Prayer meeting that night where she gave an instructive "Bible Reading."

Talitha Edgerton Hodgins, a student of N. G. B. S. in the early "70's" is living quietly near Goldsboro, N. C., but patronizing the school by sending her daughter here.

Florence Welsh, a member of the class of '88, enjoys the social life of her home in High Point and takes an active part in the religious and literary life of the town.

Martha Hammond, finding the winters of Colorado too severe, has gone to San Antonio, Texas. Her health is improving, and she hopes to be at home by the last of May.

Martha Henley, class of '92, after spending some time as "decorator" at the Fair returned to the "Old North State," bringing with her her brother Penn, who spent the holidays at home.

Annie Coffin Morris and husband have been visiting for a few

months at Blue Ridge Mission. On the 3rd inst, they returned to the college to spend a short time ere leaving for their Indiana home.

Only see how our Wayne Co. girls are making life real! Within the last fifteen months Minnie and Ella Edgerton, Penelope and Cornelia Thompson, and Emma Cuddington, have all deserted the single ranks.

How differently do we celebrate the holidays! One of the famous "foot ball team of '93," Albion Winslow, manifested his loyalty to his country by leading to the *hymenial* altar one of her daughters, Maggie Coble of Randleman, N. C. The COLLEGIAN extends congratulations.

LOCALS.

—Say! Let's go to the Pilot.

—The students have no time for so many examinations, they say.

—Communication to Trustees: We would like to have the college lake put in order.

—Our expected field-day is exciting much interest, especially the valuable prize offered by Prof. Haviland.

—Prof. Davis' new horse is no respecter of persons. The Mon-

tana nag gave him a jolting up in front of Archdale a few evenings since which he and the boys will long remember.

—The lecture course is about to bind some of our young men hand and foot—they are "strapped."

—Daniel Worth (known to the students as "Uncle Daniel") and Allen J. Tomlinson were re-elected trustees of this institution at a meeting of the board Feb. 17th.

—Preston Cummings, Sr., paid the college a visit last week. Mr. Cumming's arrival is always greeted with pleasure by the students.

—The inmates of Founder's are sorry to lose their friend, Miss Gertrude Cunningham. She now has her rooms at Joseph Parker's.

—The snow storm of recent date gave many of the students—new students especially—a chance to show their "snow-balling" abilities (on window panes).

—Mr. Cude has visited nearly all the dairies in the country and comes home declaring that Guilford's is the best equipped of any which he has seen.

—We understand that the rolls of the Websterian and Henry Clay Societies show an equal membership. Also that this membership is greater than in any preceding year.

—One of the Virgil students declared that "Cupid" was feminine gender. At least (says he) that's the gender I have always met Cupid in.

—The annual entertainment of the Henry Clay Literary Society will be given on the 14th of April, instead of the 7th as mentioned in the catalogue.

Besides other parts of an interesting programme, there will be unveiled a fine life size portrait of the late Dr. Nereus Mendenhall.

The Clays will do everything they can to make the evening interesting, and they will be glad to see every one here who can possibly attend.

—Soph —— says Oh Father Grabs, sainted Monk, do'st thou speak the truth?

Walt. Grabs—Yea, my son, I speak m-o-r-e than the truth.

Sit, sit, sit with care
Into the bottom of a broken chair,
Or, like Benton, you'll have to dare
The fate of a jolting tide and scare
To a spot on the floor where its hard
and bare.

Sit brother sit, sit with c-a-r-e
Into the bottom of a broken chair.

—Mrs. Woody's sermon on Sunday, the 25th, was both attractive and deeply impressive. She made strong points on the importance of the Bible.

—The museum through the perseverance of our energetic curator, is now assuming rather a crowded appearance, and we need more room.

Several valuable collections have been forwarded, but especial attention has been directed toward the mounting of animals.

Among the late additions we notice a musk-rat and several new birds, and we understand that other valuable specimens will soon be on exhibition. Pearson is determined to make our Cabinet the first in the South.

—One of our seniors has grown so extremely punctual and industrious that she takes her meals by the open watch.

—The Monday night mass meetings have taken up the idea of having field-day in next month. They are bent on having the right sort of fun and the right sort of conduct.

—A large box, containing minerals, fossils and fresh water shells, has just reached the College as a donation from Joseph Moore LL. D., once at the head of this institution, now one of the main stays of Earlham College.

—Wm. G. Hubbard's lecture of March 9th, in the interest of International Peace, was exceedingly interesting. The subject of peace is one which the Friends have always advocated, and we feel that the world is coming to realize that arbitration is internationally right.

—We again call attention of our readers to the advs. in our journal and ask that for the sake of keeping up the financial department of the COLLEGIAN you remember to *always* do your trading with them when in Greensboro, thus showing to our advertisers the value of advertising in Guilford College journal.

—To get anything like an idea of the enjoyment or real fun that was to be had at the lecture

given by Prof. Ford, Feb. 20th, we would have to ask and answer a great many questions. Every body was in the best humor: the exercises were enjoyed: the lecturer's wit was genuine: and the Y. M. C. A. having realized the value of such an entertainment, engaged Prof. Ford again for Monday evening, March 19th.

—The monthly Y. M. C. A. Missionary meeting held on the evening of March 3rd, was largely devoted to the exposition of hinderances with which the individual and the church have to contend in trying to bring the world to Christ. Such a programme, more than any other brings before us forcibly the grand characters that have labored in foreign fields and given their lives for their brethren.

—The students were highly gratified by the holiday given the 22nd of February. In the afternoon the young men and maidens collected in the gymnasium in Founder's Hall where for an hour or so they engaged in various games, and from the peals of laughter which arose one would judge that the "social" was greatly enjoyed.

—Is this consistency to vow patriotism to societies and then refuse to help the COLLEGIAN out of financial depression by subscribing for it? Oh, man or woman who 'ere you are stir that

spark of duty in your breast for Guilford College cannot afford to lose her representative in the journalistic world.

—The second lecture of the Y. M. C. A. series will be given on March 24th, at 8 P. M. on the "Second Coming of Christ." If you want something to think about be sure and come. The lecturer is Rev. T. A. Boon, of Lexington, N. C.

—There has come under the COLLEGEIAN'S notice of late mysterious disappearance of papers and magazines from the Library. Now we don't know who the guilty parties are, and so this little lecture applies only to the acts and not to the actors.

We venture to assert that a second thought to a well balanced mind will make such actions appear extremely selfish on the part of those who practice such.

If taken out only for one night and promptly returned the next morning it would not appear so bad, but to gobble up a magazine such as the *Century* immediately at its arrival and keep it for a week is to say the least "greedy."

—The John Bright society is meeting with more than ordinary success this term. At the meeting held Feb. 17th, one was reminded of the days when the auditorium was packed with an appreciative audience—of the time

when the COLLEGEIAN served as an impetus to the several factions. The exercises were entirely concerning the "Southern Authors." Pres. Hobbs and Miss Mendenhall's papers on the different characters showed careful preparation. The selections by Miss Armfield, Miss Isabella Woodley and Mr. H. C. Benton were also both excellent and interesting.

—We wish to have all our readers to distinctly understand that Prof. S. T. Ford will give another entertainment at the college on March the 19th at 8 P. M. If you don't hear him you will miss one of the cheapest of opportunities to hear a grand treat. He will make you

Laugh,
Weep,
and Think.

—Amid the applause of the students Prof. White, on the evening of Feb. 3, began his "Maiden lecture," so far as our students were concerned. First Prof. made a few remarks on the impressiveness of real rather than imaginary characters. He said, "I owe more to the manly politeness of a Pliny Chase, the exactness of an Isaac Sharpless, and the conscientiousness of a John Dillingham for what I have of character, than to all the literature that I have ever read on the building of character." He then took up his manuscript and read a most thoughtful production on the two great phil-anthropists, Peabody and Gerard.

EXCHANGES.

Among our exchanges there are a number which are not college papers. We wish to call the attention of the students to the *Young Men's Era*, the organ of the International Young Men's Christian Association. This paper contains much that is interesting and instructive and we hope it may be more generally read by those at the college. Upon its arrival hereafter it will be placed at once in the college reading room. Those interested in Association work especially should give the contents of this paper a careful perusal.

The *Elon College Monthly* is late again, the February number not having reached us as we go to press. While not one of the largest of our exchanges the *Monthly* is one of those whose appearance always causes us pleasure. We remember it to be published by our sister college which believes that in education as well as in politics, the old motto should be followed, "Equal rights to all, and special privileges to none." The January number is very weak in the Exchange department, but we much admire the interest which the friends of the *Monthly* show in furnishing contributed articles

for publication, several of which appear in each number.

The February number of the *Hampden Sidney Magazine* is a very good issue. Some pleasant articles are to be found in its columns. The best of these is "The True Object of Life." After discussing the subject at length the writer closes by saying, "So we conclude that the true object of life consists in having something to do, something to love, and something to hope for. The grandest of these is hope, and the grandest hope is eternal hope." The exchange department continues to be interesting, the editor doubtless deals fair with all from his point of view.

The Academy is the genteel production of the young ladies of the Salem Female College. Although not a magazine in which many lengthy articles are published it is, nevertheless, a publication through which those interested in the school get the news of what passes on at the Academy presented in a pleasing manner. The February number is the sixteenth anniversary issue. Although a pleasant little sheet we believe it far from what the ladies of Salem are capable of doing. Were the

number of its pages increased three or four times and its columns filled with productions of prose or verse from the students, alumni and friends the *Academy* would occupy a far more prominent place among the college papers of the State. "Continual Growth" is the motto of success.

Although the rush and roar of the foot ball season has for some time been over, our exchanges continue to allude to past victories and conjecture for the future. What will be the outcome of last season's work is hard to determine at the present time. Newspapers and magazines have united by common consent to unpopulalize the game. The effect of this general attack is at least apparent in North Carolina. The Methodist Conference has decided that Trinity College shall not be in it another season. Likewise the Trustees of the University have declared that no progressive kickers of the pig-skin shall be allowed to exercise upon the University campus. These with like reports from other Southern colleges are not the kinds of nourishment with which the lover of the game loves to feed his soul. In the North, however, foot ball seems in a fair way to make a center rush through all opposition and stand pre-eminent at the head of American athletics another

year. Base ball must take a back seat.

The Swathmore Phoenix for February says of Swathmore, base ball has not been a success for several years, and it seems best that the game be dropped. The same journal speaks in very praiseworthy terms of the success of their foot-ball team and its management. This is an example of what may be seen in many of our Northern exchanges.

A number of the larger schools and Universities in the West send out little printed pamphlets which they are pleased to call magazines. We are sorry to say that the quality of the pigmy sheets is not at all in keeping with the energetic, progressive spirit with which the West is so constantly flattering herself. One among the best of this class which calls itself the *University Courant*, is published at Portland University where are found, "College, Academic, Grammar, Normal and Business departments," also "schools of Theology, Music and Fine Arts." As one of the largest of its class it contains thirteen pages, and is conducted by an editorial staff of ten members. As the ex. man turns to read his beloved department of this visitor, he is stunned at the total absence of literary ability and turns away with a groan only to meet with a like repulse from

the other departments. But as he again glances at the editorial staff he notices that four of the editors belong to that far distant class of '99. It may be that this will account in a measure for the lack of thought in its columns. As to the quality of the paper upon which these brainy productions are engraved, it is about on a par with the other features. The *High School Quill*, also of Oregon is another imposing periodical of four pages. It contains a list of the students in the different courses, "splinters" and a few edi-

torials not worth reading. These are just examples of a certain lot of papers that reach us every month from the west. Now the ex. man would not trouble himself to speak of these if it were not with the hope that they would improve. What is the use of sending out such periodicals? They are of no credit to the institution which they represent nor are they of interest to any one. If the ex. man thought they could do no better he would sorrowfully salt them with tears and tenderly pickle them in his waste-basket.

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THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

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APRIL, 1894.

No. 9.

HOPE.

(Translated from the German of Geibel, as a class exercise).

Though Winter rave with threat'ning mein
And scatter ice and snow;
Yet gentle Spring comes back again
Howe'er the winds may blow.

Though heavy mists may press around
And hide the sun's dear light;
We know that Spring awakens soon
The world to new delight.

Blow, raging storms, I fear you not,
Blow ye with all your might,
She comes, she comes, with velvet shod
And scatters all our night.

Then wakes the Earth and dons her green—
She knows not how it is—
Up into Heaven she laughs as though
She'd like to die for bliss.

She twines her hair with garlands gay,
Bedecked with fruits and flowers;
The little fountain ripples clear
As tears in joyful hours.

Be still, my heart, and rest content
Though coldness make thee bleed;
For sure there is a day of rest
For all the earth decreed.

When thou art filled with fear and dread,
Trust God, forget thy pain,
For though it seems as hell on earth
Yet spring will come again.

L. A., '94.

THE GREATEST FACTOR IN HUMAN EVOLUION.

That the word evolution is correct and expressive as applied to many things, and especially as applied to the course of nature, the history of individuals and of nations is not to be denied. The doctrine of evolution does not commit the holder to every theory and mode of the same that may be propounded, not to every conclusion at which this or that thinker and writer may arrive.

The planet on which we live was not at first made as we see it now, nor as it was as seen a thousand years ago, nor as it was seen by the primal dwellers in Eden, nor as it was a million years since.

It was once chaotic, formless, void, homogeneous. In course of time islands and continents emerged from the sea, the water began to settle to their appointed places with their varied outlines. There were lakes, rivers, mountains, winds, rains, climates; in a word the earth became differentiated so that its various features served various purposes in the divine ordering. One part differed from another, and plant and animals adapted to the various conditions of soil, climate and food occupied the globe, and so the world on which we live, like all other worlds, has been *evolved*

through its successive ages and stages.

This has been done through the divinely appointed agencies of heat, gravity, chemical affinity, water, air and organic life. A plant is first a germ in the flower, (a single cell,) further on, it is a seed or embryo plant, then it germinates, puts forth true leaves, blossoms, fruits. From a single cell with no semblance of a plant it becomes more complex, more differentiated, each part serving a different purpose. This is the same thing as to say the peach tree or pine, is *evolved* from a single cell under the direction of its life force. So a whale, a canary bird, a bee, a toad or a man is *evolved* from a single germ. All is guided and guarded by the eye of One who never sleeps.

Not only has the earth as a habitable globe been evolved, but the planets and animal kingdoms as a whole seem to have been evolved as clearly and distinctly as has the individual plant or animal. I am not now trying to say *how* the evolution was accomplished. But at the first, and for a long time, all the forms were of the lower types of structure, both vegetable and animal. All the plants were "sea weeds," marine

algac, and all the animals were aquatic, and mainly of the radiated and the shell fish types.

Later on the low forms were gradually accompanied by higher and higher forms as the ages crept on till the whole earth came to be peopled with all the numerous and greatly diversified life forms which we now behold.

If it were specially to the present purpose it could be shown to the satisfaction of all, that this evolution of the earth with its life systems required millenniums on millenniums of time. Chemical, physical and vital forces were ever active; assorting, combining, decomposing, recomposing, dissolving, fusing, solidifying, upheaving, eroding, distributing, depositing, till the various rocks, salt beds, iron and all the ores and metals, coal, gas, oil and all the storage of wealth of which the earth is possessed, found their allotted places.

Through this inconceivable length of the ages, there is as yet no creature that can look with intelligent wonder on creation; no creature that stops to admire or think or ask how or why; no one who can appropriate or utilize the forces or the storage of wealth so profusely at hand.

But at last there does appear a being who not only begins to ask how and why, but also whence? One who knows good and ill,

right and wrong. One who in some language or other says: I ought, I can, I will. One who observes, searches, reasons, explores, discovers, invents, constructs and utilizes all known forces and materials, having dominion over the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air and the fishes of the sea, thus coming gradually to subdue the earth.

In this, what do we note thus far, but the *evolution of the human race*?

What an outcome has there been even in the memory of a single generation.

But what other new factor in the divine evolution of all things terrestrial and celestial came in with this knowing sentient being, called man; a factor which can be said to have been no more than dimly foreshadowed in any of the creatures which preceded him—a factor which, according to its quality, has guided and directed him for weal or for woe. It is to be found in human affections. It is love. In all the better phases of society we see it in the ties that hold the family together and make home sacred and lovely. We see in all nobler natures in the love of man for his kind, which gives us philanthropy, without which our boasted love of country is little else than pretense. There is love of self which may be lofty, lifting us above the mean, or it

may be of a selfish kind which makes us very unlovely.

Then there is love of conquest, love of wealth, of knowledge, of fame. The thought may already have suggested itself to the reader, that soul growth, whether of the individual or the race, depends on what is loved and on the diligence of pursuit of the object so loved. If we love what is worthy we seek and find the worthy, and are thus enriched and ennobled. This is the true evolution of character for the individual or the species. If we love what is frivolous or loose and follow the same, it will result in degeneration, a growing downward and backward, a *de*-volution.

This being called man, the last and the highest in the great scale which descends backward to the first dawn of life—this creature empowered to know and reason and feel and will, and to discern good and evil, *seeks causes*. He aspires, if possible to know all causes. The seeking of causes has been a great force in the evolution of thought. Highest of all in man, is his God-ward side, his soul hunger, his capacity to be inspired, his aspiration to reach the Cause of causes—the "Great First Cause."

Now the great principle of adaptability in which the want of every creature in the vast scale of life through all time has been met,

does not fail us at the highest point. The Cause of all is also the Father of all, in that he reveals himself and his will to this first creature capable of receiving such lofty recognition.

He whispers to the deepest soul, he gives forth an authoritative standard of right and duty, he calls for reverence, fear and praise, he reveals his fullness in the person and life of One who is "fount in fashion as a man" and who is "not ashamed to call us brethren," one who reflects on us the brightness of the Father. His love makes holy all worthy loves and so subordinates them all as to make them, in the way they prompt us and call forth our varied energies and industries, to contribute to all that is best for soul and body.

Love for and consequent obedience to the God-man, transforms us, makes us new creatures built up in his image. Is not *love* the mightiest factor in human evolution?

Will my readers name any force which will put forward the human race on all lines which make for health, prosperity, strength, growth and fixedness of heavenly purpose like exalted love?

By the highest authority we are taught to pray, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done *on earth*." This prayer has begun to be answered. When love to "God and

brother" is universal, the full answer to the prayer will be realized. The children of the Kingdom are as truly privileged and bound to live and extend this love now as they will be when the millennium comes. It is by the life and warfare of this mighty love in the evolution of christianity, that the noonday of the christian age can come.

I say the warfare for our Leader in love, "the Prince of Peace," said, "I come not to send peace on earth but a sword." On the authority of the angels' song there is to be peace on earth among men of good will. But there never can be peace between love and the destroyers of man. Our Master tests our love to him by the love we bear to his brethren even the least of the little ones. The evolution which lifts and widens the christian life of the individual and adds to the numbers and forces of the kingdom of God on earth does not go on without great opposition.

A popular phrase—"the struggle for existence," applied to organic life; seems expressive of a fact as old as organic life itself; and it appears to be equally applicable to the christian life, whether of the individual or of a people. But this life, being of love, is "the fittest to survive" and will survive in spite of the mighty forces of evil that retard it for a time.

Selfish men strive for the supremacy, put "truth on the scaffold and wrong on the throne," even in "christian" lands.

In the far first ages when as yet man was not an agent in the slow work of progress, it would seem that evolution was determined solely by the action of unconscious forces, and could advance only at a set rate. But in this age of human history the onward move depends, in great part, on man's will and choice. The Hand divine has put us under the healthful inspiration and stimulus of responsibility,—we are "workers together with Him." What then shall we do that the dreaded barriers of ignorance, lust, avarice and appetite shall not eat the heart out of church, state and mankind at large?

There is already an army that must be multiplied many fold—an army that "looks on the King in his beauty" and that glows with the fervor of the King's love—an army, every soldier of which had rather die than bow to defilement. This King is calling and waiting for an army through whom he can work greater miracles than he has as yet wrought in this world.

What will the Endeavorers and the Epworth Leagues do? Will they spend their breath in fanning a fire to warm themselves alone,

or will they whet their swords for
love's holy war of conquest?

"Ten thousand knights in armor clad,
Hath the Holy Ghost ordained;
All His work and will to do,

By His living force sustained.
Bright their swords, their banners bright,
Who would not be ranked a knight,
Foremost in that sacred host."

PROF. JOSEPH MOORE.

VAGABONDS.

At the mention of this word our thoughts naturally return to the first vagabond recorded in history, who on account of his jealousy for his brother, slew him, and was branded a fugitive for life. But it is not of such as he that we wish to speak; it is not his spirit that we would have more widely diffused among the nation; but our vagabond is the man who has dared to stand alone; who has had the courage to think his own thoughts, and speak his own convictions of truth at whatever cost; who has not swerved from the path of duty, though his ignorant fellow-men have scoffed at his ideas, because they were different from their own.

Public suspicion is always aroused by originality, and if a man dares to deviate from a standard set up in society, to which every one is expected to conform, it must often be at the sacrifice of the world's esteem and honor.

Columbus was a fine specimen of a vagabond. Though the ancients sneered at his idea of a new

world, and called it a mere dream of speculation, he held to his purpose with undaunted courage, and having discovered America, gave it as a legacy to those by whom he had been opposed; and they, in turn gave him no reward, except that of a royal funeral, after he was insensible either to praise or blame. He, who had so enriched the world, died a pauper, and not one of all the lands he had discovered retained his name.

The Jews excommunicated Spinoza, one of the greatest philosophers that ever lived, because they thought his doctrine in opposition to their religion; and he spent his life in obscurity, in order to devote himself to a cause he believed to be right; and died in poverty rather than be supported by his wealthy friends.

That mischievous youth, who with a crayon annexed the word "bond" to "vaga," the name of Shelley's boat, little imagined how appropriate the lengthened name was to the man himself. Shelley had to suffer for his opinion; and

if he erred, the world was quick to show its displeasure; but it was his delight to confer on mankind his blessing by assisting the poor and comforting the distressed. However much he was opposed by his contemporaries, his name now ranks among the first of English poets, and his popularity is widening.

It was amidst great opposition that Dr. Harvey announced to the world the wonderful discovery of the circulation of the blood. For a time it seemed as if he would lose his position, but he stood by his views and thereby caused his name to be illustrious in the history of science.

Thus at all times it has been those who have exhibited the spirit of the vagabond that have led and guided the world. Some men stand by as parasites receiving all they can and giving nothing in return. It is much easier to follow after public opinion than to exercise our own powers of thought. It has been said that our age is marked by the fact, "that few dare to be eccentric," and in this lies our chief danger. We are victims of the customs of society to which we belong; and though it may thrill us with horror, when we hear of the Indians, who, while their heads are growing, bind them in boards to develop them in various shapes, we have only to look around us to see

that we are slaves to the despotic power of fashion. How often when a person is asked why he practises some absurd custom, will he give the familiar answer, "Every body does it." We are so afraid of being called whimsical, that we do not venture to go against the popular current, but conform to the established pattern, and are important only because of numbers, and are known by name.

The vagabond is a blessing to this common-place world, for it is his peculiar way of looking at things that gives the charm to society. We admire the striking peculiarities in persons. It is these that mark them as different from their fellows and cause their memory to be cherished. It is not what a man has in common with everybody else that makes him great, but what he has peculiar to himself.

The names that have endured through the changes of time are those of persons who gave place to their vagrant feelings, even if they were counted odd. No man has accomplished much in whose character a little of the vagabond did not crop out now and then.

In the words of Cowper:

"Variety is the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor."

If Switzerland were a level country with every acre of its land

under cultivation, save the hedges to serve as boundary lines between the farms, and were it devoid of its lakes and mountains, would it be such an interesting and attractive spot to tourists? It is not the waving cornfields of Switzerland that take the attention of the traveller, but the variety of its mountain scenery and the beauty of its lakes. So in human nature it is the freaks of fancy and honest prejudices that break the monotony of life. We need more of the spirit of the genuine vagabond, and then our lives would be freer and happier.

It is not an easy thing for a man to revolutionize his ideas when he knows he is going in opposition to public opinion. He is too afraid of what other people may think and say, and therefore is apt to follow in the same old channel, causing society to grow more and more alike, and its picturesqueness to vanish. Who does not long for a commonwealth like that pictured by Shakespheare in the forest of Arden—that fairy forest where one may roam at will among the cool shades and listen to the songs of the birds and the murmur of the brooks; where the air is sweet with the fragrance of flowers, and where Rosalind, the very spirit of gaiety and tenderness, enjoys the truest liberty, for on that land "Mrs. Grundy" has never yet set

her foot. And who does not envy the successful landscape painter of his out-door life of happiness? Nature alone is mistress, and in his nomadic life, he can enjoy all her beauties unmolested.

We need a freer atmosphere of thought. Honest eccentricities should be allowed so long as they do not infringe on the rights of others; for it is only by the development of that peculiar individuality that real progress can be made. The world owes much to its vagabonds and, in truth, without them, it would not be worth living in. Every step of progress in the domain of religion, science or politics, has been due to some vagabond, who "dared to breast the strong breath of public opinion, and, like a spectre ship came sailing right against the wind."

He grows stronger by encountering opposition, and though he may be termed eccentric, genius has never yet been found where eccentricity did not abound.

But the vagabond is not always what the world calls a genius. He is found in the humble ranks of life, and though his name may never be heard farther from home than the range of human voice, though he may never hold any high political position, though his praises may be sung by the nation, just as surely as he exists he becomes acquainted with the odd angles and queer corners of human nature, and is an important factor in moulding the character of his country.

D. J. B. '95.

The Guilford Collegian.

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APRIL, 1894.

We wish to call the attention of the Alumni to the college journal and ask that in your next meeting be prepared with plans and suggestions as to its future.

On the line of co-operation we would like to venture a suggestion to the base ball team.

In nature lessons of joint effort are very noticeable. Antelopes, however hungry, always station a sentinel, while the herd feeds, to watch for danger lest they all be sacked. The same way with flocks

of birds. Ants do not depend upon a few to do the work but all do their respective parts.

From these incidents may be gathered one principle which may be of some value if applied to athletics. It is this: Success does not rest in individual work for self honor, but co-operation. Star-players should not try to do it all but lend the fruits of their experience to those who are less skillful which gives the majority of the players encouragement and aids in the symmetrical development of team work, which only can produce the desired effect.

It is with pleasure that the COLLEGIAN encourages that spirit among the young men of our institution, which has arisen several degrees this term, of not tolerating downright meanness.

Hitherto each has held that it was his business to regulate no one but himself to a great extent. This has proved unsuccessful and we are glad to know it has finally been concluded that in co-operation only lies the secret of preserving order in the student body.

In some institutions of learning the societies regulate the laws of conduct but in those students are required to join. As this rule does not exist here the best element of student character can manifest itself best through mass meetings.

In these, gentlemen, let bravery

of manliness and stability of character show themselves in your undaunted denunciation of all that is low, mean and reckless.

A general feeling of disapprobation toward Guilford's plan of conducting Commencement exercises is noticeable every spring term. Where lies the trouble?

It's true there is a disagreeable and even painful sense of care and anxiety on the part of the seniors in trying to eclipse themselves on their "*final*" which probably accounts for *their* disapproval.

But aside from those who are chiefly interested in the exercises there is to be noticed a decided discontent among the auditors, due doubtless to the length of time during which they are obliged to sit and listen to a long string of orations and other exercises with no intermission for refreshing their tired minds.

A change is necessary if Commencement at Guilford is to be looked to as an enjoyable and not as a tiresome occasion.

Little encouragement is it to the seniors to hear the sighs and face the yawns of their defenceless victims for two or three hours in succession, and in respect to such treatment of an audience our verdict is—cruelty to animals in the first degree.

Calculation produces the fact that in order to carry out the in-

tended program for May 31st, 1894 three and one-half hours "on a straight stretch" will be but a moderate estimate.

Now in view of this, common sense advances a protest and appeals for an immediate change. Will the faculty hearken?

There is nothing that cultivates the mind, expands the thought, gives power of expression, and ease in conversation, more than the reading of good books or periodicals when read in the right way.

To appreciate an author it is necessary that we first should be acquainted with his biography, and secondly, as Carlyle says, "See his object, as he saw it." When we do this we realize the worth of the work and vindicate the saying of Emerson, "'Tis the good reader that makes the good book, a good head cannot read amiss."

Yet, it is very noticeable in ordinary conversation with a great many people that they have a faint idea of nearly all distinguished writers, but they have not read anything carefully. They have never memorized a line, and seldom obtained a thought from any of the authors. Such people strive to read everything and it is like cramming the stomach with food for nourishment, when you can't digest it, and such reading has a

greater tendency to weaken the intellect than to build it up.

Disraeli said over a hundred years ago, "We are now in want of an art to teach how books are to be read rather than to read them." This is true at the present time. It is said that Webster read one half an hour and thought an hour. And it is said of Demosthenes that he copied a history of Thucydides six times that he might become thoroughly acquainted with it.

If some of our modern readers would imitate these examples they would find it beneficial.

For it is not how much we read, but how well we read it.

In every college there are various classes and grades of students, and prominent among these different classes there is a certain sect known to college men, and to us in particular, as "dead beats." Such persons operate in a sphere peculiarly their own, and are met with in everyday college life. On the campus and play ground it is a common thing for one person to continually use another person's athletic goods, and oftentimes to use no discrimination or care whatever in regard to them. In a student's room it is of daily occurrence for persons to come in and make themselves at home among the niceties of their fel-

lows. A delicacy is felt by the owner in taking the equal of the article used, and yet its loss is felt. For a student to remain in his fellow's room during study hour, talking about some common place subject, when the occupants of the room cannot profitably spare the passing time, shows a lack of good judgment. It is an easy matter to stop into a friend's room once or twice a day and brush your shoes, with the thought that when your friend comes to your room you will accord him the same privilege. Remember that you are your friend's debtor, and that should he chance to come to your room your material is generally lacking. It is an everyday occurrence for some one to use another person's property to his heart's content and then cast it aside and fail to return it. When the owner has need of his book or his ball, or anything of the kind, he feels a kind of timidity in asking the borrowers for them. But under "dead beats" proper, are included all those persons who continually use another person's property, and who seldom, if ever, return its equivalent, who exercise no judgment in their dealings with their fellows, and who use an unbridled liberty in the self-appropriation of other person's possessions. Such a practice when carried to excess becomes momentous, and some ill feeling,

either repressed or manifested, is sure to be engendered.

On the other hand, friendly exchanges of property among students is a proper thing when rightfully conducted. Often cases of necessity arise, and students are generally glad to aid their fellows in such instances. But a distinct line should be drawn between the excessive and moderate use of another person's property, and it should be well remembered that no two persons have the same disposition, and that what is agreeable to one is often intensely disagreeable to another.

If the thought expressed in Tennyson's "Ulysses" in the words: "I am a part of all that I have met" be true, (and we believe it is,) how very careful every one should be in the choice of his associates. Some one has said: "Keep good company and you shall be one of the number."

There is no time when a young person needs to be more particular as to whom his companions shall be, than during his college career, for it is during that period that habits are formed and the foundation for character is laid, and the character of those by whom one is surrounded in youth will largely determine his own in after life.

Just as the food which we eat strengthens, if wholesome, and

weakens, if unwholesome our physical bodies, so our associates influence our lives for good or evil according to the nature of their character. It is a mistake to think that we can be much in the company of another and not imbibe something from that one's nature; indeed those about us exert a powerful influence in the formation of our character, even though neither party may be aware of it at the time.

Very few realize to what an extent their actions are governed by those of others; otherwise they might often shun the company of some with whom they freely associate.

The celebrated artist, Sir Philip Lely, would never allow himself to look at a bad picture, because he found that when he did so, he unconsciously transferred some of its faults to his own canvas. Is there not a lesson in this to those who think they can mingle with evil associates and not become contaminated? An evil, from which at first sight we turn away with disgust, after it has become more familiar to us is often lessened in our eyes; and by continual contact with it is at last approved, or in the words of Pope:

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
T'at to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with his face
We first endure, then pity, then embrace"

Then, since we grow to become like those with whom we associate, and since we learn to countenance evils to which we are accustomed, it remains of paramount importance that we choose as our associates the best that can be found.

PERSONALS.

Alice Wakefield is teaching near her home, Friendship, N. C.

Lizzie Hodgin spent the winter with her brother Ed. at Southern Pines, N. C.

W. Sherman Diffie is a prosperous drummer for Odell Hardware Co., of Greensboro.

Velna Hodgin was recently gladly received as a member of New Garden Monthly Meeting.

Jennie Harris Hare, a school-girl in the "50's" now lives near Box Elder, Va., the queen of a pleasant home.

J. Nat. Coltrane is in the agency business, now canvassing in West Virginia.

Flora A. Branson and Rev. James D. Andrews, both of Guilford Co., were married on March 14th.

The many friends of Miss Sallie Stevens were pleased to have her spend a few days with them at G. C. as she passed on her way back to Asheville Normal School.

Several new girls have come in for the last half term of school. Among others, we gladly welcome Callie Stanley to our midst again, her winter's task done, to help enjoy the balmy spring days.

Mrs. Mary C. Woody and little daughter, Alice, are now at Whittier, California. They are visiting friends and relatives there. Mrs. Woody expects to spend some time in Gospel service and W. C. T. U. work, at Long Branch on the Pacific coast.

Rodema Wright is living with her father, and carries the same beautiful sunshine in disposition which characterized her when a school girl.

Dicena S. Newlin Pearson, a student of the "50's" now lives near Goldsboro, N. C. The mistress of a happy family of seven grown sons and daughters.

Abbie Hodgin, *nee* Stanley, who was united in marriage with J. E. Hodgin in the spring of '92, is now living near her old home at Centre, N. C.

Our dear old friend Addison Coffin who had been making G. C. his home since the holidays, started for his Western home, March 30. We are all sorry for "Uncle Addison" to leave us; but notwithstanding his age, we hope he may yet be permitted to return and spend many pleasant winters with us.

In the early part of March, Cal-

lie Lindley and John Johnson, both of Chatham, were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony.

The above married girls were both students at G. C.

The COLLEGIAN wishes them a pleasant and successful voyage over Life's sea.

Elma Reynolds Hodgkin, a student of "the long ago" is enjoying a quiet life at her home near Centre, N. C. She is engaged in active Christian work.

LOCALS.

—Field day is still the talk.

—Elwood Reynolds was in town recently.

—The voice of the orator shall be heard in the land.

—Our Campus is beginning to look unusually green.

—A new building is nearing completion on South White Ave.

—The "cold snap" has spoiled the hopes of the Botany class.

—Oscar wanted the spectroscope to look at the feet of a fish worm.

—Will Wheeler has taken rooms with Willard Tomlinson at the Davis House.

—Eugene Woodward, '94 paid a visit to Winston last week. Of course *no one knows* why.

—A Senior says that *we* put "Miss" before a lady's name because she is generally wanting or wanted.

—Much interest is being manifested in base ball, and several match games will be played later in the season.

—A tennis league has been formed in order to make our playing more systematic and to rule out "amateurs," etc. We have been needing something like this for some time.

—Prof. Woody's surveying class has commenced regular field work. It is noticeable that the young ladies take as much interest in this class as the young men.

—Never before have so many new students entered at the middle of the term as have this spring. They appear at nearly every morning collection.

—At a meeting of the Archdale boys, April 2nd, much interest was manifested in base ball, field-day, and especially in the enforcing of the regulations by which

they are governed. No "mealy mouthed" talking was done; and by general consent it is understood that the boys shall "raise the paean" if the regulations are infringed upon at any time by any body.

—A large collection of the casts of Pre-historic Implements has just been received for the cabinet from the National Museum at Washington. The specimens were made from the finest typical Archeological implements in the national collection and illustrate the development of man through the stone, polished stone and bronze ages. The collection embraces axes, swords, spears, arrows, mortars, pestles and many ceremonial objects, together with hatchets of stone and copper.

—Our base ball association gave an entertainment early in March. The exercises consisted of Stereoptican views of the World's Fair.

—Dr. James E. Wyche, formerly of Oxford, is now practicing in Greensboro, and is ready to serve the public. Office in Savings Bank building.

—The subject of the article in last issue by E. E. Gillespie should

have been "Some Thoughts on Pudentics."

—S. T. Ford gave us another of his "good humored" entertainments on the evening of March 19th. The auditorium was crowded, and every one was put in a better mood.

—The lecture given by Rev. T. A. Boon on March 24th, upon the "Second Coming of Christ" was characterized by earnestness and eloquence. He held his audience for almost an hour. The Y. M. C. A. is looking forward with much interest to Prof. Alderman's lecture on "Childhood in History."

—Misses Osborne and Hill spent Easter Sabbath at Winston, in order to see for the first time, the ceremonies which the Moravians engage in upon that occasion.

—March 23rd was holiday for our students and was spent in various ways by different parties. Some went home, more went to witness the Yale and N. C. University game, while a still greater number, with Addison Coffin as a guide, went to the Guilford Battle Ground and as usual were caught in a rain,

EXCHANGES.

We are sorry to notice considerable decrease in size of the last number of *Hampton Sidney Magazine*. However in its contents may be noticed among others, an excellent article with the title, "The Proper Observance of our National Holidays." The writer states the purpose of their creation, laments the modern use to which they are subjected, viz: picnics for Fourth of July, and biggest foot ball games of the season on Thanksgiving day, and draws three main results which would doubtless follow their proper observance:

- 1st. Education of the masses.
- 2nd. To strengthen the citizens' sense of the duty to the State.
- 3rd. To render to that problem of problems, how to Americanize the immigrant, a possible solution.

The disgraceful tragedy which occurred some time since at Cornell "was doubtless the result of the foolish spirit of rivalry so prevalent in our large institution," to quote from the *Ursinus College Bulletin*.

In this connection we are glad to know, that common sense has gained the supremacy at our own State University. We hail with delight the entrance in the jour-

nalistic world of the anti-fraternity weekly. Long live the *White and Blue*. We join with both in the sentiment, "Let us have College spirit but let that spirit be pure, noble and dignified."

The *Tar Heel* and *Wake Forest Student* ask the question—"Why not have intercollegiate oratorical contests in North Carolina?" Can any one advance an objection?

Possibly the reason for the decay of such a movement before was due to the misunderstanding of the term "inter-collegiate." Do you mean what you say?

The chief characteristic of March *Earlhamite* and *Phoenixian* is that of oratory. We are glad to encourage the magazines in fostering such a spirit among the students.

The advice given to exchange editors in the *Phoenixian* is very good and we hope to profit thereby.

There are two monthly periodicals that reach us which are the organs of societies whose soul aim is to promote interest in the prevention of cruelty to animals. One of these is *Our Dumb Animals* published in Boston, the other is *Our Animal Friends* of New York. Although these are not college

papers they contain a great deal that is of interest, and we are glad to note that they are so frequently read by the students.

Any movement which has for its object so high an ideal as the above should meet with our sympathy and hearty co-operation. A recent publication upon the subject of wearing birds and feathers upon hats which has just reached us, gives some account of the mode of taking the ostrich plumes. An eye-witness from a Cairo ostrich farm writes:

"The first year a bird is plucked he can be easily caught and thrown by one man. The feathers are then wrenched, bleeding, from his tortured body, after which the marabout and down, are torn

off. After one experience the birds can only be caught with the utmost difficulty, and it takes six or eight men to throw an old bird. 'It is very hard work plucking,' we are told, 'the feathers are bedded so tight in the flesh.' If some of the ladies who wear ostrich plumes on their hats should by any means come to know of the cruelty employed in procuring them, we feel sure they would with all haste dispense with such luxuries."

Let the good work of these societies go on quoths the ex.man. Success to that noble organization which has for its motto, "We speak for those that cannot speak for themselves."

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THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

VOL. VI.

MAY, 1894.

No. 9.

NEREUS MENDENHALL.

The fairest of October days
Was drawing to its radiant close;
Its beauty fell on even those
Who stood before the parting ways.

For one held dear by many a heart
Had heard the summons "come away;"
And, with the dying of the day,
Was ready also to depart.

No sad "farewells" to those he loved,
No messages to absent friends,
As one about to journey sends
As tokens of remembrance proved.

His love through life had freely flowed,
His counsel and encouragement
With all his daily life had blent
In word and deed remembrance showed.

"Be cheerful, and believe," he said,
"With *all* your heart that God is good!"
He knew how bleak and barren stood
Their thought of life, if he were dead.

And with his ever hopeful mind,
From present pain to future bliss
Strove now to turn their thought from this
Or *here* the Father's love to find.

Who doubts for him eternal gain ?
Who triumphed over sin and loss,
And from the bearing of the cross,
Drew strength instead of pain.

A man who dwelt with God, and knew
The voice which to his spirit spoke
And in his inmost soul awoke,
Allegiance to the good and true.

From duty known, no power could draw
His faithful steps to turn aside,
Whate'er might come, he would abide
The working of God's perfect law.

The right to stand before his God,
As He alone should bid him stand,
He claimed for each in every land,
As following where the Saviour trod.

From many an inner conflict sore
He came triumphant in the end,
He saw God's law with mercy blend,
In Christ, our Lord forever more.

His sympathy embraced mankind;
He recognized man's brotherhood.
Above all other value stood
The freedom of the human mind.

He loved his God and fellow man,
He loved the cause of truth on earth,
The joy of youth and childhood's mirth,
And wisdom's ways and nature's plan.

Knowledge he gained from every side,
From books and men and deepest thought
And thro' his mind's alembic wrought
Lessons, like gold thrice purified.

These treasures gleaned from far and near
He gave with no unwilling mind;

Rejoiced he ever was to find
Souls unto whom the truth was dear.

He dared to say the thing he thought,
To do the deed he saw was right,
Although his comrades in the fight
With other means intently wrought.

To each God gives a separate power,
And if one fail to do his part,
Through pride or through a cowardly heart,
All else is weakened in that hour.

An honest thought he valued high,
Although it differed from his own,
He strove to catch its undertone,
And by its weight his own to try.

The windows of his soul he threw
Wide open for each day's new light,
Nor did his spirit take afright
That creeds were changed from *old* to *new*.

Creeds fall, but God remains the same,
The Father of the universe,
Of whom the ages all rehearse,
In varying tone the sacred name.

From age to age He points the way
To better views and juster laws,
And by His law forever draws
Man's halting steps toward perfect day.

He lives, and in His love complete
Enfolds the work of His own hands,
To Him there are no foreign lands,
Earth is the footstool of His feet.

To such a tender Father's care
Man surely can intrust his soul,
Knowing that He who guards the whole
Will hearken to the humblest prayer.

This faith he held till latest breath,
 Nor doubted God's Eternal Love,
 Nor questioned that in realms above
 Souls live triumphant over death.

M. M. H.

A SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE UNVEILING OF DR. MENDENHALL'S PORTRAIT.

Friends of this Institution:

This occasion justly prompts within us feelings of more than ordinary impressiveness. It seems to us right and proper to hold in loving remembrance those to whom we are indebted. Our types of primitive Quakerism and the veteran supporters of this institution are being numbered with the dead. A few years ago the departure of John Bright was recognized in an eloquent tribute by Joseph Peele. The portrait of Guilford's foster-father (Francis T. King) has been crowned with a wreath of ivy in token of his having passed into the better world. John G. Whittier had scarcely passed beyond when we met and conducted services in memory of his pure life; but friends, we have met to-night to think and to speak of one whose name, although it is not borne from continent to continent upon the uncertain tide of public opinion, is nearer, dearer—to us than those whose portraits grace our walls.

We feebly try to honor one, not the foster-father of this institution, but one whom we fondly term the father of New Garden Boarding School. A man known as a zealous supporter of genuine Quakerism, and an unswerving follower of known convictions. In the realm of scholarship he was without a peer in North Carolina, and in our hearts, still bearing the impress of his noble words, he is held in peculiar reverence.

Knowing the pure characters to be the most complex, realizing the strongest natures to be the most reactive, feeling that the one of whom I speak possessed both the strong and the pure nature, my inability to speak to you worthily of his character is deeply felt. But I shall speak with confidence because I know that the admiration; — the love; — which you bear to Guilford's sage, will fill the many vacancies which will necessarily be left.

I need not discuss the story of his life. He was born just 73

years ago, within our own county, descendant from Quaker ancestry and surrounded by the wholesome yet bracing influences which early developed within him those traits by which he was known;—those characteristics which we recognized in his individual nature as a firm adherence to the universal brotherhood of man;—in the walks of practical life as usefulness;—in the sphere of the intellect as thoroughness, and in his moral and religious life as honest conscientiousness.

Possessing these characteristics, rounded and shaped by liberal culture, but still relying upon the arm of the Almighty, he was enabled successfully to grapple with the problems of this life, and to meet life eternal in "the beauty of holiness."

During that reactive period in our nation's history, when the two great factions of our country were pitted against each other, the one representing freedom, the other holding to class distinction and slavery, naturally enough, Dr. Mendenhall's belief in equality placed him in opposition to the institution of slavery, regardless of personal ends or prevailing sentiment. Never! when the occasion demanded it, did he use any scruples in avowing the inhumanity of slavery. When, in 1862, he appeared before Jefferson Davis, of the Southern Confederacy,

he spoke his convictions and presented the principles of the Society of Friends upon war in a most impressive manner.

During this period and throughout his whole life we find many demonstrations of his firm belief in "fair play." This ruling principle explains his policy in becoming disgusted with "carpet-bag rule" and allying himself with the Democratic party. Having been called to the Legislative assembly of his native state, he immediately took a leading part in the settlement of the state debt, in the erection of public buildings, and largely through his influence we have our present educational system, both state and county.

This expression of the Doctor's worth was given by Prof. Collins, of New York: "Concerning the late Dr. Mendenhall, I need only say, as Cicero said of a man of so much less consequence to his race, as the librarian in Weimar felt concerning Gœthe, that he ought not to have died at all."

With the mention of Samuel Collins our minds naturally revert to our own worthy institution, and we feel how appropriate it is to commemorate the life of one whose name is most intimately connected with all which pertains to the life, to the growth, and to the present prosperity of our college. His name, like a magnet, served as an attraction to draw

about this institution liberal support, when the disastrous civil war had closed the doors of every other school of its kind within the borders of our state, and in the days of peace it has stood most prominent in shaping the career of this seat of learning.

We are now 57 years from the founding of this institution. Ne-reus Mendenhall stands in the foreground. New buildings, new ideas, and new instructors have taken the places of those of the 30's, but through all this reaction his principles of thoroughness, honesty and usefulness have ever pervaded its whole life. His name is for all time linked with this institution;—with an effect far more worthy than the blood-stained shaft of a military chieftain, for Guilford College is based upon a principle as high above war as the spirit of love is above barbaric force.

Although his moral nature dominated his intellectual life, yet the two are so related, so intimately blended, that it is almost impossible to discuss them separately. There was such a complex relation between his brain and his soul that we cannot judge whether the wise steps of his life were guided by the direction of a sound intellect or prompted by the feelings of a pure heart. The close relation between his intellect and his spiritual nature is most strikingly demonstrated when during

the turmoil of civil war our respected benefactor gave up the emoluments offered by western enterprise, the influence of peaceful surroundings, and cast his lot with his own people, and for the maintainance of New Garden Boarding School. In this instance we find exhibited both the beauty of an impressible conscience and the far-sightedness of a sagacious intellect. In his philosophy, as briefly set forth in an address before the alumni of Haverford, he thus speaks of the importance of harmony between the brain and soul: "If feelings," he says, "be separated from the intellect or thought, man drifts into doubt, perplexity, chaos, hopeless pyrrhonism." The Doctor then gave due place to intellectual investigation and scientific research, but after a series of arguments, gave vent to his personal opinion in the lines, "Thought lies deeper than all speech; feeling deeper than all thought." His deep religious impressions are shown when he says: "I do not wish to underrate science, but I would show that science, in all her boasted accuracy, is more changeable than the essentials of religion."

With this expression we find ourselves in the spiritual sphere. And what a beautiful culmination for the fair-mindedness, the usefulness, the intellectual thoroughness of such a life.

Having come in touch with all classes of men, studied the arguments of all phases of philosophy and theology, he still relied upon the "still small voice," and with Whittier oftentimes said:

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings,
I know that God is good!

The shades of the material world were fast thickening before his vision. The circles of the spiritual life were growing wide apace;—when one day being asked how he felt replied in the words of the good old man to Towler, "All my days are good and none are ill."

As I speak to you the remains of Nereus Mendenhall rest in the humble church-yard of Deep River Monthly Meeting. He is gone;—but the reactivity of his strong nature cannot be over-estimated, and is briefly touched upon in the following lines from the artist who painted this picture. "As I painted in the eyes I said, 'there is an eye which looked death and danger in the face with a calm serenity, a peace born of the faith that comes with an hon-

est heart, a noble purpose and a constant endeavor. If the eye is the window of the soul this one looks out from an interior illuminated by the pure spirit of good and carrying its ennobling messages to all within the circle of its vision; by the force of its intellectual power it enlightens, by the majesty of its self-controlled will, it harmonizes, and by the living principle of its divine faith in the absolute fatherhood of God and the universal sonship of man it has drawn and will continue to draw souls into the helpful radius of its beatific existence.' "

Can such a one cease to exist? Never! We will always feel the force of his symmetrical character. Bright, King and Whittier have taken their places in the constellation of those redeemed, and the star of Nereus Mendenhall is forever fixed in that far-away firmament, enlightening our pathway with reflections from the "Great first cause." So let us, without vain eulogy, walk beneath this illumination in that sound aspiration which is based upon true humility.

JOSEPH BLAIR, '96.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

[This paper was to have been delivered at the recent meeting of the Alumni of Haverford College, Pa.]

Mr. President and fellow Alumni:

It is not my purpose this evening to make a funeral oration over Dr. Mendenhall, but rather to relate a few anecdotes and incidents illustrative of his character. If I can do anything to revive in the memory of those who knew him, pleasant recollections of the man; if I can succeed, in the brief time allotted to me, in impressing upon Haverford men the views which I hold of his character, viz: that he was, in all respects, one of Haverford's *best* men, my purpose will have been accomplished.

It was my privilege to meet him early in 1861, about the beginning of the late war. He was then in the early prime of middle life—tall, erect, full of dignity, and of most impressive presence. He never seemed to enjoy vigorous health, although he lived for four years past man's allotted three score years and ten. This perhaps may account for the fact that in his movements he was always deliberate, even slow, physically, if not mentally. He never gave a hasty answer. If asked a question, a reasonable time was always

taken for consideration, and when the reply came it was sure to be freighted with good sound common sense, and often showed deep thought on the subject enquired about; for Nereus Mendenhall was a profound thinker and philosopher. His quiet, retired life, naturally led him into meditation.

He was never a man to push himself forward, but when his friends, recognizing his merits, placed him where they knew he belonged, at the front, he never disappointed them. I have often heard my father tell how, when a delegation of Friends was required to meet a committee of the Confederate Congress to state the grounds on which Friends asked to be exempted from military duty, Nereus was one of the delegation. My father said: "It being a warm summer's night, the meeting was arranged for the evening, and we were requested to have seats out on the Capitol grounds, to avoid the heat from the lights inside the Capitol. The committee was composed of some of the ablest men in the Confederate Congress, most of them being men who had served in the Congress of the United States. Miles of South Carolina, (William Porcher Miles) was chairman. It was the feeling of the

delegation that Nereus Mendenhall was pre-eminently the man to present our case. It seemed impossible almost to secure his consent, owing to his natural reserve. Finally, Chairman Miles said, 'Gentlemen, the Committee are ready, please state your case.' A dead silence followed. In a few moments, fearing the Committee would not understand or appreciate our holding a Quaker meeting then and there, I reached over and gently touched Nereus. He arose slowly and began, and when fully aroused and warmed up to his subject, I thought I never heard such an exposition of the doctrines of Friends on the question of war. Other members of the delegation followed, but the ground had been covered so thoroughly that there was but little left for us to say."

This same delegation visited Jefferson Davis, and while he received them with courtesy, he remarked that he regretted to learn that there was, within the limits of the Southern Confederacy, any body of people who were unwilling, not only to fight, but even, if need be, to die in defense of their country. The result of the work of the delegation, however, was the passage of a law exempting Friends, Dunkards, Mennonites, and any others holding religious scruples against war, from service in the Confederate army,

upon payment of a fine of five hundred dollars, or upon performing certain services in connection with the hospitals, etc., etc.; and to Nereus Mendenhall's argument perhaps, more than any other one thing, was due the passage of this law. Many Friends could not bring their consciences to accept exemption in this way, and none suffered more from this cause perhaps than Tilghman Vestal, a nephew of Nereus Mendenhall.

Of Nereus as a teacher.—I came to him in 1861, at New Garden School in N. C., (now Guilford College) quite filled with the idea of my own importance, and impressed with the feeling that I was well advanced for a boy of my years. He quietly took me at my word and placed me where I rated myself, but in a few days I went to him with a request that I be allowed to take my place where I now saw I belonged. I soon found that his boys when reading the Latin Reader, knew more Latin than I did while professing to read Virgil. He believed that a little, well learned, was worth more than a volume skimmed over.

I well remember that when I came to Haverford in the fall or winter of 1864, asking admission to the class of 1867, the late lamented Samuel J. Gummere said to me, "We have had several of Dr. Mendenhall's students here,

and I do not think an examination is necessary in thy case; I am quite willing to admit thee to the Sophomore class, and if thee wishes it, I should even be willing to have thee try the Junior." I felt that this was a noble tribute to my beloved teacher.

Dr. Mendenhall was a man who never believed in many rules in school, although he taught in a period when it was common to have such and to be very exact in enforcing them. It was his custom on the opening of a new term, to give a brief address to the school, in which he laid down a few general principles by which he expected us to be guided. If we failed to follow these, he relied upon his own resources to devise a suitable remedy to fit the case. As illustrating his originality in this respect, I will relate two anecdotes of events occurring during my school days at New Garden. The school was about six miles from Greensboro, which was the most important town in that section. There came from Greensboro a lad whose first name was Oscar; I fail now to recall his last. His reputation preceded him: "no teacher had ever been able to get the best of him; he studied, or not, as he chose, and not in any case as the teacher directed. Two or three different ones had tried to subdue his fiery spirit, but with a result usually disastrous to the

teacher." These, as I say, were the stories which preceded the boy, for I think justice to him will require me to say that he did not assume any special airs on his first appearance at the school. The boys, however, were on the "qui vive" for something to happen whereby Oscar and Nereus should be brought to cross swords, and they were not long delayed. A rumor came to Nereus' ears that Oscar carried a pistol. Thinking this was an undesirable thing, especially in a Quaker School, Nereus, one morning, after the usual chapter in the Bible was read, called Oscar up, as the lawyers would say, to the "side bar" and said a few words to him in an undertone. In a moment we saw Oscar step back, put his hand to his hip pocket and cry out, "I guess you want me to take you down a peg." I was sitting nearly in front of Nereus and saw the fire flash in his eye. I think chairman Miles, of the Confederate Congressional Committee, would have enjoyed the scene, as Nereus rose with more rapidity of action than I ever saw him have before or since. He seized Oscar with a firm grasp, and with the remark uttered between his teeth, "come out of this room," he bore the struggling youth across the large room, in the presence of the whole school, to a private room in the rear.

None of us ever knew what took place, for neither Nereus nor Oscar were communicative, but after a space of about 15 or 20 minutes they returned, Oscar taking his place quietly at his desk, and ever after that, while he remained in school, he showed a profound respect for Nereus.

Again, on Saturdays we had the usual holiday. One of the boys went on a Saturday morning to Nereus with a request to be allowed to go to Greensboro, giving some plausible excuse therefor. By some means Nereus had learned that there was to be a circus at Greensboro that day, and he cruelly suspected the boy of a desire to attend it. He therefore refused the desired permission. Something in the boy's expression, however, seemed to him to say "I'm going anyway;" and so, assuming that he would return to the school, change his clothing, and then set out for the town, Nereus walked slowly through the woods from his house and took up his position at a point which he was quite sure the boy would pass if he had rightly divined his intentions. Sure enough, in about one-half hour he came, swinging his arms, and forging ahead at a four mile an hour gait, for he was by this time fearful of being too late for the circus. "Stop!" cried a voice from the woods. Astonished, as he must have been, he nevertheless

recognized the voice of Dr. Mendenhall, and promptly strode across to the spot from which the voice came. Nereus had chosen a fallen tree for his waiting place and quietly invited the boy to take a seat beside him. What followed can best be told in the boy's own words, or as nearly so as I can recall them after the lapse of over thirty years.

"I never was so surprised in my life. There we sat on that log. He said nothing, and I said nothing, but I never did such a lot of thinking in all my life. I remembered everything I had ever done or ever thought of. Every minute I expected him to break out on me, but no! not a word did he say. Bye and bye, after we had sat there for fully an hour, he quietly turned to me and said: 'Henry, art thou prepared to return to New Garden?' Of course I was prepared. I never was so glad to get away from any place in my life, but the worst of it was I still had to walk home with him nearly a mile, and I thought, now my time had come, he will surely give it to me, as I well deserved; but no allusion was made to my violation of his commands, no reproach given for the lie I had told him. He left me alone with my conscience, and, I tell you, boys, I never want another such experience."

As a student at Haverford, Ne-

reus was reserved and studious, not mingling generally in the sports, but being urged to join in a jumping match, he did so, but made only one jump; he distanced all his competitors, and in reply to future requests said, "whenever you beat the jump I made, try me again."

It was his intention to practice medicine, and he was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, in this Department, but he soon found that the death of a patient so wrought upon his feelings, that it was impossible for him to continue in that profession. He would be laid up sometimes for a week or two at a time, on the death of a patient, as a result of his tender feelings and his conscientious fears that perhaps he ought to have treated the case differently.

Twice at least, during Dr. Mendenhall's career, he found relief from the confinement of school work through the open air life of an engineer, and in each case succeeded in building up again his waning strength. He was successful here as he was in everything I ever knew him to undertake.

Throughout the war he was loyal to the government of the United States, never wavering in his belief that the South was wrong and would ultimately be defeated. He was a great admirer of Horace

Greeley, and read the Tribune as long as he could get it.

When, however, the end came, and with it that never-be-forgotten individual, the carpet bagger, he was more than the one time abolitionist, Nereus, could bear. Promptly and courageously he allied himself with the Democrats, to whom he had been opposed all his life, upon the simple principle that in a choice of evils one must take the least. He was elected to the North Carolina Legislature and took an earnest, honorable part in the redemption of the state from carpet bag rule. He was in no sense a politician, however, and when the urgent need for his services ceased, he quietly retired to private life.

Pendleton King, Secretary of the Legation under Sunset Cox, during President Cleveland's first term of office, sent me the following expression:

"One of the first things to impress an acquaintance of Dr. Mendenhall was the elevation and purity of his character; serious without being severe, and reminding one of the Ancient philosophers."

Without being a ravenous reader, he had read many good books, which served him chiefly to stimulate his own thought. And it was not easy to start an important topic about man, his nature, character and destiny, on which he had not thought and on which he

had not some interesting or wise remark to make. I have rarely met a man who was so decidedly a thinker, and such a wise one.

Another characteristic was his religious or spiritual tolerance toward those who differed from him, and who did not accept what he considered to be a very important part of a sound faith, provided such persons were sincerely seeking the truth. For example, he continued to set a very high value on the writings of Carlyle, while regarding him as a heterodox in religion. No doubt his great characteristic, connected with all these traits, and not to be sharply separated from them, was his own rich spiritual nature, which he carried into his work and daily life, his reading and his meditations, and which served to raise him above much that was paltry in the world around him. His life and charac-

ter are worthy of careful study, and he should hold a secure place in the history of Haverford College, because he was among the ablest and best of her sons.

And now, honored son of Haverford, it is for us who are left behind to take up and bear aloft the banner of truth and righteousness so long and so worthily borne by thee. Thou hast ever proven a worthy son of thy alma mater. Wherever duty called thee, thou wast found. As father, teacher, citizen, thou ever lived a noble life, doing bravely the work allotted thee and ever showing an example worthy of emulation by those about thee. 'Tis but a small tribute, for one who loved thee as teacher and friend, to ask that thy name shall ever be cherished as one of the *most honored* among Haverford's honored sons.

DR. CRIMSHAW.

FOREST PROTECTION.

"The groves were God's first temples." At their borders one leaves the cares of life, and devotes himself to their solitude. Within their shades is life in abundance, "and there is never a leaf nor a blade too mean to be some happy creature's palace." Here, as in few other places, may be seen

the effects of man's destructive hand.

It is believed that every country, when first inhabited, was covered with a forest growth. America, in her early days, waved with boughs from shore to shore. But with the discoverer came the settler, and in the wake of the settler

followed destruction. Regarding the tillage of the soil his most profitable pursuit, and the trees his common enemies, the axe was freely plied, and the tall monarchs fell before its blows. As civilization has advanced, greed and destructiveness have increased. Within the last two decades the devastation of our forests has been so great and the results so alarming, that the people are becoming aroused to the importance of the subject. Whole regions have been denuded. Where once were fertility and prosperity are now desolation and waste. While the greatest century the world has ever seen is just closing, and the booming of cannon has scarcely died on our ears, we are confronted by the fact that unless this vandalism is suppressed in a few years America will be deprived of many of her most valued advantages.

In the dawn of history, Palestine and Persia were lands flowing with milk and honey. Gradually their forests were removed, the palms dropped their leaves, and the fig tree and vine withered and died. From masters of the arts and sciences the inhabitants have degenerated into a state of barbarism. Dry winds sweep over the country, and their rich plains and valleys are now covered with the sands of the desert. Their colonnades and cities have long

since crumbled, and only the ruins remain as memorials of their ancient grandeur.

At the close of the Middle Ages, Spain was the most powerful nation in the world. Her dominions extended to the remote parts of the earth, and her subjects embraced nations of many tongues. But her monarch delighted in the sports of the arena and neglected the weal of his kingdom. Her forests were laid waste, her climate became hot and dry and her soil unproductive. The people awoke to their situation only to find that the stage for re-afforestation was past, and from that time the Spanish power dates its decline.

Not more fortunate were the other powers of Europe in the characters of their rulers. Only their love of hunting saved the forests that have since proven of such value to their countries. In later years, when necessity demanded it, England was wise enough to re-forest her barren hills, and France and Germany had the prudence to protect their waning resources. Through scientific methods the forest and schools of Germany now hold a prominent place, and England is proud of the history of Sherwood, within whose glades roamed Robin Hood and his merry band of yeomen.

The examples of the Eastern

nations seem wholly lost upon America. Because her forests have been considered inexhaustible they have received no protection.

The American lumber industry has grown from the simple mills of the Puritans to the vast properties of the syndicates and corporations of to-day. Great quantities of building material find their way to foreign markets. The capitalist draws wealth from the timber. The woodmen fell tree after tree, until the slopes are perfectly bare. Only the choice parts are used, while the branches and crooked trunks are left, and prove a more fearful enemy than the axe. The spirit of the patriotic man sinks within him as he beholds the wealth of the nation rapidly diminishing. The towering pines of the East and North-west have been filched away, and the merciless loggers now spend their winters in the Southern States.

In the consumption of wood as fuel we exceed any nation in the world. In this broad land we are not content with a small estate; the richness of our country dazzles us, and all economy vanishes. The accumulated growth of centuries is recklessly consumed without regard for future generations.

The destruction of timber by the axe might be tolerated, were it not for the desolation of forest fires. The dry leaves and scat-

tered limbs, scorched by the summer's sun, are as tinder to the stray spark of the hunter. In a short time the fire is under headway. The heated air rises and the breezes begin to stir. The flames rush onward—great sheets leap high in advance and bridge the intervening chasms and gaps. The wild animals flee before the terrible roar and glare, but are soon overtaken. Birds fly upward, hover for a moment in the air and then fall back. Woe to the poor settler who chances to leave his cabin in the little clearing! The heat converts the rich mould of ages into ashes, and leaves behind the charred remains of the lofty trees. From this cause alone Canada annually loses an amount of timber equal to the area of the British Isles, and the United States more than it uses.

Connected with this evil are principles of vital importance to the national welfare. The climate of our country is greatly modified by its forests. The northern part of Michigan was once protected by large tracts of pines. The lumbermen entered, and now the cold gusts from the Lakes spend their fury on its unsheltered territory. Within the memory of its citizens the woodlands of Ohio have decreased. But few trees remain to avert the wintry blasts or the heat of the summer sky. In every State extremes of tem-

perature alternate, snows are less frequent, and the seasons run far into each other.

Where there are large groves, it is noticeable that the public health is good. Few are the homes of invalids, and physicians have little practice. The trees absorb all noxious gases, and in their place give off pure oxygen. It has been shown that deep avenues of cedars lessen the death rate of cities. To avoid epidemics the ancients forested the country around their marshes. Our great swamps owe their sanitary condition to their luxurious vegetable growth. Where deforestation progresses effluvia fills the atmosphere, plagues make their appearance among us; and soon our ports will need no quarantine system.

In recent years terrible cyclones and tornadoes have visited our country, carrying desolation in their track. The exposed plains of the West were once covered with forests. Now the heated earth produces the prairie winds instead of trees.

The tall spires of the woods draw lightning from the passing clouds, and assist in causing the rainfall. But as our forests vanish the showers are lost. No fallen leaves remain to intercept the drops, or deep imbedded roots to guide them to their proper veins. The waters quickly flow away—

brooks become raging torrents, furrowing the mountain sides and filling the fertile valleys with rocky soil. Streams overflow their banks, and floods wash away the homes of peaceful families. As the rivers subside, springs dry up, sultry winds clear away the moisture, and drought succeeds the deluge.

The great Rocky Mountains have resounded with the ceaseless stroke of the axe and the crash of the trees. Their rocks are seamed, the nimble antelope has ceased to climb their dizzy heights, and their beauty is gone. The great Sequoias of California have tottered and fallen, thus making her watersheds useless and jeopardizing agriculture. The irrigating canals of the West, upon which depend its farming interests, cannot receive their requisite supplies, and the ground, lacking water to render it productive, remains sterile. Waving fields of grain, the wealth of the citizens, are being supplanted by sandy plains, thriving orchards are losing their vitality, luscious fruits are dwindling in size and flavor, year after year is bringing failure of harvests, and despondency is settling on the minds of the growers.

To counteract these results various measures are proposed. Since the individual cares only for gain, and the states arouse contention, the national government

should assume control of our remaining forests and enact competent laws for their preservation.

The greater part of the Rocky Mountain woods is already public property. Here the timber thief has his mills, and every one enjoys an equal privilege. With these regions held from sale, and skilled foresters employed to protect them from fire and the injudicious use of the axe, the prosperity of the nation would be enhanced, and the expense of a rational forestry system sinks into insignificance in comparison to the gain from it.

The depleted lands should be reforested. To secure a continual supply of timber sufficient for all necessary demands, the ripe trees should be cut and young ones planted in their places. Nurseries should be established, and schools founded for instruction in forestry. Arbor Day should be generally observed, and the sentiment carefully fostered.

The value of forest products has steadily increased until it now exceeds those of agriculture and mining. But trees add their rings so slowly that it is difficult for planters to realize the profit from their culture. Acres after acres of forest land, unfit for the plow, are annually denuded. With these replanted no tillage would

be required, and the owner would receive a rich reward from the hands of kind mother nature.

This universal calamity must be stayed by public opinion. But popular sentiment reaches maturity only by degrees. Though every other civilized country on the globe has long ago been compelled to legislate for its trees, and though associations and prominent persons are promoting an interest in forestry, our statesmen have as yet remained unmoved, and the few existing laws have been but feebly enforced.

The wandering herds of bison are now reduced to the scant survivors in the zoological gardens, the ill-treated red men eke out their existence in allotted reservations, and in a short while our forests will be confined to a few national parks. Landslides and avalanches are demolishing the houses of the unfortunate mountaineers. The channels of rivers are being filled up and navigation impeded. Rolling prairies are bedecking our boasted land. Nature's laws are being broken, and she is loudly demanding restitution. The foe is at hand, a crisis is reached, and, like the Mound Builders, this race may find its termination with the trees.

G. RAYMOND ALLEN, '95.

THE HENRY CLAY ENTERTAINMENT.

Mr. T.W. Costen, of Gates county, president of the society, in behalf of the faculty and students, welcomed those present in a well rounded address. A comic song, "Old Farmer Magee," by H. C. Benton, of Gates county, was quite well rendered. Mr. J. P. Parker, of Guilford county, followed with a thoughtfully prepared and well delivered essay, "The Greatest Barrier." "An Evening with Copperfield" closed this part of the program. The characters were represented in pantomime by students, and were, all in all, quite effectively portrayed. Selections from David Copperfield were read behind the scene in connection with the pantomime, so that the audience could easily recall the scenes and incidents of his interesting career. If "Barkis is willin'" we would like to make special mention of the "Peggotty" of Miss Addie Wilson and the "Mrs. Gummidge" of Miss Sallie Stockard. The performance was very creditable to all persons taking part.

After this came the simple yet impressive ceremony of unveiling the portrait of Dr. Mendenhall. Hanging as it did at the rear of the stage, covered by a delicately tinted veil, surrounded by a bank

of ferns and flowers, it was with suppressed interest that the audience awaited the signal at which the familiar features were to be exposed to view. Two little grandsons of the Doctor, Richard Mendenhall Hobbs and Henry Davis, were stationed at each side of the portrait, and to them was given the honor of drawing aside the curtain. And what an inspiration was the first sight of those features. A solemn hush seemed to spread over the audience as they gazed intently upon the portrait of the man whose memory will never fade. Standing out against the dark background were the lines which portrayed every expression of the lofty character and distinct personality of the individual, his every characteristic blended into an expression that only seemed to lack the spark of life to make it animate. Well might the tongue falter when attempting to give utterance to thoughts arising from the depths of souls which overflowed with loving remembrances of one who had been more like a father or brother than friend.

Mr. Joseph Blair delivered a brief sketch of Dr. Mendenhall's life, and paid a graceful tribute to his memory.

Mrs. Hackney, on behalf of the faculty, gave expressions of esteem, and presented a letter from Hon. Pendleton King concerning Dr. Mendenhall's character as a teacher.

Mr. W. T. Woodley, Jr., of the Websterian, and Miss Anna Petty, of the Philagorean, performed a like service for their respective societies.

Prof. J. R. Wharton, superintendent of public instruction, followed with a touching tribute to the intellectual attainments of Dr. Mendenhall, based on an acquaintance covering a period of forty years, attesting to his profound scholarship and untiring advancement of educational interests.

Hon. Frank Caldwell, a lifelong friend of the doctor, spoke feelingly of the warm friendship that existed between them, their business relations, and the scrupulous honor and integrity that characterized his dealings with his fellow man. Mr. Caldwell poured forth the highest encomiums on the christian character and accomplishments of the doctor, emphasizing the purity and spotlessness of his life in private and in public.

Mr. Jesse F. Hoskins of Summerfield, gave a reminiscent talk on the fellowship existing between faculty and students at the time he attended Guilford College in the sixties, and also paying a tribute

to Dr. Mendenhall's ability as an instructor.

Dr. McIver of the State Normal, spoke of the many rare qualifications of Dr. Mendenhall, his scope of learning, his liberality toward the views of others, his consideration of the faults and failures of others, his susceptibility to conviction, yet withal his unswerving devotion to a principle which he believed to be right and just in the sight of God and man. He spoke of his religion, which went above creed or class, and embraced all humanity, his interest in the cause of education, and his devotion and loyalty to his native state and county.

Lee T. Blair, principal of Bellevue School, Greensboro, was the last to offer expressions of respect. He also paid glowing tributes to the memory of his beloved preceptor. We regret very much that we have not space for a full report of the remarks of every person participating in these memorial exercises.

An appropriate poem read by Miss Lucille Armfield, of High Point, brought to a close an eventful evening.

The capacity of the auditorium of King Hall was taxed to the uttermost. The crowd was estimated at six hundred. Many prominent friends of Dr. Mendenhall were present. The Normal school was represented by about

a hundred and twenty-five young ladies. The marshal of the evening was Mr. Nasseem Sim'an, an Assyrian, who is a student at the college.

The illness of Dr. Hobbs prevented his attendance, which was much regretted.

The portrait of Dr. Mendenhall was painted by an old friend in Philadelphia, Mrs. Caroline W. Van Helden. It is a three-quarter length, standing, with a natural and easy pose, the attitude suggesting an expression of listening. It was pronounced by ac-

quaintances a good likeness. The massive gold and antique oak frame gives it a rich setting.

Old Guilford College has a record unequalled by any institution in the state. Through the momentous scenes of war and reconstruction it stood firm on the foundation planned by the master hand of Dr. Nereus Mendenhall. The enrollment this term is about 150, and Guilford county can well feel proud of what has been accomplished within her borders.

[*Taken from the Greensboro Patriot.*]

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAMME.

Oratorical Contest of the Websterian Society, May 19th, at 8.00 p. m.

Oratorical Contest of the Henry Clay Society, May 26th, at 8.00 p. m.

Entertainment of John Bright Literary Society, May 29th, at 7.30 p. m.

Graduating Exercises of the Preparatory Department, May 30.

Alumni Address, May 30th, at 3.00 p. m.

Address before the Literary Societies, May 30th, at 7.30 p. m.

Graduating Exercises of the class of '94, May 31st, at 10.00 a. m.

Baccalaureate Address, May 31st, at 3.00 p. m.

The Guilford Collegian.

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MAY, 1894.

Subscribers of the COLLEGIAN must have already noted several changes in its staff during the past term and we regret that two others will be noticed in this issue. Mr. White and Mr. Costen were both unexpectedly called home, yet we feel sure that men have been elected to fill their positions who are fully capable.

The elapse of a few more weeks will bring another college year to its close, will change the Senior to an Alumnus, and give to our

country a harvest of trained young men and women. Probably the two greatest lessons learned during their four years of effort are, at what they can best succeed in life, and what success depends upon, and if the existing crisis in our nation reveals anything, it is that these lessons should be immediately put into practice as the various avocations of life are entered. The condition of our people demand that such be the case, and also offers greater opportunities than has ever been open to the forth coming alumni of previous years, for accomplishing far-reaching results.

This is made true by the facts that nearly every industry and institution, not even excluding the church, is in an unsettled and transitory state, and that men or women of college training must take the lead in guiding their development in the future. There will undoubtedly be this year, as have always been, some of the new alumni who fail to recognize the responsibilities which their opportunities have incurred, but this will only make the honor and reward greater for those who do feel the burden of the times and dare to shoulder it.

In all great movements that have ever taken place or are taking place at the present time, there is some one in the lead, who, by dint

of perseverance and the co-operation of the masses, brings them to success.

In a student body there are always some persons to whom are given by general consent certain positions of importance. These are the persons who regulate the turns of affairs, who ply their energy and tact of skill with freedom, who are not content to tread in the beaten paths of by-gone days, but who press on with full vigor to some higher attainment, and are in a great measure the life of an institution. Among the students of our college there is such a class of persons, but a predominating element of a reverse character also exists. And it is this last named class that causes so much dissension, and acts as a general draw back. Just as soon as a few active students start some new project that in the end will prove a benefit to every one, or some half forsaken undertaking is taken hold of by some enterprising student, or something for the better has begun to be realised from his efforts, some one is always ready to laugh the new ideas of his fellows to scorn, and to exert all his energy for the suppression of such an enterprise. Such persons fail to realize the fact that the advantages to be reaped from the efforts of their fellow-students will accrue to them as well as to those who do not work. They

don't seem to be able to catch the idea that with the hearty co-operation of all parties, harmony and friendly relations on all sides will be the inevitable result. On the other hand a feeling of jealousy is allowed to spring up, and when some one who may chance to have advanced ideas tries to put them into operation, and thus arouse enthusiasm of college life in general, he has the opposition of the majority of the students to face, and discouragement and failure are a natural consequence.

In our classes, in our athletic associations, and in our study body in general, there seems to be a lack of interest and spirit. Whereas a few students take part in such matters and may be classed among the energetic, the majority entertain either a neutral or adverse opinion. And, as a matter of fact, when any one asks a student to take part in the formation of a literary club, or any association whatever, he is generally confronted with the remark that "I can't write anything," or "I am no athlete, and your club will be better off without than with me." We would simply like to ask such persons, when the stern reality of life comes, are you going to give way to a few persons your superior, and to a great many your inferior? If so, what are your prospects for the future? Truly we live and

learn, as the old maxim has it.

Such, in brief, is a general view of the status of affairs among the majority of our students at present. Now, the COLLEGIAN is a medium through which all such phases of life should be clearly set forth. And be it far from our intention here to arouse egotism, or to take a pessimistic view, but on the other hand to furnish a clear representation of facts, and to gain thoughtful consideration on the subject.

With the world of to-day progress is the watch-word. As time has advanced, great changes have come about. Where the savage once roamed through the silent glades of the American forest, is now heard the peaceful hum of machinery. No longer is our generation content to tread in the beaten paths of another. New ideas and pure intellects characterise the present age. Here energy, tact and skill are indispensable qualities to success, and on the contrary, sluggishness and idleness bury their captive in oblivion.

In this era of unrivalled competition and strife, there is a quality—manner—that soothes all differences, and brings happiness to its possessor and those around him. Among college men this requisite is especially valuable. Every day opportunities present

themselves for each one's showing his true gentlemanliness. The student who makes a neat bow to his lady friend, and who is courteous to his fellows, has an amiable disposition, and will generally achieve success. At the table the correct use of the knife and fork show good breeding. In conversation, the person who is thoroughly attentive and returns pleasant answers to the one with whom he is speaking, is respected by every one. In every day occurrences, the loaning of a useful possession, or the helping of a studious friend worrying over the translation of some difficult passage, the returning of a lost object, the courteous acceptance of some proffered article, and a kind remark to some faint-hearted student, will bring us lasting friends. Courtesy to strangers oftentimes wins a fortune. No one can recognize from outside appearance the noble heart that may be within a person. And through all college life little acts of kindness to our fellows, though we may be put to a slight disadvantage by the performance of them, yet in the end brings a rich reward. Good morning has won its thousands, and thank you its millions. In writing, style is an important feature. Many times have brilliant thoughts been blurred by the harsh structure of an ill-formed sentence, whereas had

time and pains been expended on them, their true meaning would have been apparent. What a contrast to read an article with its sentences and paragraphs smoothly arranged, and then to turn to one where a break occurs at every third sentence, and a mis-appropriate word begins every new line of thought. In speaking, manner produces wonders. With a good delivery, an orator carries his audience with him, while a lagging speech disgusts its listeners. Possessing a light tread and a cultivated voice, an actor brings out the genius of Shakespeare in elegant style, while clumsiness and untrained speech fail to show the true worth of the great poet. In addressing any assembly, a clear tone and a graceful delivery produce a powerful effect, and often cause an ill-constructed speech to pass for well written article.

For ages the use of good etiquette has made men famous.

From casting his cloak over the muddy place in the street, Raleigh gained the favor of a proud queen and became a noted man. Through the great military genius of the Duke of Marlborough there runs a golden vein of courtesy. Though a very illiterate man, he conquered an enemy by his manners as well as by his sword; and through his etiquette he kept out the constantly rising jealousies from the great coalition against France. Sir Philip Sidney, through his polished manners, gained the title of being the true gentleman of England. Lord Chesterfield, of later times, had even greater fame. Possessing perfect etiquette, he became the model of every English courtier. To us come down his letters to his son, containing valuable truths on politeness, and in the realm of polished manners will always remain his famous name.

PERSONALS.

Amy J. Stevens is assisting her cousin, Mr. Kennedy, in a prosperous school at Zeb, N. C.

Mrs. Laura Davis has returned from Florida, where she spent the winter. Her health is much improved.

Thomas B. Bray is now a farmer, diligent in his business. His pleasant home is at Fall Creek, Moore county, where he went to teach, but has long since decided *one pupil* was sufficient.

Evalina Scott is teaching school near Courtland, Va.

Jesse M. Bundy is now superintending the "Cartland Hotel," at Union Springs, N. Y. Fred. Cartland, one of the graduates of the Commercial Department at G. C. is clerk in the same hotel.

Anna Starbuck Smith, a student here in the long ago, now lives at High Point.

Rena Morris is now teaching at Central Falls. She is quite successful in training the "young ideas."

We notice on the Invitations from Trinity High School the name of S. H. Tomlinson among

the managers. Success to "Halsie!"

Lollie Worth is now at the "Boston Normal School of Gymnastics." In connection with her gymnastic training she takes Chemistry, Physics and Comparative Anatomy at "Massachusetts Institute of Technology."

She stands at the head of her class and is greatly interested in dissecting. Her teacher writes to know if there are any more like her at G. C., if there are to send them there, they want them.

R. A. Field is engaged in a prosperous business with the Maxton Cotton Mills, devoted to his chosen profession, that of a mechanic.

Mrs. Alice Copeland and Notre Johnson, with others from Greensboro, drove over to G. C. a few evenings since. The Curator of the museum was pleased "to show them 'round."

Rodema Crutchfield, formerly Lindley, lives at Liberty, N. C.

Ella McBane, who for near three years has been sorely afflicted and often dispaired of ever being aught but an invalid, has greatly im-

proved, and is now almost her former self again. She retained her good cheer during all her affliction, nor once complained of her lot.

J. T. Fraley still retains his position as depot agent at Franklinsville, N. C.

Elma Hoskins called at the college not long since; her visit was a joy to her old friends, and many new ones learned to love her while she stayed with us. She returned to her home at Summerfield, N. C.

Emma Stanley is again at home, Centre, N. C. Her school near White Plains closed March 26th. We learn she had quite a prosperous and pleasant winter's work.

Cyrus N. Cox, one of the N. G. B. S. boys, has made Indiana his home since '88. He is engaged in

farming at the present time, and is getting on nicely in the world.

Two of the former G. C. girls, Ida May Lindley and Ellene Hockett, are now in school at Providence Academy, Brunswick, N. C.

Joe. M. Lee is successfully engaged in the insurance business in Chattanooga, Tenn.

Will. P. Ragan, having finished a successful winter's work of teaching, is now selling fruit trees at Oxford, Ala.

On the evening of May 1st, Nora Cummings, of Guilford College, was crowned "Queen of May" (*and all other months of the year*) by Rev. D. N. Caveness. The COLLEGIAN extends congratulations, and only wishes that their sky may ever be as cloudless as the beautiful May day upon which it was said of them: "They twain shall be one flesh."

LOCALS.

- Baseball is not dead yet.
- Examinations! Orations!
- The seniors more dignity wear.
- The seniors are worrying over their theses.
- Prof. Haviland will spend the summer in Europe.
- Leonard Van Noppen came by the college on his way to Asheville.
- The Oratorical contest of the Websterian Literary Society will be held May 19.
- Geo. W. Wilson, '93, came up from Elon College to attend the Clay entertainment.
- Prof. Geo. W. White has been elected chairman of the faculty during the sickness of Pres. Hobbs.
- The Henry Clay Oratorical contest will be given on Saturday evening, May 26th, at 8 o'clock.
- In the past few weeks over 100 people have made calls at the college especially to see the museum.
- Prof. Woody will deliver the annual address before the faculty and students of Farmers' Institute May 28.

—The Webs have had some work done in their hall, which makes it much more attractive.

Eugene Armfield, '90, and Chas. Ragan came over from High Point April 22, First day.

—The auditorium in King Hall was crowded on the evening of the Clay Entertainment. The audience numbered over 600.

—"You should not share your burdens even with your friends," was the gist of a very "hitting" and thoughtful exercise conducted by Prof. Davis at morning collection a few days since.

—As we were about to go to press, the COLLEGIAN received a card from E. G. Harrell, giving information concerning the meeting of N. C. Teachers' Assembly to be held at Morehead City June 19-July 3.

—The young men of Archdale, at a meeting held April 16th, appointed a committee to interview the faculty in regard to the young men themselves, seeing that order is kept upon all public occasions, except those gotten up exclusively by the faculty, these to be managed by the faculty.

—A very large hawk has just been mounted and placed in the museum.

—At a joint meeting of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. T. U., delegates Moffitt and Pearson rendered brief reports of the work done at the State Convention of the Y. M. C. A.

—Prof. Woody's surveying class has been meeting with quite good success in the several plots which they have surveyed.

—The college has been besieged for the last few weeks with photographers. We nearly all will have to go on record as having "sat for our picture."

—The many friends of Mrs. J. W. Woody will be glad to know that her health is much improved. She is now actively engaged in christian work in and between El Modend and Los Angeles, Cal.

—Prof. J. F. Davis lectured in King Hall on the evening of April 21. Subject, "Strasburg." He first gave a pleasant reminiscence of his stay in that city, then took up his M. S. and read a production bubbling over with "dry wit;" but maintaining through the whole, that dignity so characteristic of the Prof. Throughout the lecture the thought of higher education was prevalent.

—The lecture which was to have

been given by Prof. Alderman Aprii 28th, was postponed until May 5th. Prof. Edwin A. Alderman now holds the chair of History and Philosophy of Education in the University of N. C. His subject, "Childhood in History," in itself carries with it much interest, and the impressive manner in which it was delivered made it an unusually fine literary treat.

—We have been quite at a loss since the protracted illness of Pres. Hobbs. He has had quite a severe attack of La Grip, and is at present very weak. Especially do we miss him when we remember that he has not taken a holiday in the whole 17 years in which he has been connected with this institution.

—A novel specimen with an interesting history, has been received from Dr. E. E. Coulson, of Galesburgh, Ill., as a donation to the museum. The specimen is a northern red squirrel, with the section of the tree in which it died a prisoner. The following brief explanation is clipped from a Chicago newspaper:

"The tree was a hollow one and the cavity extended downward to the roots. The squirrel had gone in at the root of the tree and climbed upward. The snow and water filled in the entrance and then froze, so that the creature was a prisoner. Then began the

squirrel to cut his way out, and he succeeded in nibbling a round hole through the tree. This was large enough to admit the passage through of the head and fore legs, but two small to permit the hind parts to go through. Now, the squirrel, when it was half through could go no farther. Nor could it get backward. So it just clung there and died."

—Laura Davidson, a graduate of N. G. B. S. in '88, stopped at the College a few days on her way to Summerfield where she is visiting her sister, Mrs. T. J. Ogburn.

—David White, Sr., and family have again returned to their residence in this place. We are glad to see them back.

—The Guilford base ball team was defeated by a score of 13 to 12 by the Greensboro club, May 12th. Our boys show great lack of regular practice and unity of action which might have been obtained during the past few months of delightful weather, but, for various reasons was not and probably will not this year. The COLLEGIAN earnestly hopes that more interest will be taken in the national game next season by our students than there has been during the one that is about to close.

Quite a number of our students had been anticipating a trip to the Pilot mountain for some

time, and about forty of them started early on the morning of April 28, to join Bogart's excursion. The train was very crowded and the ride was not extremely pleasant, but when we alighted from the train at Pinnacle station every one seemed eager to reach the place where they might begin the ascent. This we soon did, and without much effort reached the spring on the side of the mountain, where we took dinner and prepared for the steep climb to the summit. A few did not feel themselves capable of this exertion, so remained near the spring, but those who did accomplish the task felt themselves well paid for the struggle and were loath to come down and again enter the train, which at about 3.00 p. m. would start for the granite quarry at Mount Airy. After reaching that place, however, we thought we beheld as grand a sight as when on the Pilot, for it is truly one of North Carolina's largest enterprises.

When the Battle Ground was again reached at eleven o'clock p. m. all were tired of course but felt that the day had been well spent and that we were better for having taken the trip.

—By the recent and unexpected death of Carrie Ballinger we are again reminded of the uncertainty of life. Although she had not been well for two or three weeks.

her death was not thought of by her sisters and friends until about fifteen minutes before it came.

The funeral services were held at this place Wednesday, the 9th. To her grief stricken sister and friends we extend our deepest sympathy.

The members of Prof. Woody's class in Philosophy of History will prepare their theses on the following subjects:

Natural Forces an Agent of Civilization.
Ruth Blair.
Oriental Religions.
Nasseem Si'mon.

Individualism.

Frederick Walter Grabs.
The English Civilization.

Hiram B. Worth.
The Evolution of Thought.

Eugene J. Woodward.
The Commercial Principle.

William P. Woodley.
The French Civilization.

Mary H. Arnold.
The Evolution of Religious Thought.

Henry A. White.
Christianity a Civilizing Agent.

Isabella P. Woodley.
Individualism in Civilization.

Annie F. Petty.
The Moors.

Lucille Armfield.

EXCHANGES.

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the work entitled "The Theology of Holiness," by Dougan Clark, M. D., of Earlham College.

There has been considerable irregularity in our exchanges since Christmas. A number have gotten out extra editions, and others have indeed had some very slim numbers. Several this month were late, and some have not put in an appearance at all. What is the cause of this?

A number of college papers which before were new to us, have

lately found their way to our table. One of these which has recently launched out upon the sea of journalism is *The Jeff*, edited by the Jefferson Literary Society of Davis School. The number which we are in receipt of contains sixteen pages of reading matter, and on the whole speaks well for the efforts of the editors. It is a better paper in its infancy than some periodicals which we receive whose numbers have swelled to volumes. Success to the military boys.

The Butler Collegian devotes some space to the discussion of the Indiana State Oratorical Con-

test. The spirit of encouraging and improving oratory in the west is very admirable. Why can we not have intercollegiate contests? The South has never known what it is to be without oratorical ability, and surely we have abundant talent which needs improvement. North Carolina could and ought to have good state contests. Why not have them?

A magazine which has lately taken its place upon our table is *The Texas University*. The April number contains nearly fifty pages and is a thoroughly neat issue. Its editorials are good, and we hope that many of our students will carefully read the one concerning a student's duty to his college paper. "Girl Fraternities" is the subject of a well written article, rehearsing briefly the history of this movement among girls, and offering some strong argument for the maintenance of the fraternities. In speaking of the origin of these, the writer says: "Among women, fraternity life must be regarded as one of the products of co-education; for it was not until they were admitted into some of our western colleges that the first woman's fraternity appeared." This, the writer goes on to say, was in 1870.

The plan the *Texas University* has of inserting pages of adver-

tisements among the literary productions we think is a little lacking in taste. "Everything has a place, and everything should be kept in its place."

There is such a thing as a proper amount of courtesy among the editors of College journals. Decided worth and improvement should be appreciated and perhaps noticed occasionally; but in attempting to do this, it often occurs that the editor is entirely too generous in his remarks, and his comments assume much the form of flattery. A true editor will not strive to attract attention and solicit praise for his magazine by unduly praising the work of others. The unwritten agreement, "you tickle me and I'll tickle you," which some of the exchange men seem to have, is positively nauseating to those less delicately constituted, who fail to get sufficient nourishment from a light diet of flattery. This form of patting each other on the back is entirely too common. We need not mention examples of this, it may be seen in some of our exchanges.

There is one magazine we know of, which is so fond of praise that it devotes the exchange department to nice things others have said about it. Again, if the exchange editor is going to impartially criticise the magazines he receives, their defects must also be noticed.

If we wounded the pride of one of our western exchanges by rubbing the fur the wrong way in our March issue, remember, we criticised "literary ability," which if it

exists in overwhelming volumes, as it no doubt does in this University, it ought to be displayed in a small amount at least, in the first year's existence of a paper.

DIRECTORY.

JOHN BRIGHT LITERARY SOCIETY.

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DR. W. H. WAKEFIELD, of Winston, will be in Greensboro, at the McAdoo House, on the 2d and 4th Saturdays of each month. Practice limited to Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

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THE CLAIMS OF CLASSICAL CULTURE.

"Man is the measure of the Universe." He has entire jurisdiction over the functions and offices of the human body. From a philosophical standpoint, nothing employs the body except the mind; therefore "the mind is the man." With the establishment of this proposition, we will proceed to inquire how the mental faculties act under the psychological laws of activity and growth.

The operations of the mind by analysis, constitute three states—the intellect, the sensibilities and the will. Some minds are acute and subtle, others are wanting in readiness of comprehension and perceptibility. Of the three-fold constituents of the mind, the intellect is the greatest. By means of its operations the sensibilities and will powers are called into action and perfected. Thought is the highest stage of mental elaboration, and employs language as a means of communication and expression.

Nothing can be more efficacious in the training of the thinking and reasoning powers, in the fabrication of productive and re-productive imagination, in the development of fine taste, and in the admiration of the beautiful, than the study of a language rich in literature, history, philosophy and art; complex in structure and difficult in syntax.

An established criterion of intellectual culture should conform to that kind of training which seeks to unfold all of one's mental powers. Then, what education is of the most practical worth, what knowledge has the greatest intrinsic value, what training is the highest and best? In answer to these inquiries the "Claims of Classical Culture" upon the attention of the student should be duly considered. Classical studies come down to us as the greatest source of information, and are of prime importance when philologically pursued. They are means

and instruments of education affording excellent opportunities for sound reasoning and fine discrimination. They contain almost every phase of thought and shade of learning. The whole system of a liberal education is bound up and dependent upon them.

The great master-minds who have "trimmed the silver lamp of knowledge and have kept its sacred flame" bright from age to age, were classical scholars. The claims of classical studies present themselves as practical, disciplinary, moral, elevating, and ennobling pursuits. There has been much discussion concerning the practical utility of the classics. They are too often regarded as mere ornaments by those who have not a just appreciation of their value. We are prone to consider that power which gives us dominion over the material world, and which enables us to build railroads, steamships, telegraphs, factories, and the like, as culture and discipline. Science pretends to make a great claim for itself as being practical. But is it more practical to have a knowledge of matter than of mind?

Is man's relation to the material world dearer than to the spiritual? Does he claim to have a more important alliance with the dust from which he came and

to which he must soon return, than with the spiritual principle "in which is reflected the image of his Maker?"

The scientists ask, why should the student toil so many years over his Greek and Latin books, conjugating verbs and declining nouns, when nine cases to one in practical life his classical knowledge is of no importance?

Why should not the time thus thrown away be spent to prepare one's self for the common duties of life? In reply to this argument we would ask what is the use of spending so much time crowding the memory with botanical and geological nomenclature, which are seldom, if ever, called up in after life? Why should the student care to study the great scientific Ice Age, which is as cold and barren to all human interest as the frozen regions today around the north pole? Why should so many students go forth from our colleges with their heads stuffed with all the figures and principles of mathematics, when only the fundamental operations of arithmetic are ever called into practical application?

Such students will soon discover a deficiency in their training, and their mathematical knowledge fails when called to act upon other minds. They find themselves endowed with other faculties than mere reason. "The

imagination and taste, the whole world of passion rise up and sweep away the bulwarks of their mathematical logic."

We dare say that in studying a selection from Thucydides or an oration from Cicero, in mastering the rich style and brilliant rhetoric, and in committing to memory the best passages, all those faculties are exercised which are employed in mathematical demonstration, and at the same time the taste, imagination and all the emotional powers, are awakened in a high degree. While mathematics tend to concentrate thought, the classics widen thought. Mathematics fill the mind with mere facts, while the classics fill it with images of beauty, and with the best thoughts which tend to both mental and moral excellence, and gives force, depth and effectiveness, to the whole man.

To be proficient in science, a knowledge of the classics is indispensable. At least seven-tenths of the technical phraseology used in natural history, anatomy and medicine, are pure Greek.

The finest system of pedagogy ever developed was by Plato and Socrates, and the best system of logic by Aristotle. The Greek language is the most beautiful language that ever fell from the lips of man, and presents to us the greatest source of human wisdom.

The Latin language introduces

us to the very heart of man's political activities and relations. Moreover, the soul is raised to loftier hope and aspiration by the majestic sweep of the imagination of Virgil, and by the brilliant and musical thoughts of Horace. The student on coming in contact with such authors gains something more than that which is practical and instructive; his highest powers are developed.

The great end of education, however, is moral culture. The classics seek to inspire the scholars with those high moral feelings which have influenced the strongest characters of the human race. They should be studied for their Christian theology. Mr. Gladstone in his work "Studies on Homer," has said, "the poems of Homer may be viewed in the philosophy of all human nature as the complement of the earliest portions of the Sacred Records."

In Greek, are found many of the most valuable writings of the church fathers, and documents pertaining to the early history of the church.

But greatest of all, the direct practical advantages of an intimate acquaintance with Greek, is the ability to read the Scriptures of the New Testament in the original. No translation, however faithful, is capable of reflecting the contents of these invaluable compositions in that simplicity,

clearness and accuracy, in which they are comprehended, when read in the language in which they were originally written.

The college course should be a culture course, and culture is not simply knowledge but development; and science leaves a large portion of the human intellect undeveloped.

Another common objection to the study of Greek and Latin is that they are dead languages. In one sense, Latin is a dead language, as being no longer spoken by any community; but Greek has continued from the dawn of history to the present day, to be both a spoken language and a language of literature. The modern Greek nation speaks to-day the Greek language in a form not more changed from that of the golden period of Greek literature four hundred years before Christ, than our own English of to-day is changed from that of five hundred years ago.

The Latin, though no longer spoken in the form in which we know it from the pages of Horace or Cicero, has perpetuated its ex-

istence in its direct descendents, the whole group of the Romance languages.

But whether alive or dead, as spoken languages, they will ever continue to be living in the influence they exert, and in their intrinsic value. The Indo-European family of languages, to which these and our own belong, is the most important family in the world, and in this family there is no group of more value either for linguistic or literary history than that to which the Greek and Latin belong. Their continuous history through so long a period of time, and the extraordinary excellence of the literary productions of every kind, make them stand preeminent among the records of human thought and literary achievements.

A recent writer has said, "the verses flung apparently to the idle winds by a wandering bard three thousand years ago, have come down to us as fresh and live-giving, almost, as when they first trembled on the breezes of the fair Aegean Sea, and awoke to life the sweet Ionian minstrelsy."

WM. T. WOODLEY, JR., '94.

THE OLYMPIC COUNCIL OF THE GREEKS.

In the wide realm of literature, in the sculpture of antiquity, in the luminaries of heaven, stand out in bold relief the great deities of ancient Hellas.

Before the rise of natural philosophy, fable held full sway. To the Greeks, the world seemed peopled with personalities like their own; and the phenomena of nature furnished the ground work for their famous mythology.

Between the borders of Macedonia and Thessaly, far above the clouds, rises the snow-crested summit of Mount Olympus, the ancient abode of the great Council which bears its name.

Represented under human form, the Greek gods had the passions of men; they associated with one another, and recruited their strength with divine food and ethereal sleep. But unlike mortals, they knew no age, they moved with the speed of thought, they rendered themselves invisible at will, and though sometimes wounded, their blood never engendered disease.

The ancients, living in an age of imagination, endeavored to give form and beauty to the shapeless. Hence to the wide expanse of ether, above the air, where sereni-

ty reigns, the Greeks assigned an undisturbed countenance and a manly appearance in the person of Zeus, who, after the banishment of his father Cronos, ruled the thunder and the lightning, caused Olympus to tremble at his nod, directed the deeds of gods and men, and of all the celestials, enjoyed the widest range of power, "restricted only by the invincible will of Fate."

On the top of lofty Olympus, by the side of Zeus, sat Hera, the queen of heaven, whose turbulent disposition was represented in the atmosphere, where storms sweep all before them, and sorrow and woe have their seat. In the raging of the elements, was personated her quarrels with Zeus; as when having cunningly raised a storm at sea to drive Heracles from his course, the father of gods and men suspended her between heaven and earth, with an anvil to either foot. From her smiles came the flowers of summer, and from her frowns the snows of winter. To this goddess the poets gave a majestic form and a revengeful bosom; and from the conjugal attitude of the ether toward the air, she became the wife of Zeus.

Through all animate objects there is diffused a certain invisible fire, which gives life to the whole structure. This vivifying principle, without which no mortal can exist and no plant can grow, is the archetype of Hestia, goddess of the hearth, where, in every Greek home, a perpetual flame burned in honor of the virgin deity, and to which was attached such sacredness, that the vilest criminal was free from harm beneath its protecting influence.

As the Greek gazed out over the wide sea, he shuddered at the thought of its mysteries, and of the perils that beset the weary sailor. Over this fearful element, grim-visaged Poseidon exercised power subordinate only to that of his brother Zeus. At the stroke of his trident, the earth quaked, and islands rose from the depths of the sea. With their ruler calm, the waters murmured peacefully, but with his countenance in a troubled state, the angry tempest swept the watery main, and the hungry billows rose mountain high. Because of having deprived Polyphemus of his only eye, Odysseus sailed over many seas, and endured countless woes from the sire of the Cyclop.

Among the Olympians, Demeter directed the tillage of the soil. But dearer to her than the waving corn, was her daughter Persephone, who, as she was gathering flow-

ers, was seized by Aides, and carried away to the gloomy realms of the lower world. Learning from the all-seeing god of the sun, that Zeus had consented to the abduction of her daughter, Demeter left the society of the immortals, and went to Eleusis, where she took up her abode in her newly-made temple. But her heart was sad, and an evil year came upon mankind. The plowman toiled in the furrow, but the earth yielded no increase. Famine threatened mortals, and the gods were in danger of losing their sacrifices. Hereupon Zeus sent Hermes to bring Persephone from the nether world. At the sight of her daughter, joy filled the mother; though from having tasted food while below, Persephone was permitted to spend but half the year with the celestials.

Throughout this fiction may be traced the development of the grain. Hidden in the earth, while winter hovers around, it lies dormant, but with the arrival of Persephone in the spring, it reappears in a verdant form. In this myth is also shadowed the immortality of the soul, which, after it has been freed from mortal corruption by death, takes its flight to the realms of the blessed. And in the daughter of Demeter and Zeus, is the light of heaven carried to the lower world, and in her marriage with

Aides are the heights of Olympus connected with the depths of Orcus.

In the whole range of Greek mythology, Phoebus Apollo is the noblest conception. At first occupying a sphere of his own, in later times he became identified with the god of the sun, and in this relation do we see his attributes. As the warm rays of Helios produce growth and decay, so are terror and mildness blended in the form of the son of Leto, who both sent sickness and deadly shafts into the bosoms of men, and exerted his fructifying influence on the production of herbs for the healing art. Beneath the gentle warmth of spring, nature dons her greenest tints, and the woods re-echo with lays of the feathered choristers. Hence Apollo Musagetes was the god of the lyre, and with the aid of the Muses, gave an air of melody to the banquet of the immortals. And as the ancients thought genius came from the light of heaven, so was this divinity the patron of the poetic art. But as god of the sun, whose penetrating eye nothing escapes, Apollo exercised his greatest power in the realm of prophecy. Seated on the rocky slopes of Parnassus, was his famous temple of Delphi, to which came kings and princes from every part of the world, to consult the sacred oracle.

Twin-sister of Apollo, goddess

of the chase, was the real Artemis of the Greeks. Accompanied by her nymphs, she roamed through the forest, and shot the timid deer. And as Apollo became identified with Helios, so in the classical age the virgin Artemis became the goddess of the moon. In this connection she was the true counterpart of her brother. With his aid she dealt destruction to the children of Niobe, and to mortal beings, who, like the leaves of trees, wither away to make room for future generations. As goddess of chastity, which appears in silvery orb, she turned the famous hunter Actaeon into a stag, and from the resentment in her bosom, she sent the wild boar to devastate the fields of Calydon.

To the fury of war, which causes the clash of arms, and brings woe and misery to countless homes, the Greeks attributed personality in the form of Ares. Preceded by Eris, goddess of discord, the inconstant deity rode forth to battle, where the sight of contending armies and the sound of the war-cry filled his heart with joy. On account of his contentious disposition, inherited from his mother Hera, he was detested by his father Zeus, who loved the peaceful course of state life. Because of having killed a son of Poseidon, he was tried before the Olympic tribunal on a hill in Athens,

and from this circumstance came the name Areiopagus, a court of justice so famous in after years.

In the Greek nation, the cultivated intellect was a true characteristic. Hence, in the Olympic Council, Pallas Athene, who sprang full armed from the head of Zeus, held her position as goddess of wisdom. In her cold and yet beneficent nature, was typified the true principle of all sound judgment. Unlike her brother Ares, she taught scientific warfare, and as protectress of cities, became the tutelary deity of Athens. In the peaceful arts, she was an especially kind divinity. Presiding over industry, she designed inventions, superintended the building of the famous ship Argo, and taught the Greeks how to fashion the great wooden horse, that proved the destruction of the fair city of Troy.

To the phenomena of volcanic eruption, personification was given in Hephaestus, god of fire. From interfering with the designs of his father Zeus, he was hurled over the battlements of heaven, to typify the fact that smoke and ether are incompatible. Amid the deep rumblings of Mt. Aetna, imagination transferred his workshop, where, with the aid of the Cyclops, he forged the thunderbolts of Zeus. With his person was also associated the beneficent aspect of fire in the art of working metals. Hence he made the armor of

Achilles, and rendered indispensable service even on Olympus, where, Fancy says, he reared the abodes of the immortals.

The innate feeling of affection, which is common to every human being, was represented by the Greeks in Aphrodite, goddess of Love and Beauty. Having risen from the foam of the sea, she immediately took her place in the council of Zeus, and began to exercise dominion over the hearts of men. But as love, when carried to excess, may cause woe and disaster, so Aphrodite, though gifted with the highest charms of beauty, was yet looked upon with awe. Thus, having been awarded the prize of beauty on Mount Ida, she directed Paris to steal the beautiful Helen from Menelaus, and so brought desolation to the home of Priam.

In the council on Olympus, artifice had its place in Hermes, son of Zeus and Maia. In the morning he was born, at noon he formed his sweet lyre from the tortoise shell, and in the evening he stole Apollo's herds. Clad in his winged cap and sandals, and bearing his magic wand, he performed the mandates of the gods. Since easy-flowing speech is a true requisite in all negotiation, he became the god of eloquence. He was also believed to give prosperity to flocks and herds. Hence he was the deity of merchants, as cattle,

in olden times, was the staple of trade. And since in exchange, skill is an indispensable quality, he was the protector of all persons "who made their living by their wits." As patron of commerce, he promoted intercourse among the nations, and so punished all injustice toward the weary traveler.

Through most of the Olympic deities there runs a foreign vein, yet the Greek genius paid them honors that have never been surpassed. All over the land sacrifices were offered, and supplications made to them. Festivals were held at fixed periods, when the people from the different states came to-

gether, and mingled in friendly union. Such was the renowned Olympic festival from which the Greeks reckoned their chronology. But in the city of Athens, the heathen deities received their crowning glory. On the Acropolis sat the "city of the gods," where the Parthenon, unrivaled in the architecture of antiquity, and the famous statue of Athene, with its features chiselled into expression beneath the hand of Phidias, never ceased to excite the admiration of the penitent worshippers.

G. RAYMOND ALLEN, '95.

ITALIAN ART IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

The history of a civilization may be read in the origin, development and decline of its art. While proficiency in the fine arts does not determine the extent of the internal improvement or the abundance of the resources of a country; while it is not, necessarily, an index of intellectual activity of the people, yet it does indicate the moral, and in a certain sense, the religious activity of a nation.

The unity of the beautiful and the good is proven by the fact that immorality and social discord are invariably accompanied

by a diminution in the strength and purity of artistic forms.

During the days of barbarian supremacy, and the consequent dissolution of society, artistic effort was suppressed, but it did not become totally extinct.

Since the early schools of Greek art began to deviate from the symbolical and monumental forms of sculpture, there has been no break in the continuity of art development. The Greeks, undisturbed by moral struggles and painful questionings concerning life and immortality, realized in sculpture a perfection of the ideal and the

truly beautiful as displayed in the perfection in the human form. But it was under Italian skies that the most perfect expression of light and shade was attained. It is a curious fact that Italy, during all her political turmoil and strife, never allowed her art development to be impeded.

While the tocsins of deadly warfare were sounding and the streets were crowded with armed men all day long, the sculptor's chisel could be heard, and the chips falling noiselessly, brought to light such forms of beauty as have made her cities famous. The art creations of Venice, Florence, and Rome, embody some of the loftiest conceptions of the human mind.

From that beautiful little town of Venice, nestling among the foothills of the Appenines, went forth an influence that can never be estimated.

In the fifteenth century, christian art was rescued from paganism and firmly established on its own ground, to bear richer and riper fruit in coming years.

With the advent of christianity, the rigid discipline of the stoic developed stern self-denial. Pleasure was regarded a sin, and physical beauty a snare. From this abasement of the physical, was slowly evolved the truer idea of the close relation between the physical and spiritual. All the

world seemed created anew. Men conceived a nobler life. They saw more in nature, new beauty in every flower, leaf and bud, and added grace and dignity in the human form.

As sculpture was peculiarly suited to the Greek ideal of perfect physical beauty, so painting, by its adaptation to representing emotional and spiritual sentiment, was the true art of Christianity. "The gods represented by the sculptors were pure, passionless and beautiful," but they lacked the delicate feelings which distinguished the individual soul.

The artistic spirit which overspread all Europe when Constantinople was captured by the Turks, gave the Italian schools new impulses and new vitality.

Some of the Greek artists went to Florence and had a large share in the formation of the Florentine school of painting, whose works marks the beginning of the greatest era in Christian art.

The noblest creation of this art was the Madonna. It was the glorified type of womanhood, purified and softened by suffering, and elevated by a consciousness of divine kinship. Nowhere in pagan art could such life and beauty be found. The stately goddesses were perfect in form and beautiful in face, but the heart and soul, softened by suffering and the tender mother's love, were

not there. Other phases of sacred history were also delineated. The story of the nativity, the cross and the ascension were portrayed in vivid reality.

The walls of the churches were painted so that the people might read there what they could not read in books.

Early in the fourteenth century Cimabue painted a Madonna of wonderful sweetness and grace, and through his influence his most illustrious scholar, Giotto, became the father of Christian art. Their work showed a grand stride forward; the stiff, unnatural and inexpressive work of the earlier period was succeeded by a naturalness and beauty of expression, which indicated that the artist's eye had again turned to nature as the true and only model of art.

In the hands of the great painters who now appeared, art became spiritualized, and the deeper sentiments and emotions of the soul became the favorite theme of the artist. The painted form seemed impregnated with a fullness of the spirit that could not be shown in the frigid curves of the marble image.

Giotto stood at the portals, opening wide the gates of the fifteenth century for the entrance of Sandro Botticelli, Fra Angelico, and Leonardo Da Vinci.

Giotto's Mandomas, though somewhat stiff and conventional,

were embodiments of purity and life, and show a solemnity and sweetness that had not yet been attained. That tender, peaceful soul, Fra Angelico, whose true piety and deep spirituality are so manifest, produced his most famous works in the Monastery at Fiesole, where he spent a long life in the cultivation of religious art, never painting any but sacred subjects, and never accepting payment for anything he did. He never changed a picture after he had once painted it; for always retiring for secret prayer before beginning a picture, he felt that his work was inspired, and changing it would not better it. Often while painting the Crucifixion would his face be suffused with tears. In his figures, their attitude and expression, we see clearly his devotion to the Christian Religion. His "Christ Enthroned" shows a power truly wonderful. Christ is seated in glory, upon a cloud, encircled by a rainbow. The dignity and majesty of the figure impresses one, and the suffering, the sorrow, the sternness and tenderness depicted on his face, all harmonize into the divine, giving us Angelico's idea of a loving Saviour.

We cannot study his life apart from his work, for they were inseparable. From every picture shines the master's devotion and chastity of life and thought, and

his true insight, revealing to him deeper meanings in all that his art exercised itself upon. The true, the good, and the beautiful are here alike exemplified, and through ages to come will his ennobling influence be felt.

Ruskin says: "The peculiar phenomenon in his art is, to me, not its loveliness, but its weakness." Furthermore that his inspiration is not due to his religious fervour. Why were there not other monks who could paint as he did? The many sources of his power were harmonized until only one seemed probable. Celestial gifts must have been showered upon him, revealing the sources of his power as from the hand of God and not from man.

But God gives to all alike who will accept and use, and in Sandro Botticelli we find one, who above all others, gave the true direction to Christian art. Many who had gone before were content to express their religious feeling in a restrained manner, their patrons being chiefly monks and nuns, asking only sorrow and sacrifice to be depicted. And while nothing is more powerful than their delineations of the suffering of the Saviour and the Saints, and at times nothing more beautiful than their conceptions of the Madonna and her attendant angels, yet with Botticelli, the Florentine school was flooded

with a diviner light and a grander era opened. In his pictures is retained all the depths of feeling of his predecessors. In him belongs the glory of adding truth to feeling. This great step has been falsely attributed to others whose path was made easy by him.

The simple lessons of Christianity were taught by him, for he was not led far astray by Greek beauty and the perfection of pagan art. The pale purity of his Madonnas, "the golden glancing lights" in the hair, the introduction of white as a refinement of purity, seemed to make the figures ethereal and give a deeper and more dignified tone to his draperies.

When he painted a picture and called it a Madonna it was truly one, and not a soulless, lifeless figure of a woman with an infant. His Madonnas are a "simple, noble, divinely beautiful representation of an equally divine and noble idea." Like a true artist he had no time for the commonplace things of life. He instinctively avoided them. His place should be in the rare atmosphere of the heights, but he speaks in so quiet a note, in such gentle tones, that only the gifted can hear him.

In the paintings of Leonardo Da Vinci, we at once see the touch of a master—strong, magnificent and penetrating. His "Last Supper" shows that even,

at that time there was a true conception of the teachings of the Bible and of its characters.

Christ, seated in the center, with his twelve disciples on either side, suggests a contrast of the human and divine, as well as his brotherhood with man. The moment chosen for painting is when our Lord has said, "One of you shall betray me." The sorrow of pain depicted on the beloved disciple's face, the wonderment of Peter, and the guilty looks of Judas form one of the most striking conceptions of the artistic mind. There is a look of love and pity in the Master's strong, tender face.

Perhaps his most famous picture and most nearly finished work is his *Mona Lisa*, upon which he spent four years. Standing before the portrait of this woman, a shudder comes over one as if in the presence of the dead, yet living. One can almost feel the pulse beat, and from her face beams forth a spirit that has known every joy and sorrow, and the eyes sparkle with nature's own light. Truly it has been said that "Her's is the head upon which all the ends of the world are come and the eyelids are a little weary. All the thoughts and experience of the world have etched and moulded there. She has been dead many times and learned the secrets of the grave."

"The fancy of a perpetual life

sweeping together ten thousand experiences, is an old one; certainly she might stand as the embodiment of the old fancy, the symbol of the modern idea."

Leonardo was master of his time in thought and conception, but he could not carry out his plans because of his lofty ideals. He was never satisfied with his efforts, consequently he left few, if any, finished works. In his old age the youthful Michael Angelo became his rival, and the jealousy aroused was a source of much bitterness to him. So great was his influence upon his pupils that his types, and even his thoughts formed the back ground of his vigorous school, and many of his works now live only in the pictures painted by his pupils.

The period has now been reached when art attained its highest perfection. During this time the world's greatest painters lived and worked, each one, though exercising an influence over the others, pursued his own inclination, never interfering with the "most decided originality,"

They sought in the Madonna to give, what was to them the purest and most perfect type of womanly beauty, idealizing and elevating it by their art and sincerity, into what has become "Even to scholarly unbelievers of the fifteenth century, one of the most sacred symbols of a comparatively

dead faith." They show wonderful fidelity to nature; and their pictures seem imbued with religious sentiment.

Through succeeding ages others have arisen who may be called masters, but they have never surpassed their teachers. There have been few who were willing to go

into the wilderness and endure hardships for the truth's sake, that they might offer for man's admiration something better than sensuous beauty, something not only pleasing to the eye, but lovely to the thought, inspiring to the imagination and uplifting to the spirit.

ANNIE F. PETTY, '94.

TWO UNANSWERED QUESTIONS.

In the course of American development, many questions have presented themselves. Some have been answered correctly, and the right solution of them has given us a place prominent among the first nations of the earth. Some remain unanswered, and our people are panting for leaders to remove these hindrances that so grimly defy our progress.

To insure happiness and prosperity for all, has been the aim of our government from its infancy; many beloved statesmen have devoted their greatest efforts to its accomplishment; and nature, in her wonderful bounty, still lends an indispensable aid. Yet our people are passing through a financial crisis. Honest labor crowds the streets of our cities demanding work. The wails of women and children starving for food in a land of plenty, tell of a cruel injustice. Universal discontent reveals itself in many ways. Why this state of

affairs? The legislative power seeks the causes of these ills and is quick to prescribe, though too often from partisan principles. But all its late efforts have failed to bring relief to the distressed masses, and further legislation on tariff and finance never will bring relief. Deeper problems are before us and they must be answered.

Has not the use of stimulants played a part in the career of nations that are no more? Among the orientals it wrought ruin, Bacchus hastened the doom of his proudest city. We ask the question, does the liquor traffic effect the present condition of our people? Statistics show us that enormous sums of money are expended in it, and that crimes and poverty follow in its train. That the liquor traffic is a curse to a nation is certain; that it should not exist is a fair conclusion.

But it does exist, and is an im-

portant factor in nearly every phase of American activity. For various reasons it has numerous supporters. Men engaged in the business refuse to give up so fruitful a source of wealth. A part of the social compact is in league with it. Thousands are servile to its use. The two leading political parties basely pay it homage to gain its vote. But this evil has enemies, and the disinterested, taught by Christianity, are learning that their unfortunate brother claims their help. On political grounds the most aggressive movements have been made, and the factions are still active. Several states have enacted Prohibition laws. Iowa has lately withdrawn from the number and greeted the return of the licensed bar to corrupt her citizens.

Another State has taken her place. At the assemblage of the last legislature of South Carolina a prohibition bill was introduced and passed with the dispensary system as an amendment. The opposition to this act was fierce and mostly from political views, yet Gov. Tillman's report showed the sale of less liquor, and as always follows, less crime. The attending allurements of the old bar were disposed of, and a depraved business was decently conducted by the Government. In April the Supreme court declared the system unconstitu-

tional on the ground that the State had no right to engage in a money-making business to the exclusion of her own citizens. The dispensaries all over the State were closed and the Government ceased debauching her citizens. There was a diversity of opinions whether the decision meant free liquor or prohibition, and as the liquor element was strong they did not fail to take advantage of the uncertainty and interpret it to mean free liquor. In explanation the justices declared the original bill constitutional and in effect by act of the last legislature, thus was prohibition won for the Palmetto State.

Only a part of the States has given the right solution to the problem, but under the present excitement over political questions this one is not being overlooked. The voice of the people has never been the decree of the sovereign, and when the people of all the States, united, declare the Liquor Traffic shall not exist, then will the question be answered correctly. Reforms will follow, politics will be purified. The churches greatest enemy will be conquered, and then will the progress of Christianity be speeded to its glorious destiny.

Another unanswered question confronts us, and it is not for the legislature alone to answer, but for the people. Monopolies or-

ganize, and American liberty is their safe-guard. Capitalists expend their wealth for their own selfish advantage; they are free men. The speculator gambles with the products of life, the scorn of the consumer is his penalty.

The rich tyrannize over the poor and legislation is powerless to interfere. The masses no longer look for hope from this source, but, as the bonds of ignorance are broken, stand forth, self-reliant, and demand of their oppressors a just reward for their toil. Education will teach them their rights as American citizens, and nerve them to attain their

goal. Ignorance and rashness are not always the leaders of strikes, but arbitration is resorted to as a means of effecting an agreement. For capital rightly used is essential for the laborer, and harmony of interest should exist. The frequent failures among the employers are tending to teach this valuable lesson. Man must learn more humanity for his fellow man than that which civil laws require. Christian love will quell the strife between capital and labor, the rich and the poor, and content will dwell in our land.

OSCAR P. MOFFIT, '96.

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JUNE, 1894.

This issue completes the sixth volume of the COLLEGIAN and ends the official service of most of the staff officers. But unlike a great many of our predecessors, we have no long farewells to offer. We can only say that we are aware that many mistakes have been made, yet we have fulfilled our duties the best we could under the circumstances, and hope the standard of the journal has been well sustained, and that to the interest of the college as a whole.

Among the many varied summer schools and conferences, the gathering of college students have ever been among the most interesting. At once unique and popular, they have exerted a marvelous power on the college life of to-day. Having for a primary purpose the training of Christian men to take the leading part in the Christian work of the colleges, they have brought together the choice element, in many respects, of America's educated youth.

Bible study has always been a feature of the conferences, and has done much to train men in leading such classes in their own institutions, thus following the normal method.

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An interesting program has been arranged for, and Mr. Moody himself will be a frequent speaker, and will preside at the platform meetings.

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